LOOK

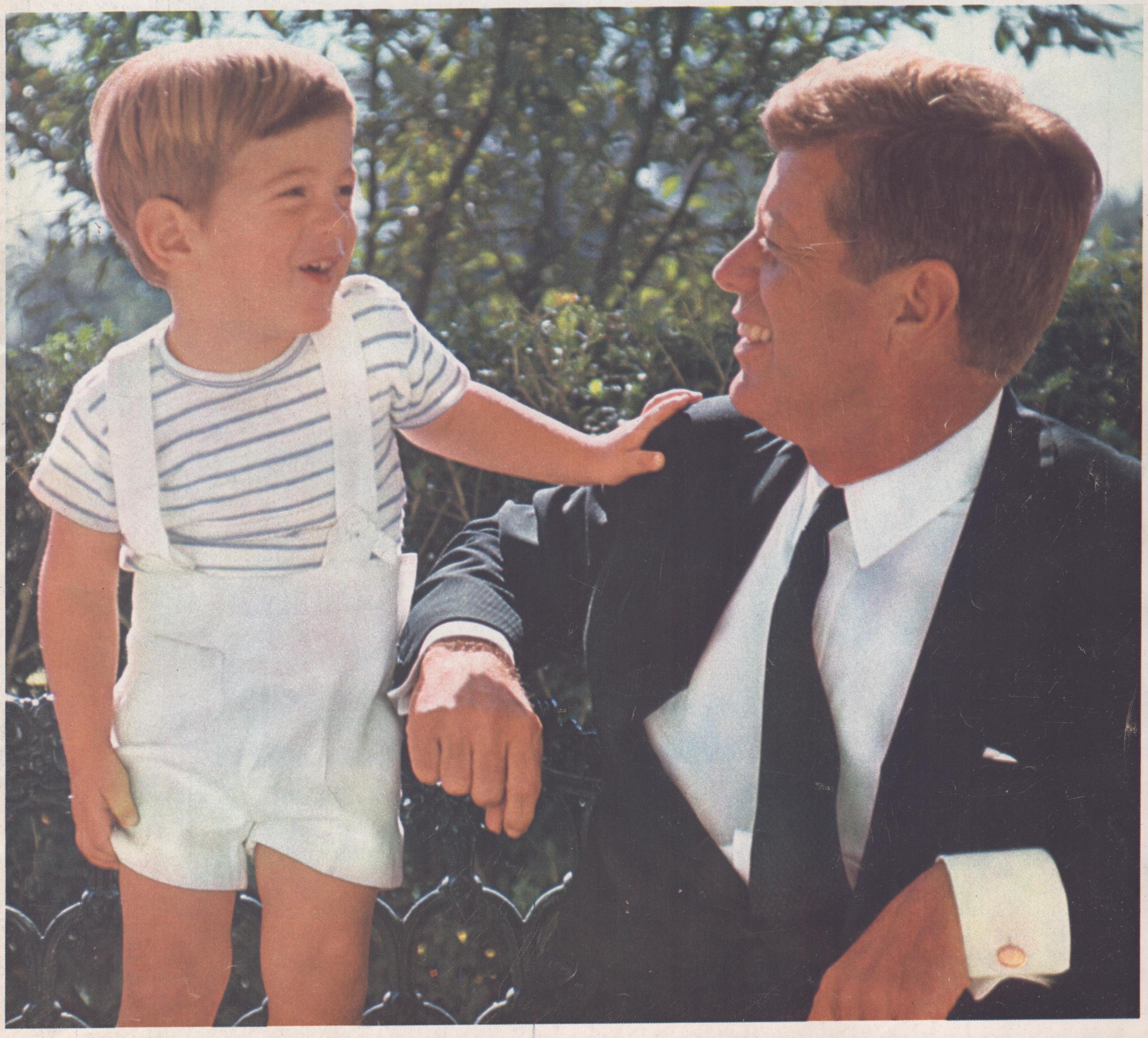
NOW MORE THAN 7,400,000 CIRCULATION

BIRMINGHAM:
I SAW
A CITY DIE

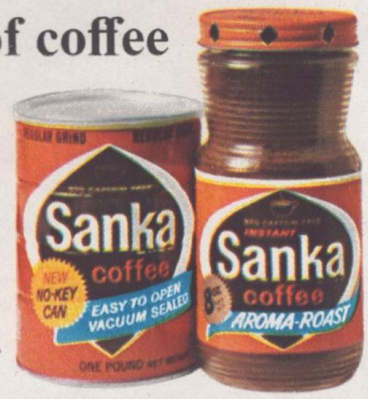
SUNDAY
FOOTBALL
MADNESS

25 CENTS · DECEMBER 3, 1963

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS SON: an exclusive picture story



If you like a lot of coffee Sanka is a lot of coffee.



Rich, resonant coffee and full of flavor. 100 percent coffee, made from only the richest coffee beans. Sanka Coffee. Have a whole day of it. In the morning, at lunch, into the afternoon, nighttime—even 3 a.m. This real coffee-bean coffee is meant to be enjoyed a lot. Dark. Delicious. Have it. Have a lot of it. Sanka Coffee...instant or ground. Still, remarkably, 97 percent caffein free.

GF GENERAL FOODS

Sanka is a Registered Trademark.

Have a whole day of it!

If you're going to buy an organ this Christmas

this is why it should be a Hammond Organ

Hammond Console and Spinet organs have a depth of tonal expression that no comparably priced organ can come close to matching. By moving Hammond's famous Harmonic Drawbars in or out you can simulate the voices of nearly every known musical instrument. Or you can "paint" compositions with sweet or soft or mellow or vibrant tones of your own creation.

THE HAMMOND L-102 SPINET MODEL IN LIGHT MAHOGANY, $995.* BENCH EXTRA

Hammond Reverberation is so unique, so full and rich, it's patented. It makes your living room sound like a concert hall. It gives life and vitality to everything you play. Even the melodies you casually hunt with one finger.

THE HAMMOND M-101 SPINET MODEL IN MAHOGANY, $1495.*

Hammond's patented Touch-Response Percussion lets you bring in bells, chimes, celeste or banjo on any note. Other organs give you a choice of all percussion or no percussion. But a light detached touch on the keys of a Hammond brings in percussion any time you want it.

THE HAMMOND B-3 CONSOLE MODEL IN CHERRY, $2455.*

Hammond Console and Spinet organs never need tuning. (Except for the Solo Pedal Unit on the RT-3 and D-100 series, which can be tuned to your own preference.) Tones are produced by a system of tone wheels that turn at fixed speeds. The notes you play cannot go flat or sharp. No matter how long you play a Hammond. No matter if it's cold, hot, dry or damp where you play it.

THE HAMMOND A-102 CONSOLE MODEL IN CHERRY, $2770.*

A Hammond Organ is one of the wisest investments you can make. With all these intriguing Hammond features it's always a challenge—no matter how much your playing improves. And because a Hammond is what every other organ is trying to be it holds its value longer than any other organ.

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Or if you'd like to know a little more about Hammond Organs before you make this important purchase, fill out the coupon and we'll be happy to send you a colorful, descriptive brochure.

But, of course, you realize the necessity for haste in either event. Christmas is less than a month away.

THE HAMMOND D-152 CONSOLE MODEL IN WALNUT, $3895.*

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is you at the Hammond

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City_____ Zone_____ State_____

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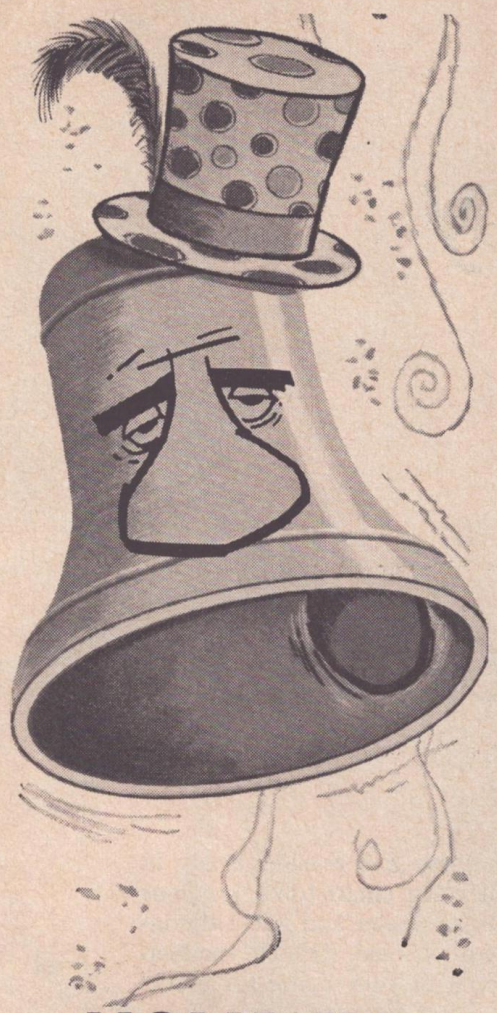
*All prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change without notice.



HOLIDAY HEADACHE?

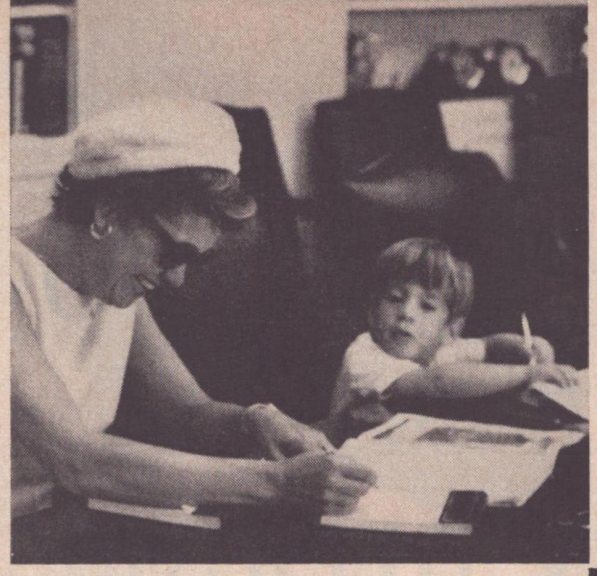
If you've never tried Alka-Seltzer you don't know how speedy relief can be!

When too much holiday cheer brings on holiday headache, bring out the Alka-Seltzer! Unlike pain pills, Alka-Seltzer is *already* a liquid when you take it. Ready to go to work instantly.

Alka-Seltzer provides the effective pain-reliever, sodium acetylsalicylate, in a completely dissolved solution. In the first ten minutes—when you really need it—the system quickly absorbs more of this Alka-Seltzer pain-reliever.

When you want a modern effective pain-reliever (and a soothing stomach alkalizer) take two Alka-Seltzer tablets.

RELIEF IS JUST A SWALLOW AWAY



Bergquist: "Do you prefer to ride on jets, blimps or helicopters?" John John: "Helicopters! Helicopters! Helicopters!" So went John F. Kennedy, Jr.'s interview—his first—with LOOK*'s woman anywhere and everywhere, Laura Bergquist. Stanley Tretick made this candid shot, left, in the Cabinet Room on the second day of a four-day photographic binge. For the results, the picture story of the year—a* LOOK *exclusive—see* The President and His Son, *pages 26-36.*

Now more than 7,400,000 circulation

LOOK

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AMERICA'S FAMILY MAGAZINE • 27TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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picture credits

2—Stanley Tretick. 23, 25—Douglas Jones. 26-42—Stanley Tretick. 49, 50—Douglas Jones. 52—(1, 2, 4) Douglas Jones; (3) U.S. Air Force. 56-65—Robert Fréson. 67—(1, 9) Wide World; (2, 4-6, 8, 10) UPI. 68-74—Marvin E. Newman. 90-91—(1-4, 6) Stanley Tretick; (5) Wide World. 92-96—Stanley Tretick. 100—Douglas Kirkland. 101, 103—Stanley Tretick. 108-111—Douglas Kirkland. 116-122—Dan Budnik, Magnum.

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MINI-BASKET does the "handwashables" you never dared machine-wash before

(makes this General Electric giant-capacity washer the washer for all your washables)

It's true! Exclusive MINI-BASKET* does nuisance loads, last-minute leftovers—and all those frilly slips, nylons and other delicate washables you never trusted to a machine.

Now you can do all your washables in one great new General Electric washer. No other washer is like it! It has a full 12-pound capacity to get family loads truly clean. And MINI-BASKET to take special care of one-pound loads.

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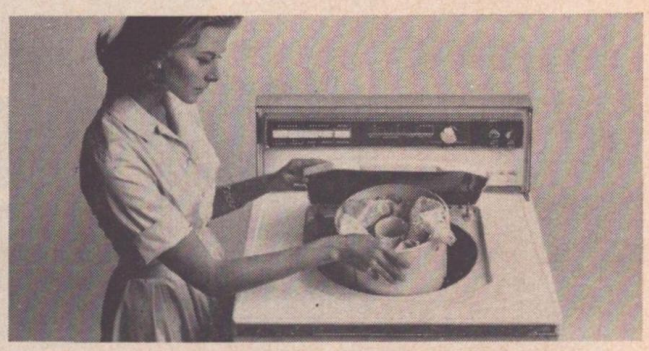

For little loads, just slip MINI-BASKET onto Activator®.

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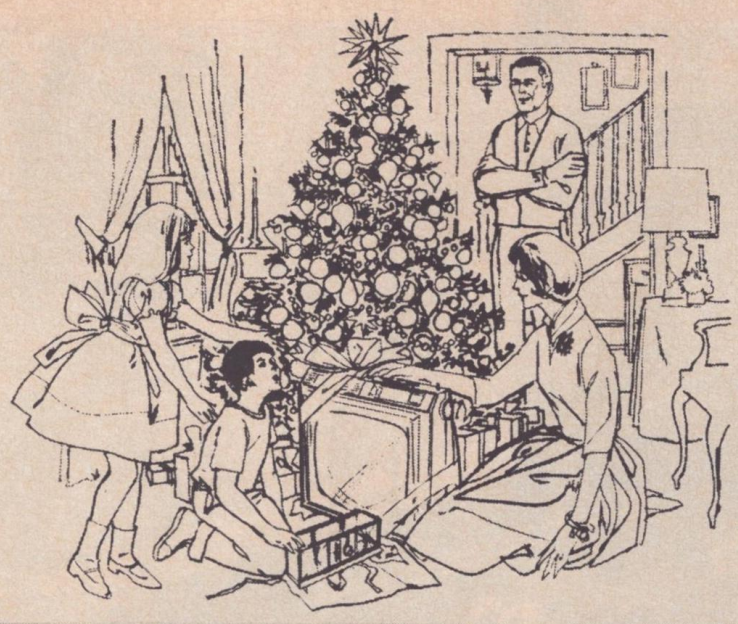


The Brightest

Emerson

Emerson Television and Radio

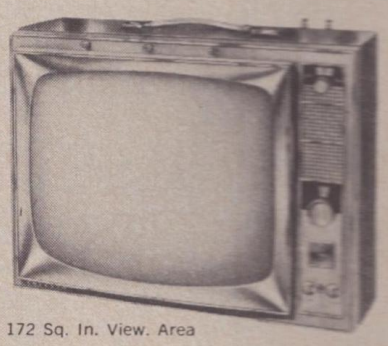
Share all the pleasure you give this Christmas and all the days that follow . . . with these easy-on-Santa gifts that brighten your holiday picture too. Give the best in sight, the best in sound—television, phonographs, and radios from Emerson, America's best buy!

Choose from Emerson's fine family of over 100 home entertainment instruments at your local dealer.

Model 1848—
Lifelike COLOR Television

282 Sq. In. View. Area

Model 2018—23" TV Stereo FM/AM PhonoradiO



172 Sq. In. View. Area

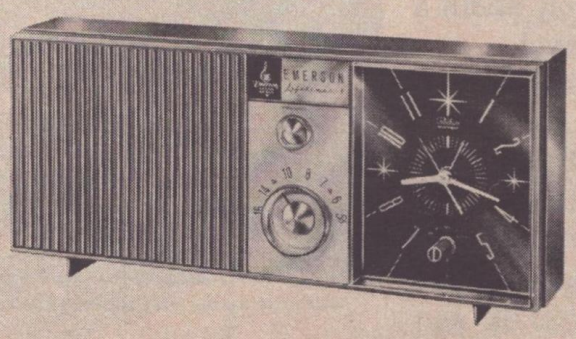
Model 1876—19" Deluxe Portable TV

With Wireless Remote
Control—Model R1819

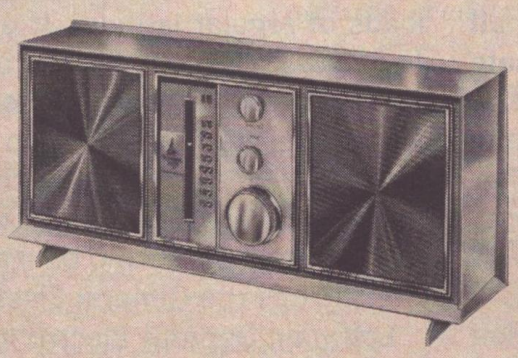
Model 1938—Custom Console Stereo
FM/AM PhonoradiO

Model 1920—Deluxe Portable
Stereo Phonograph

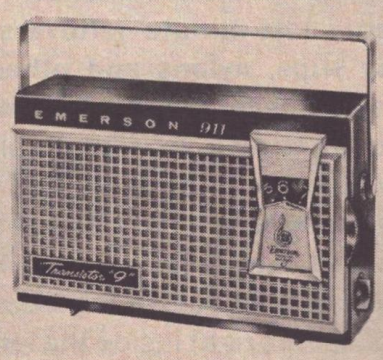
Model 1925—Stereo FM/AM PhonoradiO
For Wall, Table or as a Console



Model 1704—"Lifetimer I" Automatic Clock Radio



Model 1713—Twin Speaker Table Radio



Model 911—"Eldorado"
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All 82 Channel
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ONLY EMERSON GIVES YOU THIS AMAZING VALUE—A FULL, FAMILY-SIZE 16" PICTURE PLUS THESE FEATURES: FULL POWER SUPER DISTANCE CHASSIS ▪ SCRATCH-PROOF BONDED GLASS SAFETY LENS ▪ TOP FRONT-PROJECTED FM SOUND ▪ FRONT ILLUMINATED CHANNEL INDICATOR ▪ HIDEAWAY TELESCOPIC ANTENNA ▪ RUGGED, LIGHTWEIGHT TRU-SLIM DECORATOR STYLING THAT TRAVELS EVERYWHERE, BEAUTIFULLY AND EASILY.

*125 Sq. In. Viewable Area. †Slightly Higher in Some Areas.

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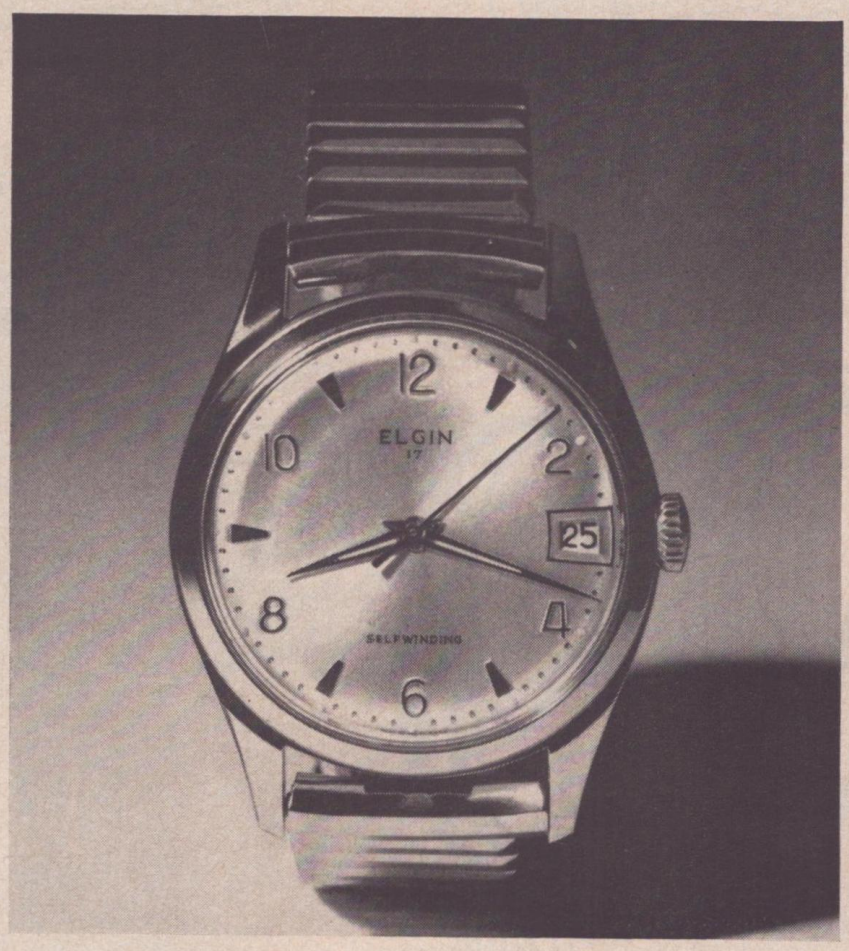
An Elgin Datemaster makes every day as easy to remember as December 25th.



Christmas is the one day of the year most people don't need an Elgin Datemaster calendar watch. Who doesn't know when it's December 25th? But how about the rest of the year? How many people do you know who are always asking someone for the date?

If everyone had an Elgin Datemaster, no one would have to ask for the date. Not just because they'd have a calendar watch. But they'd have an Elgin. And Elgin has a 99-year history of making watches that work. All the time.

The Elgin Datemaster pictured here is part of that history. It's self-winding with a 17-jewel shock-resistant movement, stainless steel case, luminous dial, sweep second hand and it's waterproof.*
This Datemaster costs $49.95.

If you know someone who's always asking for the date or if you do yourself, Christmas is the only day of the year when you should both get an Elgin Datemaster. Elgin

ELGIN...watches and clocks, diamonds, communications, systems, micronics. Around the world...ELGIN means more than time.

**when case, crown and crystal are intact.*

Four simple mistakes in investing

and how to avoid them

Many of the estimated 17,000,000 Americans who are shareowners have acquired stock to have a second income from dividends.

Others are more interested in giving their money a chance to grow over the years.

Whatever your goal, you can benefit from not making these easy-to-avoid mistakes:

Mistake No. 1: Choosing your broker at random.

How to avoid: Look up a nearby Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. You'll find that each Member Firm is different, with its own services and characteristics. You'll also find these things in common: Each is subject to the many regulations of the Exchange. And its Registered Representatives had to measure up to Exchange requirements when they became Member Firm brokers.

Mistake No. 2: Setting out to get rich in a hurry.

How to avoid: Have long-range goals. Ask yourself what's important to you. Then with the help of your Member Firm work out a simple investment program in keeping with your circumstances.

Keep in mind that stock and bond prices go both ways—down and up. A company may not make a profit or continue to pay dividends or interest. You'll want to look for companies you think will be strong and progressive.

Mistake No. 3: Investing hastily on a tip.

How to avoid: Base your judgment on facts. Such as the company's recent record. Its earnings. The dividends it pays. The price of the stock in relation to dividends. Your Member Firm broker will gladly give you the facts he has and advice about stocks listed on the Exchange. And inquire about the greater stability bonds often provide.

Will the broker's judgment or his firm's always be right? *Nobody* is always right. What they will gladly give you is help based on facts as they see them—so that you can make better judgments of your own.

Mistake No. 4: Investing all the money you can find.

How to avoid: For investing use only money you don't need for living expenses or emergencies. A lot of people find it wise to invest *regularly*. Through our Monthly Investment Plan you can acquire stock by investing with as little as $40 every three months.

You'll find much valuable information in our booklet, "INVESTMENT FACTS." Send the coupon for a free copy.

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Please send me, free, "INVESTMENT FACTS," listing more than 400 stocks that have paid dividends every three months for twenty years or more.

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we've got the greatest shaver in the world... but nobody knows it!

We know that the new RONSON 200 is the greatest shaver in the world. Nobody else knows because it's so new. But don't take our word for it—we want you to try it before you buy it! Your Ronson dealer has a Free Trial Display on his counter complete with a new RONSON 200. Stop in tomorrow and experience the close, fast, comfortable shave the 200 gives. Sideburns, mustache and elusive hairs in the collar-zone are trimmed neat and clean with Ronson's exclusive, newly designed Super-Trim. Let your dealer demonstrate some of the other RONSON 200 features—results of years of experience and research in shaver design and manufacture. Automatic Power Cleaning lets you clean your shaver in seconds without brushing or rinsing. Snap-in replaceable Miracle Cutter and micro-thin shaving screen keep the

200 brand new, and it stays with you, not at the factory for servicing. The new RONSON 200 has an unbreakable Lexan body to withstand accidental dropping on the sink or a tile floor! Only Ronson uses Lexan. It costs us more, but it's worth it.

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by the maker of famous Ronson Lighters

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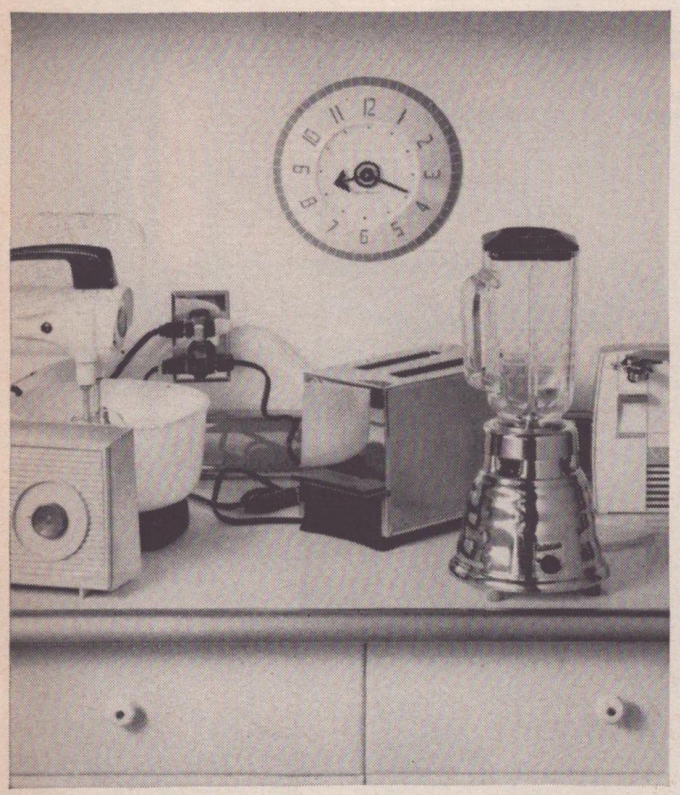
CORDLESS!...TRANSISTORIZED!†

Runs one year on a flashlight battery...Isotronic Accuracy! Only $9.95! For your home...and the perfect Christmas gift.

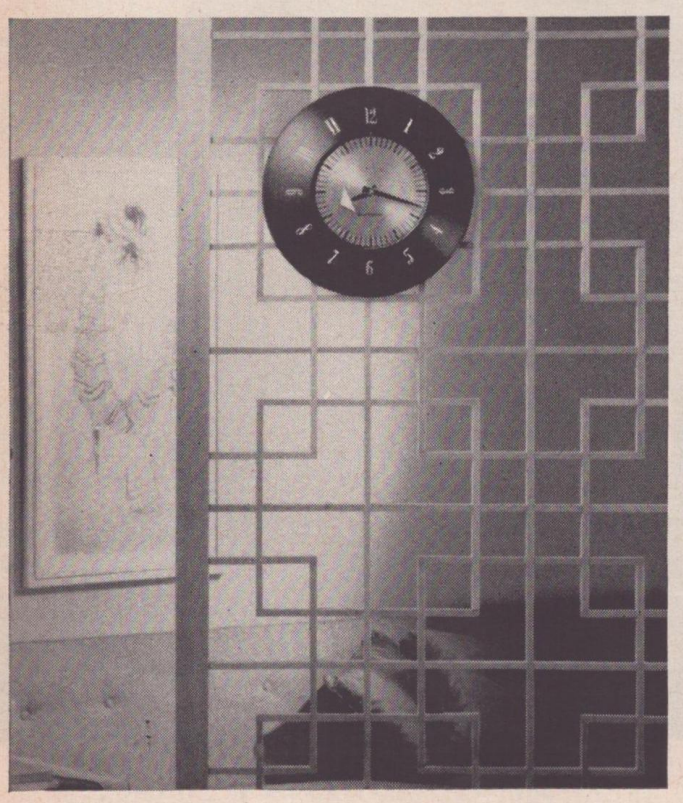
HANG IT IN THE KITCHEN where you may have many appliances. New cordless needs no outlet.



HANG IT IN THE BATHROOM where you never thought of putting an electric clock before!

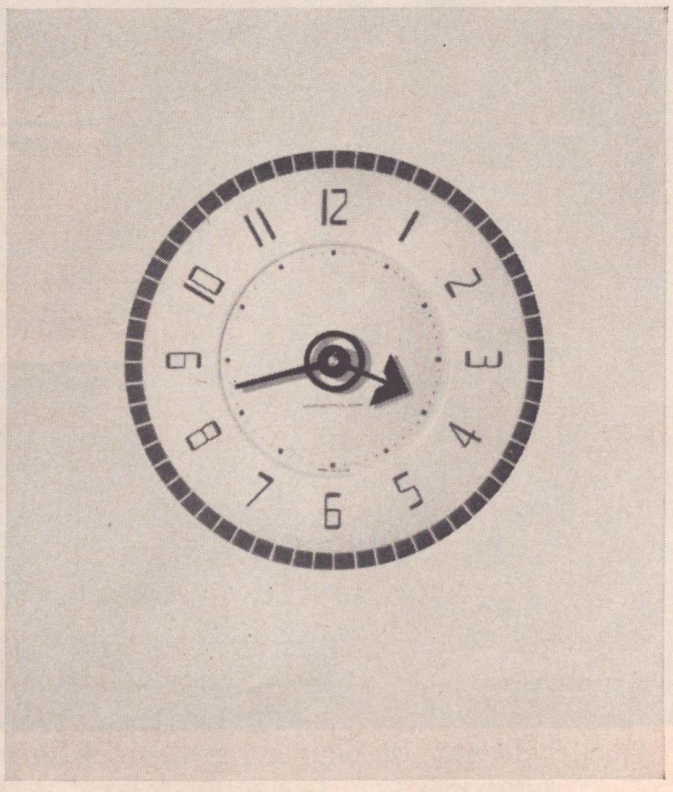
HANG IT IN THE LIVING ROOM where a cord would look ugly. New cordless is battery operated.

HANG IT ON THE PORCH where there's no electric outlet! Westclox cordless needs no plug.



HANG IT OUTDOORS! Where there's no electric current. Hang it anywhere — even in a tent!

HANG THE CLOCK OF THE FUTURE in your home today! Great to give, grand to get. Only $9.95!



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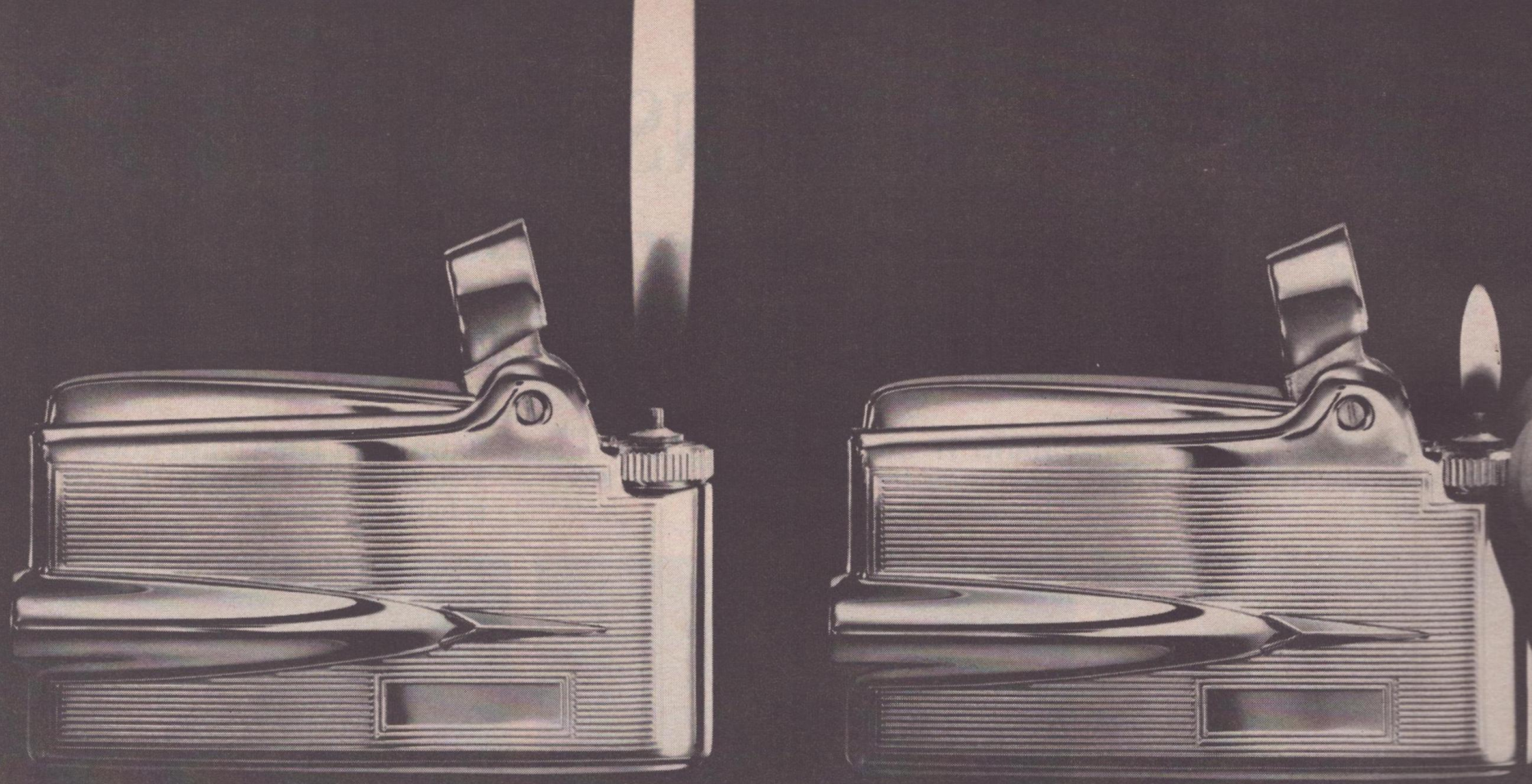
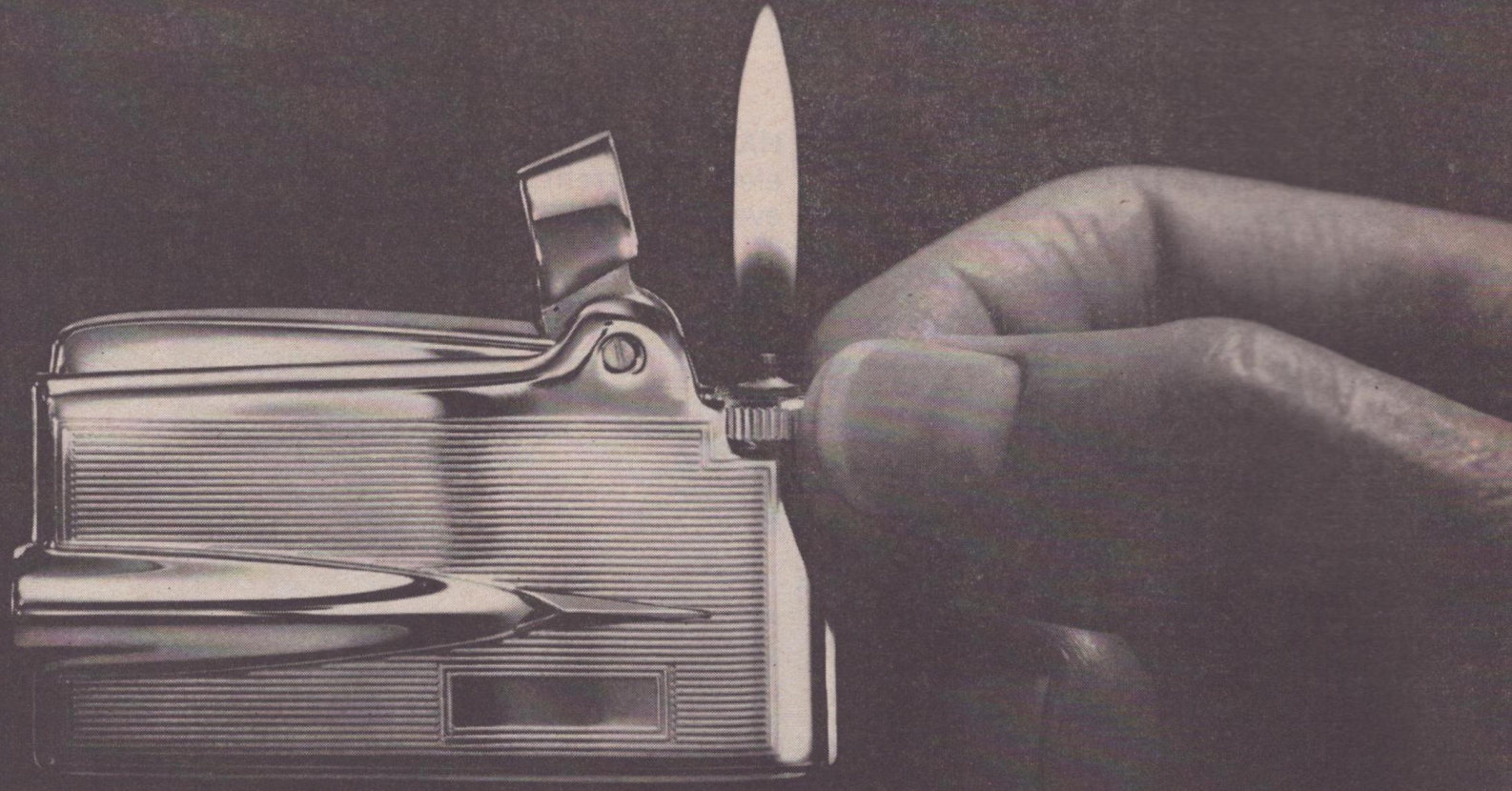
ARE THE BEST CLOCKS †ATO Lic.

Division of General Time Corporation GT TIME



Why our flame has its ups and downs



and in-betweens.

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The Ronson Varaflame® lighter isn't moody. It has ups and downs on purpose.

Ups for pipes. Downs for cigarettes. In-betweens for in-betweens: cigars to corn silk. Set the flame to light whatever you smoke with just a touch of the little dial.

It's not just fascinating. It's unique.

The Ronson Varaflame uses a completely different principle from ordinary lighters.

Instead of messy, old-fashioned fluid, it burns clean, safe butane gas. And instead of a wick, it has a patented valve that lets you regulate the flame precisely.

This ingenious valve automatically shuts off the butane when you're not lighting up, keeps the fuel-chamber so airtight, the Varaflame can't dry up. Not ever.

You get thousands of lights on a single fueling. And you can gas up again in seconds with the Ronson Multi-Fill® injector. A quick *phfft* and you're set for thousands more lights.

The Ronson Varaflame makes every other lighter obsolete. And it's good looking. Nice to show off when somebody asks: "Got a light?"

RONSON® Varaflame Pocket Lighters

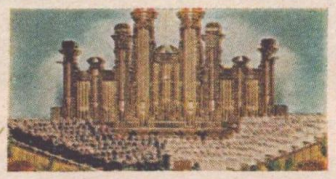
COLLECTORS ALBUM LIMITED EDITION

CREATED EXCLUSIVELY FOR GOODYEAR BY **COLUMBIA SPECIAL PRODUCTS** *A Service of Columbia Records*

THE GREAT SONGS OF CHRISTMAS

BY GREAT ARTISTS OF OUR TIME **ALBUM THREE**

ROBERT GOULET LEONARD BERNSTEIN

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR 

JULIE ANDREWS EUGENE ORMANDY

NORMAN LUBOFF ISAAC STERN

MITCH MILLER CHRISTY MINSTRELS

ANDRE PREVIN PERCY FAITH

JUST RELEASED!

Album #3. Yours for only $1.00 (a $3.98 value)

Album #3, another great limited edition long-play recording from Goodyear—a $3.98 value for only $1.00. This limited edition contains 20 Christmas favorites, some recorded exclusively for this album, others selected from outstanding Columbia Christmas albums. All performed by great artists of our time. It's available now—but *only* at Goodyear Service Stores and most Goodyear Dealers. Nothing else to buy. But it's a limited edition and going fast. So get yours now!

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Stamp it with Special Care this Christmas...

GIVE "THE GIFT THAT KEEPS

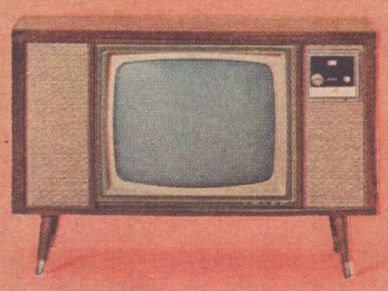
Lowest priced RCA Victor Color TV ever! Unsurpassed natural color, static-free FM sound. Radnor, $449.95, optional with dealer.*

New and brighter Color TV for 1964—brighter than ever before for the brightest Christmas ever! The Beauchamp all-wood consolette has elegant French Provincial styling. Performance-proved New Vista® Color chassis, "Golden Throat" sound. $599.95, optional with dealer.*

See Walt Disney's "Wonderful World of Color," Sundays, NBC-TV Network

Long-term family fun with the Chalfont lowboy! RCA Victor High Fidelity Color Tube, super-powerful "New Vista" tuner.

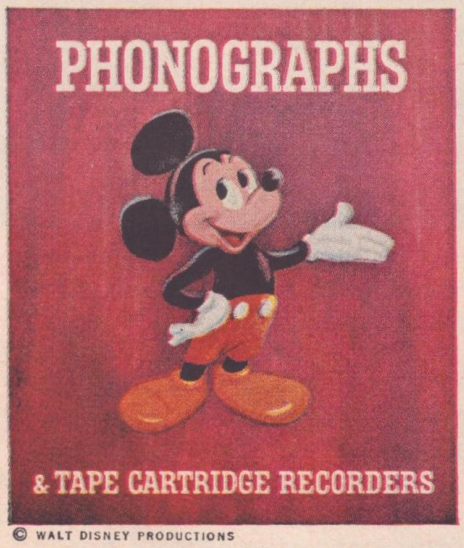
The Vislanda lowboy is authentically Scandinavian in style—performance-proved RCA Victor New Vista quality throughout!



Family fun will center around the Plainview's lowboy elegance. Powerful New Vista tuner, two big 5" x 7" front-mounted speakers.

The Jade table radio in decorator colors. Famous RCA Victor "Golden Throat" tone at a low, low $14.95, optional with dealer.*

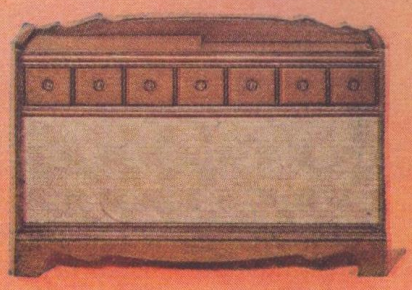
The smartly styled Topaz has easy-to-read window-type dial, big 3" x 5" speaker, precision tuning, easy-on-the-budget price!



© WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

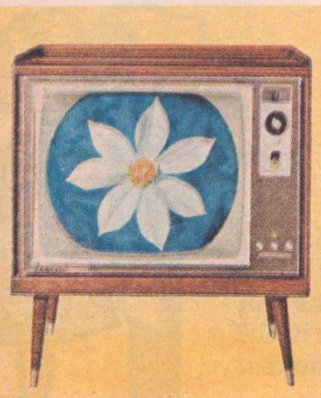
RCA Victor's finest monophonic portable: Studiomatic Changer, twin speakers. The Quintette. $59.95, optional with dealer.*

Lowest priced New Vista Stereo console—the Diva—four speakers, contemporary cabinetry. $149.95, optional with dealer.*



The Tosca—Early American cabinetry, six-speaker Total Sound Stereo System. De luxe 9-tube FM-AM and FM Stereo Radio.

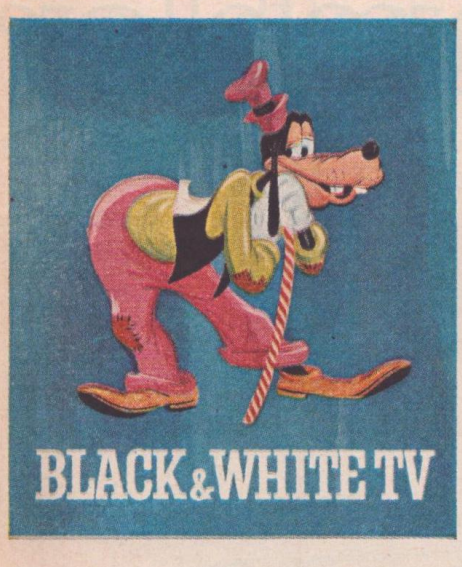
ON GIVING" from RCA VICTOR



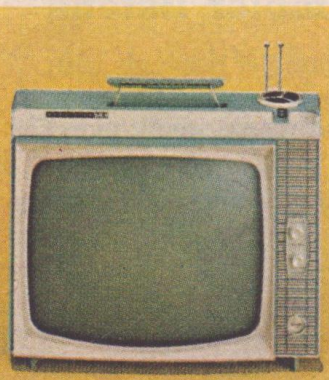
The Bellamy for proved performance! Fine-furniture styling, precise color-keyed tuning—sharper-than-ever color pictures!

Tune Color TV by remote control! Staunton consolette has "Wireless Wizard" Remote Control, New Vista quality throughout!

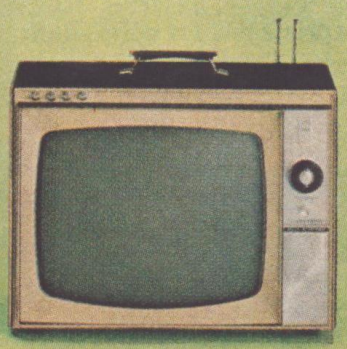
The Antoinette home entertainment center: unsurpassed color television, stereo phonograph and FM-AM and FM Stereo Radio in one brilliantly designed French Provincial cabinet!



"Sweet 16's" (16" tube overall diag., 125 sq. in. picture). The Petite, $129.95; Debutante (left), $139.95, optional with dealer.*

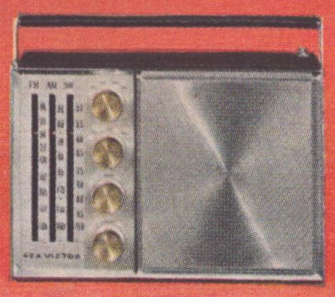


Rugged New Vista chassis of the Sculpture (19" tube overall diagonal—172 square-inch picture) brings in pictures sharp and clear.

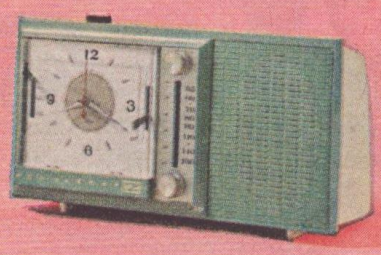


Good looks, true portability mark the Heralder a gift of distinction. Static-free FM sound. Only $169.95, optional with dealer.*

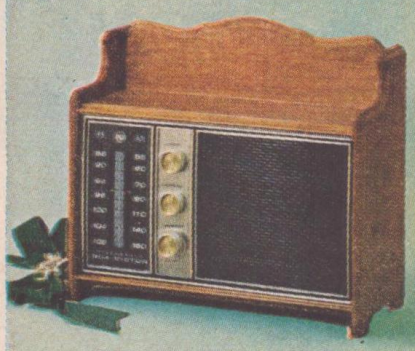
Deluxe 8-transistor Globe Trotter (left) and Lodestar are smart, compact—with rich "Golden Throat" tone, easy-to-read dials.



11-transistor FM-AM Short Wave Radio made for RCA in W. Germany, the Adonis receives police, marine, foreign broadcasts.



Convenient, colorful, dependable, the Dawnette clock radio has appliance outlet, 4" x 6" speaker, Drowse Alarm, night light.



Early American Spice Chest styling! The Anthem FM-AM radio may be wall-mounted if desired. $89.95, optional with dealer.*

French Provincial Mark IX. Eight speakers, FM-AM and FM Stereo Radio, precision Studiomatic changer, Feather Action Tone Arm.

The Mark I Credenza is an acoustical engineering triumph—a cabinetry masterpiece. Finest from the New Vista Stereo Collection.

RCA Victor "Instantape": Cordon Bleu Stereo Tape Cartridge Recorder loads in seconds. $199.95, optional with dealer.*

*Manufacturer's nationally advertised prices, optional with dealer. Slightly higher some areas West, South, except for transistors, tape recorders, and Radnor TV. UHF optional extra. Prices, specifications subject to change.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

Tmk(s)®

Steering-wheel cramps?

Why settle for a one-height steering wheel? Rambler features an optional new Adjust-O-Tilt steering wheel that adjusts to 7 positions for easier entry and most comfortable driving height.

Mad for buckets?

Get the greatest choice of bucket seats with the sport-smart new Rambler options! Slim bucket seats with console between. Or wide bucket seats on top-line Rambler Americans and Classics. All recline. And all adjust for individual legroom.

Creeping rust?

Rambler uses rust-fighting galvanized steel in vital body areas. Then Rambler, and only Rambler, dips every car body clear up to the roof in rustproofing compound to saturate the hidden nooks and crannies which ordinary spraying misses. The result: World's best rustproofing!

Want a stick shift... but...

. . . your wife wants an automatic transmission? Rambler offers the perfect answer on all V-8's—optional Shift-Command Flash-O-Matic. It's "on the floor." And you can shift it—or it shifts itself. Just one of seven Rambler transmission choices.

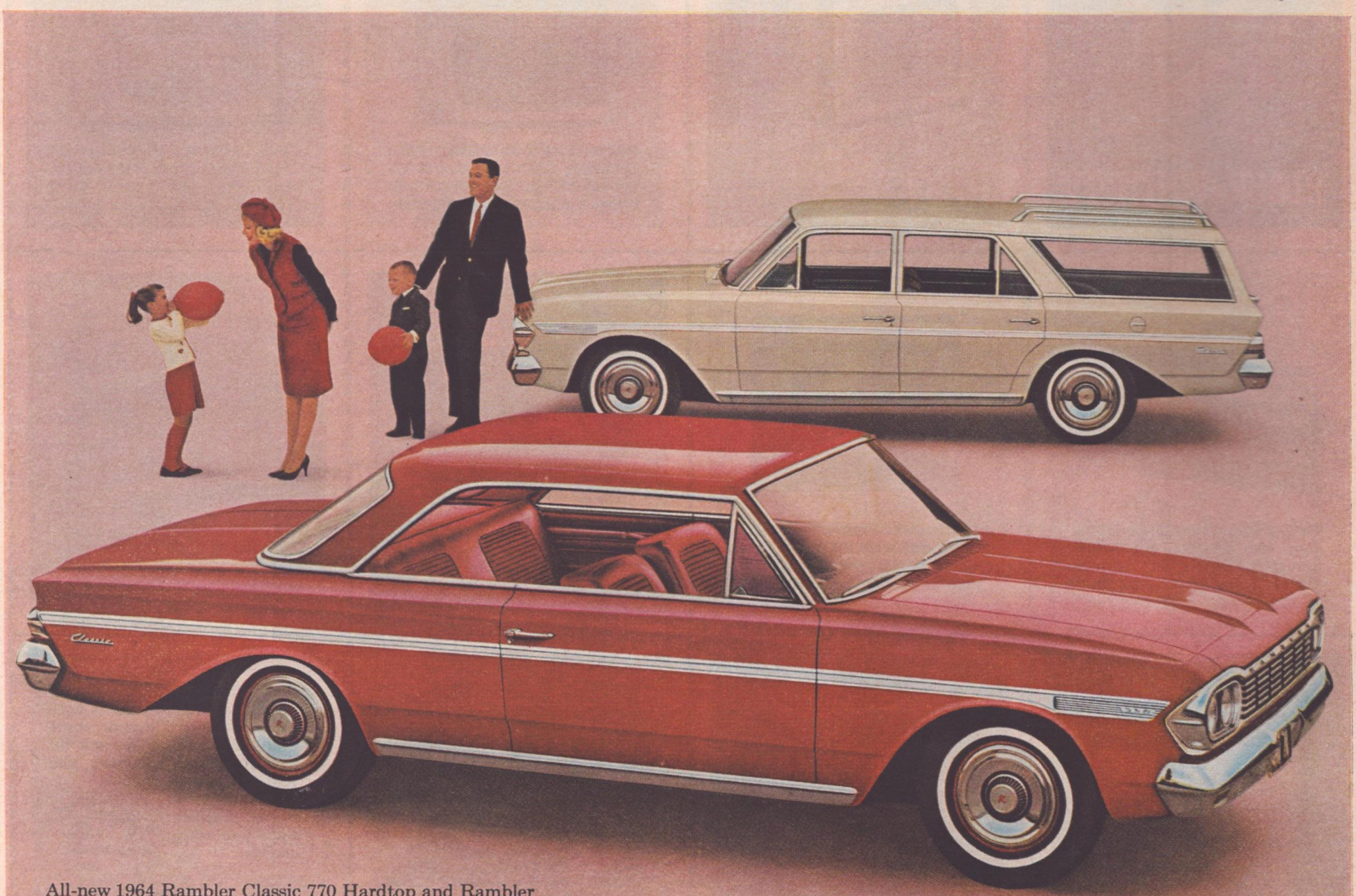
Rambler leads because Rambler listens

Motorists ask for solid, built-in values . . . Rambler responds with Double-Safety Brake System, Ceramic-Armored exhaust system, its famous Advanced Unit Construction, and many, many more.

Rambler

AMERICAN · CLASSIC 6 or V-8 · AMBASSADOR V-8

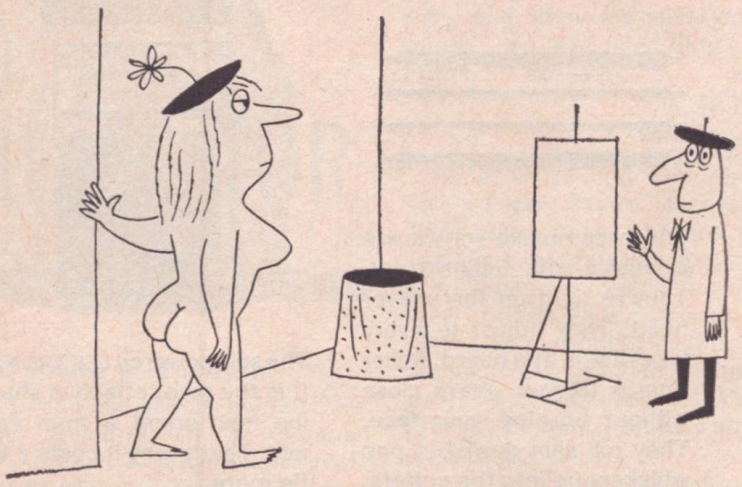
Watch the Danny Kaye Show on CBS-TV, 10:00-11:00 P.M., EST, Wednesday evenings.

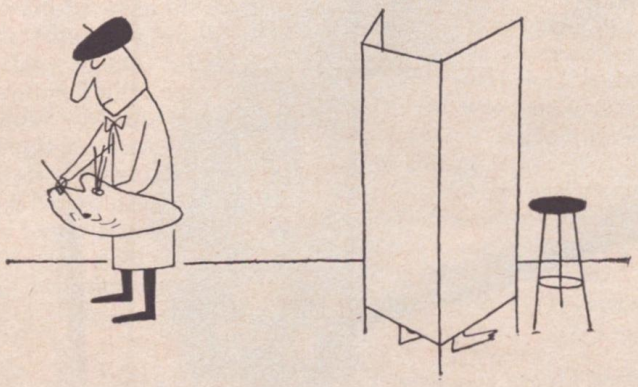


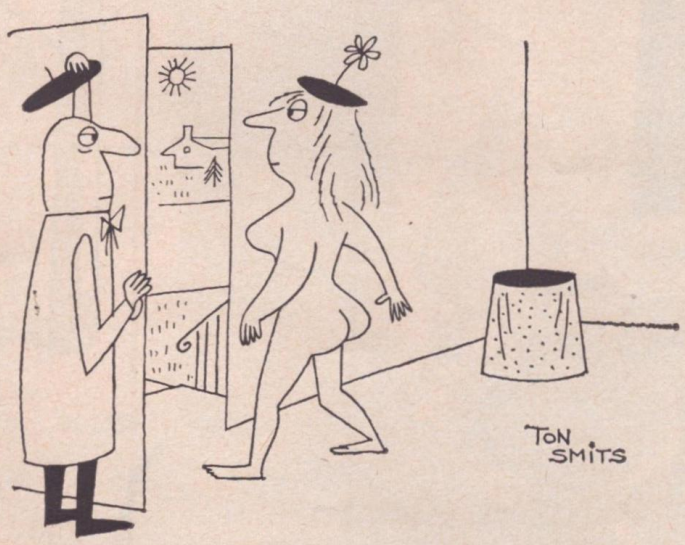
All-new 1964 Rambler Classic 770 Hardtop and Rambler Classic 770 Cross Country Station Wagon. Beautifully balanced—big inside and trim outside—Six or 198-hp V-8.

Insist on more in '64—go Rambler!

NUDE DEAL







DEBBIE REYNOLDS says:

"If your daughter is too old to spank...but old enough to put on too much lipstick, let me talk to her in her own language."

WE KNOW you wouldn't trade her for anyone in the world — but let's be frank. Wouldn't you like to see your daughter stop coming in at all hours — even though "all the other girls do"? . . . And wouldn't you like her to stop trying to out-Brigitte Bardot? Or is she the kind that eats her heart out because she's not going out? (And neglects her homework, completely.)

Debbie Reynolds' wonderful new book is the greatest thing that has happened to teens since . . . parents. (And just about the best thing that's happened to improve family harmony and peace of mind since you gave your girl her own phone!)

It's called IF I KNEW THEN.

Debbie, one of the nation's most popular screen stars, takes the teen-age girls of America into her confidence, and tells how *she* discovered the way to happiness, maturity, and true popularity — and how every girl can do the same. She doesn't scold. She doesn't talk "Hollywood." She talks sense, and performs a public service for all parents.

Debbie's path to *true* popularity

In Debbie's own words, "I don't pretend to be the world's #1 authority, and I don't plan to remake your daughter. (Frankly, I'm pretty busy raising my own family right now.) But I do know the problems of growing up — and I *am* sure of one thing: Most girls *want* to do the right thing . . . and they'll do it — *if we can convince them it's not being "square."* And that's where I come in. Just give me this chance to talk to your daughter — in her own language — about everything from the first kiss to the last dance. You'll be glad I did."

Here — straight from Debbie — are the easiest, happiest lessons your girl ever enjoyed

- ***When should a girl start wearing lipstick? (And should she ever wear falsies?)***
- ***Speaking of sex . . . Who doesn't?*** What to do when the petting gets too heavy.
- ***Tongue-tied on dates . . . or can't stop talking?*** Read how I learned to be very, very popular with boys (but not *too* popular).
- ***What to do about moody spells*** . . . and how I learned to make my emotions work for me.
- ***My own personal beauty hints and grooming secrets:*** Treasured tips gathered from the world's greatest hair-stylists and cosmeticians. What to do about dry skin (like mine), unruly hair (me too). Easy-to-follow tummy-flattening routines. A special hair set — with beer. (It really works, and costs one tenth of what your daughter is paying in the beauty salon now).
- ***How to daydream*** — for results!
- ***How I learned to actually enjoy my parents*** . . . and how I solved the big problems of my own teen-age years.
- ***How I react to people who don't like me.***
- ***The true story of how I broke into pictures*** . . . after everyone said that I didn't stand a chance. And how to overcome big odds in life — no matter what career one chooses.
- ***How to take full advantage of natural beauty*** — every girl has it.
- ***A revolutionary — perfectly legal — technique for civilizing kid brothers.***
- ***If your daughter is not interested in boys —*** some reassuring advice that can save a lot of sorrow.
- ***If boys don't seem interested in your daughter*** — an arsenal of boy-catchers that will win victories over the slinkiest study-hall sirens.
- ***Some timely advice on "going steady,"*** engagements and early marriage.
- ***A gallery of photographs*** posed by Debbie . . . that show exactly what to do, and what *not* to do in the ten most trying situations that a girl faces.
- ***How to get your teen-age daughter to want to do her homework.*** Sounds impossible? You'll both be surprised and delighted by my plan of attack.
- ***If your "little girl" is tall for her age*** . . . or small . . . or heavy . . . or slender — a fashion section just for her.
- And much, much more that can help solve teen problems . . . before they start.

NOT FOR GIRLS ONLY Although primarily for the teen-age girl, there is much in Debbie's book that is important to her older sister, and for the mature woman. There's even a special section that presents "Something for the Boys."

Send No Money

We are so sure that Debbie Reynolds' book, IF I KNEW THEN, can prove to your daughter (without rubbing it in) that it's smart to do the right thing, that we make this no-risk offer. Use the convenient coupon below to order your copy of IF I KNEW THEN. Send no money. If, after examining it, you do not agree that it is a book that fills a need in your home, simply return it within 10 days, and owe nothing. If, however, you decide to keep it, remit just $3.95 plus postage and handling as payment in full. Write to BERNARD GEIS ASSOCIATES, Dept. DL-123, 239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, N. Y.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

To your bookstore, or
BERNARD GEIS ASSOCIATES
Dept. DL-123
239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of Debbie Reynolds' vital new book, IF I KNEW THEN. If at the end of ten days I am not convinced that it can help my daughter, and also cut *my* nagging time in half, I will return the book and owe nothing. If I decide to keep it, I will be billed just $3.95 plus postage and handling.

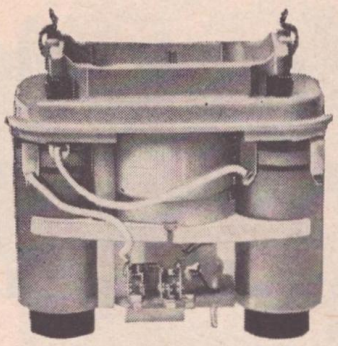
Name.....

Address.....

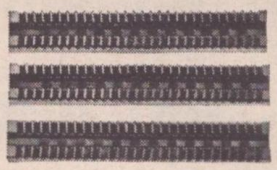
City.....Zone....State.....

SAVE MONEY: Remit $3.95 with coupon and we pay postage and handling. Same money-back guarantee applies. **New York City residents please add 12¢ city sales tax.**

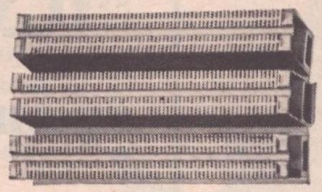
18 shavers cost less than a cordless REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC II
So why buy a REMINGTON?



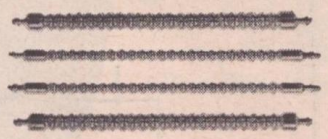
The motor is self-powered. Sealed-in rechargeable energy cells let you shave anywhere without a cord. Forget to recharge? There's a cord. Plug in, shave on the spot.



Every REMINGTON Shaver has 348 whisker cutting edges. Made of surgical high carbon steel they're harder, stay sharper longer than stainless steel. Honed on an angle rather than straight across, they slice whiskers off rather than "plough" them up.



This is the shaving head. Big. Strokes a wide path as it moves over the beard. Note the slots. 756 to be exact. Since the whiskers have to pass through the slots to get to the cutters, the more slots, the faster the shave.



These comb-like rollers are exclusive with REMINGTON. They're right on the shaver head. They adjust to every type of skin and beard. Roller Combs let you shave close without burning your face. They roll skin down . . . pop whiskers up into the cutters.

The self-powered LEKTRONIC II is the most effective shaving instrument a man can use. That's why it costs a little more.

LEKTRONIC: Trademark of Sperry Rand Corporation • REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVER, BRIDGEPORT 2, CONN.

M2

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Memo From a Mormon

. . . I read the article by Jeff Nye entitled *Memo From a Mormon* [LOOK, October 22]. Although I realize that he wrote concerning the position of a Utah Mormon, there are also several hundred thousand Latter Day Saints who do not follow the policy positions of the Salt Lake City Church. Since many people do not draw a clear distinction between the two Latter Day Saint Churches, we Reorganized Latter Day Saints, followers of the son of Joseph Smith, our founder, will be classed with the Utah Mormons, although we have an entirely different policy regarding Negro members and Negro priesthood in the Reorganized Latter Day Saint Church. We accept Negroes into full membership and full priesthood. . . .

WILLIAM F. SETTLES
Aurora, Ill.

. . . Now surely, if this young man were even remotely exposed to the Church, he would know that no man or group of men in or out of the Church can decide as to what people or what group of people can hold the priesthood, any more than they can decide who will be born with a dark skin. . . . I would be very happy, and I am sure our good Negro brethren would be happy, if we all had the same color skin, and all had the pleasure of holding the priesthood if we so desire, but it seems that these things are not for men to decide. I am sure our Creator has His Own reasons, and when we meddle in these things, we are meddling in "our Father's" business.

A. R. DUTCHER
Rhinelander, Wis.

As a Mormon, I am impelled to give a hearty "amen" to Brother Jeff Nye's views on the Mormon Church's position regarding the American Negro. Whenever restrictions of this type (denial of the priesthood) are placed on a group of people, they are automatically relegated to an inferior position, regardless of President [Joseph Fielding] Smith's attempts to claim otherwise. . . .

DONALD IRA FRENCH, JR.
Berlin, N. Y.

As a Mormon missionary, I served in Hong Kong and California, and found that it was the policy of the L.D.S. Church to allow equal rights for Oriental peoples, but we were instructed as representatives of the Church to bypass Negroes. The leaders of the Mormon Church instructed us to invite Negroes to the church of their choice, but not to the Mormon services, as we did every other person we came in contact with, going door to door. This practice made me feel very un-Christian.

D. STEPHEN HOLBROOK
Salt Lake City, Utah

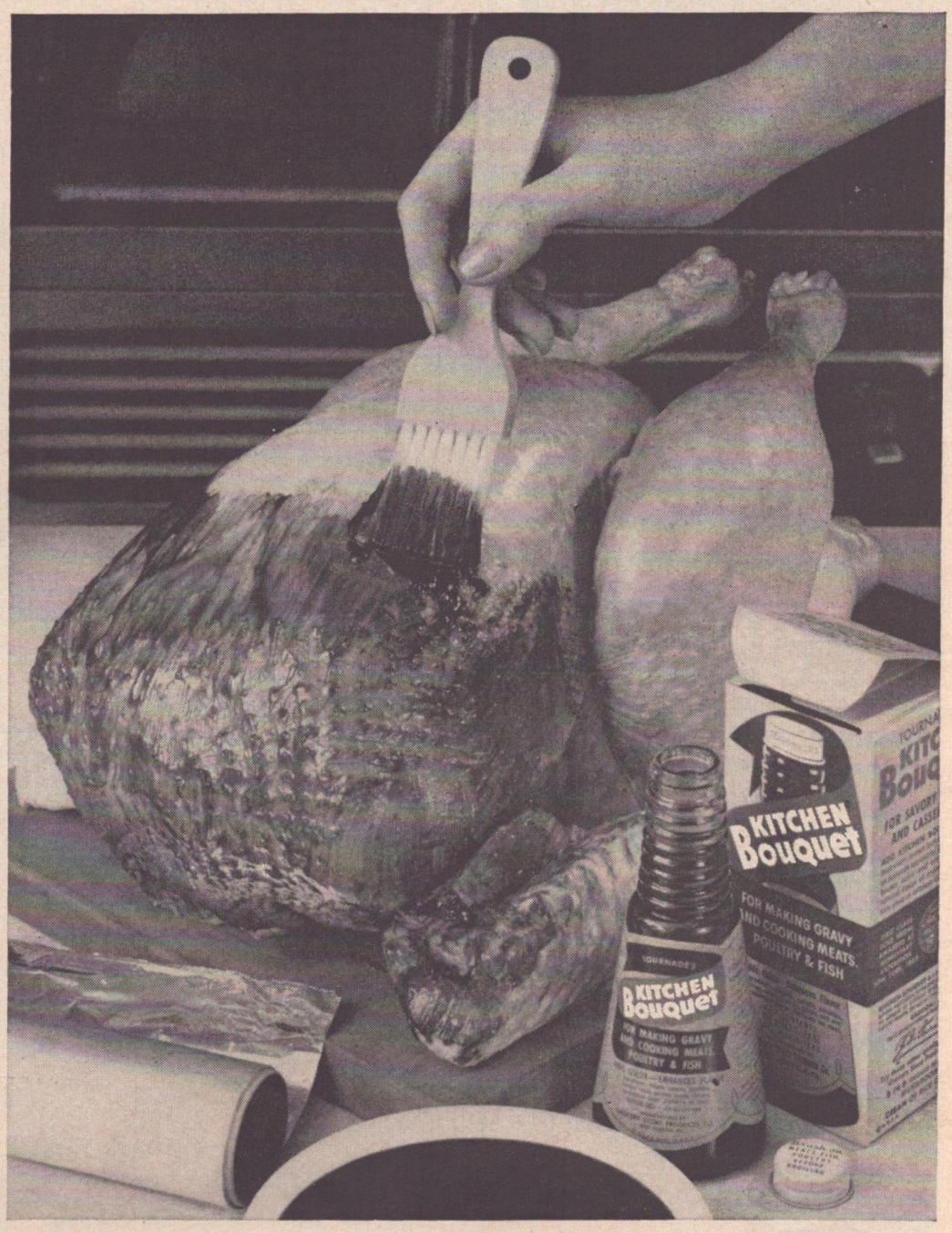
I wish you would forward my appreciation to Jeff Nye for speaking so well for those of us who love our religion and yet cannot defend its stand on Negroes in the Church. . . . I think it may be possible to show that the apparent references to Negroes in Joseph Smith's writing match ideas current in the United States in his time. . . . Joseph Smith's own attitude toward slavery and color was exactly that of Lincoln. His policy of partial integration was liberal for its time, however unfortunate it seems now. . . .

NAOMI WOODBURY
Tarzana, Calif.

continued

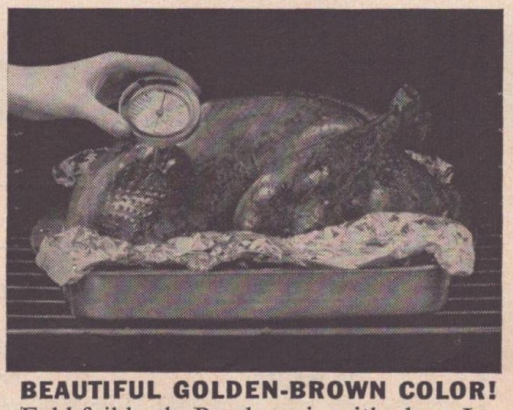
Brother Sebastian

Most important moment for your Holiday turkey



Brush with Kitchen Bouquet glaze

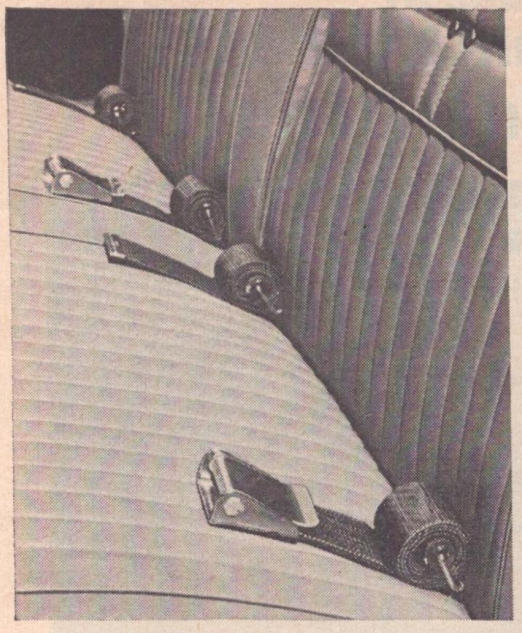
SEALS IN SAVORY JUICES AND FLAVOR! Brushing with Kitchen Bouquet glaze keeps your turkey beautiful to look at and juicy and tender on the inside. So easy, it only takes a minute. First, pre-heat oven to 325°. Make the Kitchen Bouquet Browning Glaze using ¼ cup melted vegetable shortening or vegetable oil and 1 tablespoon Kitchen Bouquet mixed well. Brush all surfaces of stuffed turkey with the glaze. Truss as usual and pad bone ends with aluminum foil. Place turkey on large sheet of heavy duty foil with the ends brought up loosely to overlap the breast 3 to 4 inches. Do not seal air tight. Place in oven in open roasting pan. Roast at 325° for 3 hours; for an average-size (12-14 pounds) turkey.



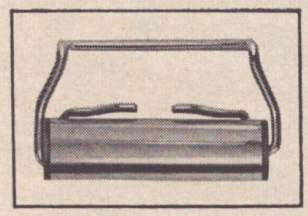
BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN-BROWN COLOR! Fold foil back. Brush again with glaze. Insert meat thermometer in thickest part of thigh. Roast almost 1 hour longer or until done (185° on thermometer). Juices and flavor are sealed in a golden-brown crust—for the moistest, best-tasting turkey ever!

A $3.98 VALUE FOR $2.00! A Taylor meat thermometer—the best you can buy—insures meat cooked exactly to your taste every time. To take advantage of this special offer just send $2.00 and the box top from Kitchen Bouquet to: Kitchen Bouquet, Dept. K12, West Chester, Penna.

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET. Exciting 48-page booklet, "Cooking With Inspiration," is packed with recipes, hints, serving suggestions. It's yours simply for the asking. Send your name and address to Kitchen Bouquet, Dept. K12, West Chester, Pennsylvania.



Neat, eh?



New Roll-A-Belt reels slip on your seat belts to keep them rolled neatly ...ready for instant use. Belts stay cleaner...last longer. Only $3.95 per pair at service stations and retail stores. Act soon. The belt that's easy to use— gets used!

B-W

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P. S. Roll-a-belt is the quality engineered seat belt reel approved and installed as original equipment on most 1964 cars. Look for the Borg-Warner Roll-a-belt trademark. Accept no imitations.

Catholic Schools in Trouble

Thank you for your article *Trouble Ahead for the Catholic Schools* [LOOK, October 22]. It presented the unbiased facts and pointed up the need for Federal aid to these schools. Lest we forget, America is composed of people from Catholic, private as well as public schools. Whatever affects either of these schools will eventually affect the entire nation. Should the Catholic schools be forced to close because of lack of funds, the already hard-pressed public schools will bear the further burden of accommodating the thousands of pupils who will be transferred from the closed Catholic schools to public schools. Unless something is done *immediately* about this situation, a future article. . .could very well read "*Trouble Ahead for Already Troubled Public Schools.*"

MRS. HARRY KINSEL
Aberdeen, Md.

I do not sympathize with Catholic educators. For years, they have not only refused to accept but actively opposed the solution to their overcrowding problem—birth control. . . . Now this shortsighted policy is backfiring on them, and they are crying "Uncle!" One ordinary man can only earn so much. His ability to support his church and its schools decreases in direct proportion to the number of children he produces—children who, these educators hope, will be placed in Catholic schools. Obviously, the low tuition fees alone do not support these schools; and the more children produced by each family, the less money is available for support of schools for them through contributions to the Church. . . .

A. S. FLORENCE
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

TV Violence

In his article *What TV Violence Can Do to Your Child* [LOOK, October 22], Albert Bandura states: "Several widely circulated survey studies contend that televised violence has neither harmful nor beneficial effects, except perhaps on highly insecure and emotionally disturbed children." It is difficult to see how, despite his claim, Dr. Bandura has changed our state of knowledge with his so-called experiments. The "findings" of Bandura's "experiments" are questionable. . . .

HAROLD MENDELSOHN, Ph.D.
School of Communication Arts
University of Denver
Denver, Colo.

. . . So frequently we hear remarks from many people that it is the duty of the clergy and ministers to preach the gospel of love and peace. I truly hope that parents reading your article will become aware that they too have an obligation in bringing up their children in a God-loving and God-fearing manner. How can they accomplish this? By acting as censors in the programs being viewed. . . .

THE REV. RAYNER DRAG, O.F.M.
St. Joseph Vocational School for
Franciscan Brothers
Pulaski, Wis.

Hate Campaign

Your article by Tom Braden, "*I Was the Target of a Hate Campaign*" [LOOK, October 22], should confirm what any intelligent Californian has suspected—Braden is not interested in education, only in politics. For an appointive official to castigate an elective official such as Dr. Rafferty in a national publication is the height of bad taste! Braden is as guilty of hatemongering as the people he accuses. . . .

STANLEY V. WHITEHEAD
Walnut Creek, Calif.

. . . My thanks for the story of Thomas Braden and his ordeal of hate. His is a story of patriotism and bravery, and he is a man I would be proud to know. . . .

MRS. ROBERT CALE
W. Hollywood, Fla.

. . . Only by the exposure of this vicious type of unethical hatemongering can Americans fight off this dangerous element. . . . Tom Braden has done a public service by . . . not "knuckling under" to the "anti-intellectuals" who would destroy true democracy. . . .

ROGER W. AXFORD
Milwaukee, Wis.

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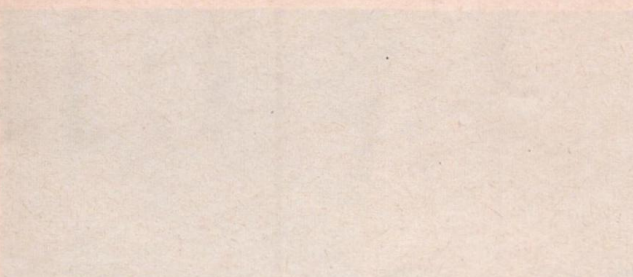
Front to rear: Fleetside model pickup, C80 chassis-cab, Suburban Carryall with 4-wheel drive

INFORMATION FOR OWNERS OF OLDER TRUCKS ABOUT

CHEVROLET TRUCKS FOR '64

This is a lot more truck than your money bought the last time. Read about some of the things Chevrolet has done to give you more value for practically the same money!

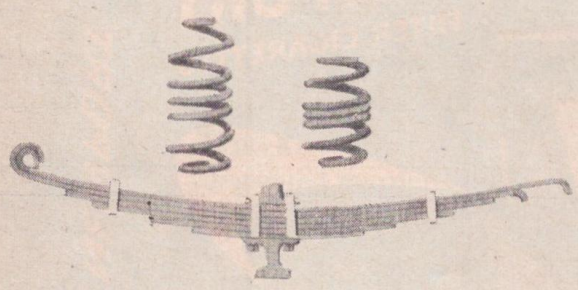
Double-wall construction—This feature of Chevrolet cabs and the Fleetside pickup body has two advantages. We put insulation and sound-deadening material between the two layers of steel which gives you a more comfortable cab; and the inner wall of the pickup body acts as a buffer against load damage.



Cab door openings are larger this year; getting in and out is easier.

Front ends and treads of some medium- and heavy-duty models are much narrower. You have better forward visibility. It's easier to maneuver in tight spots.

Suspension to fit the truck—You get a much better ride in every size Chevrolet truck today than you used to. Instead of making one type of suspension system do for the

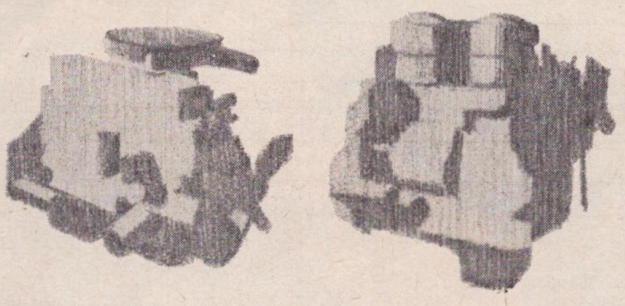


whole truck line, we now have different types and combinations of springing designed for your particular needs.

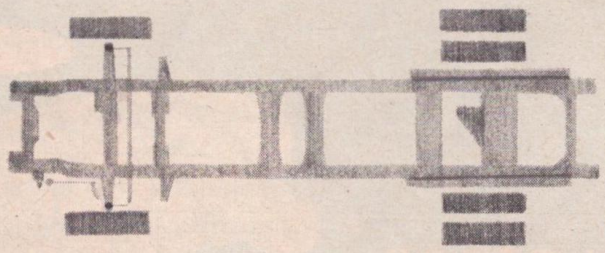
Conventional half- and three-quarter-ton models have independent front suspension with variable pitch coils in the rear. Variable pitch coils do not "bottom out" as readily.

Mediums and heavies have I-beam suspension with variable-rate leaf springs. This variable-rate leaf-type suspension automatically stiffens as the load increases—and vice versa. It means a smoother, flatter ride regardless of load, a better handling truck.

The right engine—Chevrolet has been building truck engines since 1918 but never has it been in better position to give you the type and size you need for maximum efficiency. Today there are many different capacities of gasoline and diesel Chevrolet truck engines —fours, sixes, V8's.



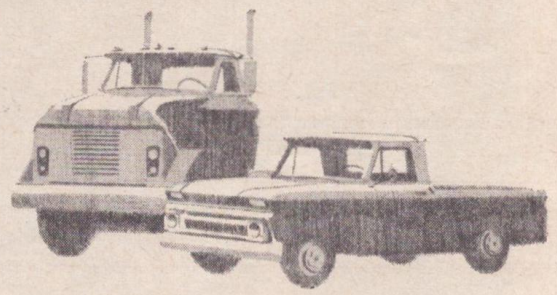
Stronger frames—Every conventional 1964 Chevrolet truck has a ladder-type frame. Formerly used on heavier trucks only, this type is more resilient, better able to give



with the load and terrain, to stand up under stress. Its simple design also makes it easier to mount special bodies on the truck. Its riveted side rails are stronger.

Greater model selection—This time you're going to find it a simple matter to pick the exact type of Chevrolet truck for the kind of work you do. In delivery trucks, for instance, in addition to regular panels and pickups, we have eleven different sizes of ready-made walk-in vans, some with full-width rear doors.

There are also the Corvair 95 vans with the air-cooled engine in the rear. And the Corvair 95 Rampside with its exclusive side-loading feature. These trucks have more power this year.



Have you seen the '64 El Camino pickup yet? We think it's the best looking commercial vehicle ever built.

In the medium- and heavy-duty area there are stakes, tilt cabs, low-cab-forward models and cab-and-chassis units to suit almost any requirement—including school bus bodies of up to 66-passenger capacity.

Dump truck operators now can order a Chevrolet tandem with either gasoline or diesel power.

Quality and value—Chevrolets today are a lot more truck than your money bought the last time, and yet the price tag is just about the same as 5 or 6 years ago. Ask your dealer to bring one around so you can compare it. ...Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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I SAW A CITY DIE

BIRMINGHAM:

BY CHARLES MORGAN, JR., AS TOLD TO THOMAS B. MORGAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last September 15, Cynthia Wesley, 14, Denise McNair, 11, Carol Robertson, 14, and Addie Mae Collins, 14, died in a bomb blast at Birmingham's 16th Street Baptist Church. A white Birmingham lawyer, Charles Morgan, Jr., 33, (above) spoke out the next day. He condemned not only the bombing, but also the negligence of so-called nice people that encourages terrorists. Birmingham, he said, was dead. Here is his post-mortem—and his program for the rebirth of the city.*

WHO KILLED BIRMINGHAM? We all did. Not only the hate-filled, demented murderers of four Negro Sunday-school girls, but we "nice people" who did nothing to save our city from race hatred.

Today, Birmingham retains surface manifestations of life. Down in the valley, below iron-rich Red Mountain, traffic moves, shops are open, and our medical center grows. Stubbornly, children go off to school. Men talk of 'Bama football and the Auburn game. And on most days, white and rust-colored plumes of smoke tell the sky that the hearths in our steel mills are fired.

As a Southern city, Birmingham offers neither the easy pleasures of New Orleans nor the healthy bustle of Atlanta. Its downtown is drab, and its air is often heavy with soot. Yet Birmingham inspires love-of-home in most of its 700,000 black and white metropolitan residents.

In many of us, there is an almost fierce loyalty to the city, a sort of noncritical provincialism that says to those who would change things, "You don't like it here. Why don't you leave?" Birmingham is simply "home" to almost everyone who lives there, and a wall of civic conformity protects it from a world with which it does not agree.

But Birmingham steadily contradicts itself. The same people who say, "This race trouble is distorting our image," also say, "I don't care what they think about us in New York (or Paris or Africa)." The same people who want to bring in new industry also want to keep out social changes of the industrial age.

If change is a sign of life, then we in Birmingham have not been very healthy for the 18 years since the end of World War II. The conditions that are producing massive opposition to law and morality today existed in 1945. The only difference is that now they are virtually intractable.

For a time following World War II, hopes were high that

continued

The nice people of Birmingham are safe-as long as

Birmingham would recapture the promise of its early years, when it was optimistically called "The Magic City." But Birmingham's rate of economic growth has fallen below the nation's in recent years. Now the harsh fact must be faced: Birmingham is dead. Even if steel-mill sparks still light the sky, the community's life spark has been snuffed out by fear and violence. What has happened here is a timely warning of what can happen anywhere if men and women who say they believe in America's ideals—the good people—will not stand up for their convictions.

Can Birmingham—a New Birmingham—be born again? As one who loves his hometown, his friends and neighbors, I go on hoping this will happen. With help, Birmingham could revive—but past events make possible only the most pessimistic view of the city's future.

Birmingham has done little to save itself. This year, 3½ months went by between the desegregation demonstrations of May and the opening of schools in September. No Negro policemen were hired; no major, and few minor, changes were made. Birmingham dealt with all sorts of civic problems, but hardly discussed the big one, race. Thus, the stage was, and remains, set for racial violence and bloodshed.

Birmingham is a tough city, even in daylight. Any man, white or black, who speaks against segregation lives in fear—fear for himself, for his business and social position and, in some cases, for the safety of his wife and children. The man who never speaks out can say he has never been afraid. And, of course, such a man has nothing to fear—as long as he keeps silent.

Birmingham is no place for the nonconformist. Opinions that run counter to segregationist sentiment can lead to phone calls in the night.

"*Is the mortician there yet?*" a voice asks me. I say that I don't know any morticians. "*Well, you will,*" the voice says, "*when the bodies are all over your front yard.*" A morbid crank? Perhaps. But friends tell me to "be careful." Others *are* careful: The names of private citizens who contributed reward money for the capture of the Sunday-school bombers were not published in the papers.

In Birmingham, fear and cowardice have in effect suspended the First Amendment.

THE LAW in Birmingham is white. Even though roughly one third of our people are Negroes, we have had no Negro law officers, no Negro policemen, no Negro sheriff's deputies. Few Negroes serve on juries. Few vote, few practice law, few play a role in the administration of justice.

In the 18 years since World War II, the Birmingham police have failed to solve some 50 anti-Negro bombings and innumerable acts of racist violence. They failed to prevent the Freedom Ride beatings on Mother's Day, 1961, though the riot occurred not far from police headquarters. But they used police dogs and fire hoses on Negro demonstrators in the spring of 1963.

Education in Birmingham prepares our kids for life in a segregated world. That world will be gone by the time tomorrow comes. But our underpaid teachers are bound (as we all are) to a South that never was and never can be.

Birmingham's economy was born of steelmaking. But steel in Birmingham has grown sick with Northern competition, automation and obsolescence. Population is up somewhat. Yet according to Sheldon Schaffer, head of the Industrial Economic Section of Southern Research Institute, our *rate* of population increase is going down. Employment has declined 10 percent since 1957. And among 53 Southern metropolitan areas checked for manufacturing growth rate, Birmingham ranks 46th. Birmingham must create 8,000 to 10,000 new jobs every year just to keep pace with the rest of America. "Obviously," Schaffer says, "objectives such as these are going to require industrial development efforts that are far more aggressive or imaginative than anything Birmingham or Alabama has ever seen. . . ."

Where are Birmingham's long-promised new plants and industries going to come from? Our business leaders search for new industry—futilely. How many prospects have been frightened away? Ten? Twenty? A hundred? But Birmingham, worried about its "image," is still not concerned enough to do anything about its reality.

The wealth of Birmingham lives in bedroom communities away from the city, away from its smoke, noise and 20th-century problems: To residents of Mountain Brook, Homewood and Vestavia Hills, Birmingham is a burden to be endured eight hours a day, five days a week—but not at night and never on weekends. These people, who earn their livelihoods in Birmingham, are more concerned with "over the mountain" society, country clubs, debutante balls and cocktail parties than with the desperate problems facing the central city.

When, finally, "over the mountain" people became alarmed about the mounting racial crisis, it was too late. The situation was out of hand. The vacuum left by our complacent suburbanites had been filled by extremists. Too late, our "nice people" learned that the whirlwinds of race hate do not stop at suburban boundaries.

The white Christian religion in Birmingham boasts more than 400 churches. Our ministers talked of love—in general terms. But they also waited too long to speak against hate. Their sermons have dealt with symptoms, but rarely with *the* issue—how to inject the doctrine of the brotherhood of man into the stream of everyday life. Not many have taken equality for their text. Few have said clearly and unmistakably that prejudice is wrong, bigotry is evil, and the Christian religion has something to do with Christianity.

Under the pressure of events, culture retreats in Birmingham. The city has a civic symphony, civic-theater groups, an art museum, a botanical garden and a zoo. But the Broadway road shows are not coming to Birmingham. And our Music Club season of evening concerts almost failed this year because of ticket cancellations. Many people in Birmingham are afraid to go out after dark.

Professional hatemongers feel at home in Birmingham. Many of them live here. It follows that ours is a city in which armed guards protected temple doors and patrolled temple grounds on a 24-hour watch during recent Jewish services.

For generations, politics in our city has been firmly dominated by hard-line segregationists. We produced former Police Commissioner Eugene (Bull) Connor and former Mayor Art Hanes, who adheres to a simple thesis: Desegregation is Communist-inspired. Meanwhile, Atlanta kept electing Mayor William B. Hartsfield, who said his city was "too busy to hate," and elsewhere across the new South, moderates captured many city halls.

This year, Birmingham turned out its Connor-influenced government in favor of Mayor Albert Boutwell and a "moderate" city council. But the defeated are still politically potent, and the new city administration has proven hesitant and faltering on the race issue.

Birmingham's mass media have fallen victim to the city's plague of intolerance. There are always excuses, but few TV shows dealing with the race crisis have been seen in Birmingham. On at least one occasion, community leaders were called to view ABC's *Walk in My Shoes* privately. Similarly, in one of our newspapers, we read Harry Ashmore's series on the Negro in the North. But his articles on the Negro in the South were not run. The Birmingham *News* has been bitterly attacked whenever it urged a counsel of reason in dealing with the city's festering race problem. An iron curtain has descended, aimed at keeping out information that might upset the racial status quo. How could the people be expected to face their problems? Many of them are only now beginning to find out what the problems are.

HATE AND FEAR have helped bring death to the spirit of Birmingham. Yet certain other motives in the short, unhappy history of Birmingham have perhaps been even more crucial. The town was born in 1871 and grew fitfully, a rough and bawdy mining town where the few might grow wealthy on the sweat of the many.

Outside interests moved in after the turn of the century, permanently removing control of Birmingham's most important single industry—steel—to the North. Birmingham made good its boast that it had the cheapest labor supply in the country, but only by fighting a pitched battle with organized labor and by manipulating the "nigger menace" to prevent union organization. To this day, although local union leadership is generally rather liberal, the unions themselves have taken few progressive steps in the field of race. The leaders are afraid to risk defeat on the race question. And some, in the craft unions, have consistently backed Bull Connor and other segregationists.

Ironically, Birmingham today remains dependent on the very "outside" Northern interests it holds in contempt. The truth is that were it not for "outsiders" and "Yankees," there would never have been a modern Birmingham. The city was a child of Reconstruction, came late to America's industrial expansion and still is, in 1963, a poor relation of businesses concentrated in the North. Thus, it is possible to understand Birmingham, if not to absolve it, for its principal failing: the inability of its people to accept responsibility for its present condition. They have yet to embrace the credo of another Southerner, Thomas Jefferson, that all men are created equal and are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights.

In Birmingham, we blame the Kennedys, Khrushchev, Martin Luther King, "outside agitators," the press—everyone except ourselves.

Who else should be blamed? Politicians whose mishandling of the race issue has been a major factor in the breakdown of law and order. Every Northerner who ever let a friend from Birmingham absolve himself of guilt by agreeing with him about "the niggers." Every Negro maid who ever lied to her white employer, telling her how happy she was with segregation. Every businessman and labor leader, North and South, who has failed to use all his influence in Birmingham,

they keep silent

among employees, associates and friends, to safeguard the rights of other Americans.

None of us in Birmingham has done as much as we could. But it should not be forgotten that we are ourselves subject to the foreboding power of a state administration totally dedicated to the maintenance of segregation "today . . . tomorrow . . . and forever." To countervail this power, there is, of course, the Federal Government. But in today's Birmingham, resentment runs deep against Washington. And little help has come from private sources, from labor and banking and industry—from the corporate conscience of the country.

Birmingham did not get into this fix alone, and it will not get out of it alone. The city's two daily newspapers are owned by Northern-oriented publishers—the Scripps-Howard and the Newhouse chains. Our two television stations are similarly owned, one by Newhouse, one by Taft Broadcasting, based in Cincinnati. Our biggest employer, Tennessee Coal & Iron, is owned lock, stock and mill by U.S. Steel. Any solution for Birmingham must be national as well as local.

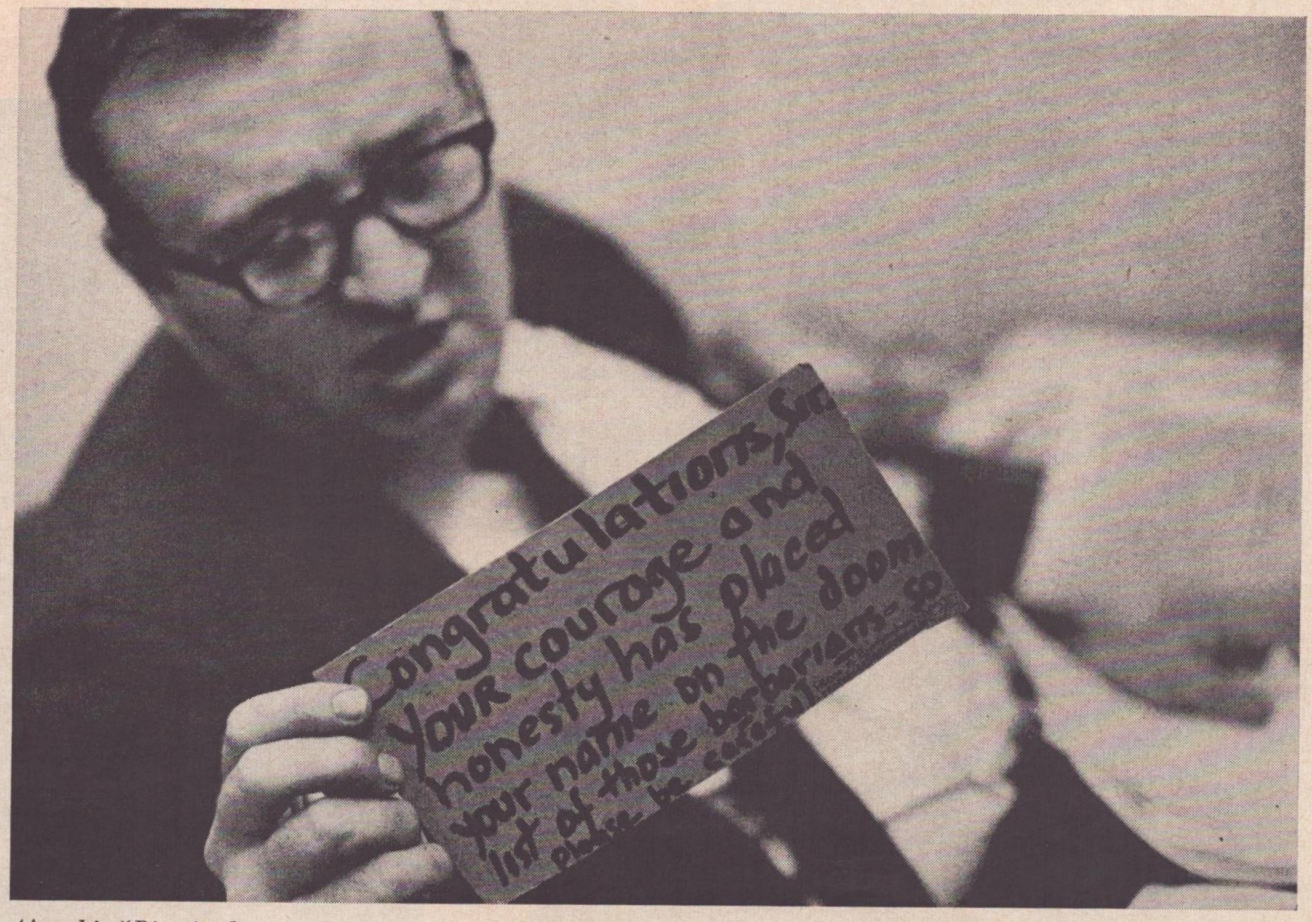
Consider the steel industry. It has extracted great wealth from Birmingham. What is its responsibility in our community's struggle with bigotry and hatred? U.S. Steel has opened up more and more jobs to Negroes. But is that enough? Is the steel industry exerting its influence to bring about a solution to Birmingham's race problem?

And what could Scripps-Howard do about the Birmingham *Post-Herald*'s role in helping solve our racial problems? Properly, most newspaper chains allow great latitude in local control of their properties. Yet our *Post-Herald* seems to follow Scripps-Howard's general editorial line on such issues as taxation, national leadership and foreign relations. Our paper goes along—until it comes to the race issue. Here, the *Post-Herald* for many years maintained a strong segregationist position. That point of view certainly has a right to be heard. But what is the responsibility of the officers of Scripps-Howard in New York? Must they allow one of their papers to label want ads "colored" and "white"? limit coverage of Negro community life to little more than a once-a-week column? operate in a town with a quarter of a million Negroes but not have a single full-time Negro on the editorial staff? and editorially endorse segregation?

For example, during the critical early stage of biracial meetings to end last spring's Negro demonstrations, the *Post-Herald*'s contribution was an editorial implying that Dr. King was reaping profits from race turmoil. No doubt the city's racist intransigents were pleased with the editorial, but it could not possibly have helped mediators in their difficult assignment. Next day, the paper said it "intended no such inference," but the incident did nothing to close our racial breach.

Moderates in the North as well as the South have stood by while Birmingham has been torn apart. Like the "over the mountain" people in Birmingham, they are concerned about order, but not about law. The South had an ordered society for 200 years; now that order conflicts with law. What do the moderates do about it? Isn't it time that they concerned themselves with the local policies of their companies, especially when these policies give aid and comfort to the enemies of our system of justice?

What happens next in Birmingham? The present course may result in more riot, violence and tragedy. But it is not beyond the realm of possibility that something can be done to revive the city. If ten men from around the country could sit down at a table to consider our problems, they could do wonders for Birmingham. They could reaffirm facts Birmingham itself has never faced: that desegregation is the law of the land, and that the life of a city depends on its citizens' respect for law. These men could then bring together a powerful team—of the press, of communications, of steel, of electric power, gas, construction, the banks, organized labor and the Federal Government—to resuscitate Birmingham.



After his "Birmingham is dead" speech, Charles Morgan, Jr., received a card from a local man, summing up the sentiment of most letter writers—but some were crudely abusive.

NOTHING SHORT of a total national effort can help Birmingham now. Only the concern of the American people—and those American business leaders whose decisions shape our city's economy—can revive Birmingham. Only "outsiders"—not those interested merely in the wealth of our soil, but those who care about the moral well-being of our people—can strike the spark of life. Birmingham is dead—but can America afford not to breathe new life into the city?

Given outside help, what can we do to recreate Birmingham? I know that we need at least the following program:

1. We need biracial committees to work on common solutions for common community problems—from air-pollution control to medical care for the poor and aged. Such committees would provide avenues for peaceful desegregation of many areas of public life.

2. We need a desegregated interfaith alliance of ministers, priests and rabbis backed and coordinated by state and national church organizations, bishops and others in the hierarchical chain. They could pledge to each other and to their faiths that they will preach for and organize the removal of racial restrictions from the life of the community and the church.

3. We need an alliance of businessmen representing our major locally and nationally owned enterprises. With their influence, they, too, can open channels of communication. And with policies that favor desegregation and encourage employees to participate in the desegregation movement, they can set an example for the city.

4. We need to open the editorial pages of Birmingham's newspapers to columnists who favor and discuss desegregation, to provide employment opportunities for Negro reporters and to desegregate every aspect of newspaper life.

5. We need to schedule TV programs that present the problem of race in Birmingham and the nation to our people so that they may know the aspirations of Negroes and learn about solutions.

6. We need public-school courses on democracy, the fundamentals of law, and the facts of the race problem—in an attempt to bring forward an unprejudiced younger generation.

7. We need adult-education programs sponsored by labor organizations. We need apprentice programs and private employment opportunities open to Negroes and whites alike.

8. We need to remove barriers to Negro employment and other discriminations against Negroes by municipal and county government. We need to hire Negroes for the Birmingham police force and the Jefferson County Sheriff's Department. We need to restore the confidence of the Negro community in the desire and ability of the city to enforce the law with fairness and impartiality.

9. We need renewed voter-registration efforts in order to provide Birmingham's Negro population with its proportionate voice in the political life of the community.

10. By legislative action or otherwise, we need to merge suburban residential communities into the City of Birmingham so that, economically, suburbanites will belong to their city.

11. We need self-imposed restraint on the race question by reasonable men in the political arena. Politicians and lawyers must face up to their responsibilities and seek solutions to problems before new crises develop. Similarly, businessmen in their search for new industry must worry less about the city's "image" and more about its ability to answer the needs of all its people. Let them lead and industry will follow.

These things we need. Birmingham can't live without them.

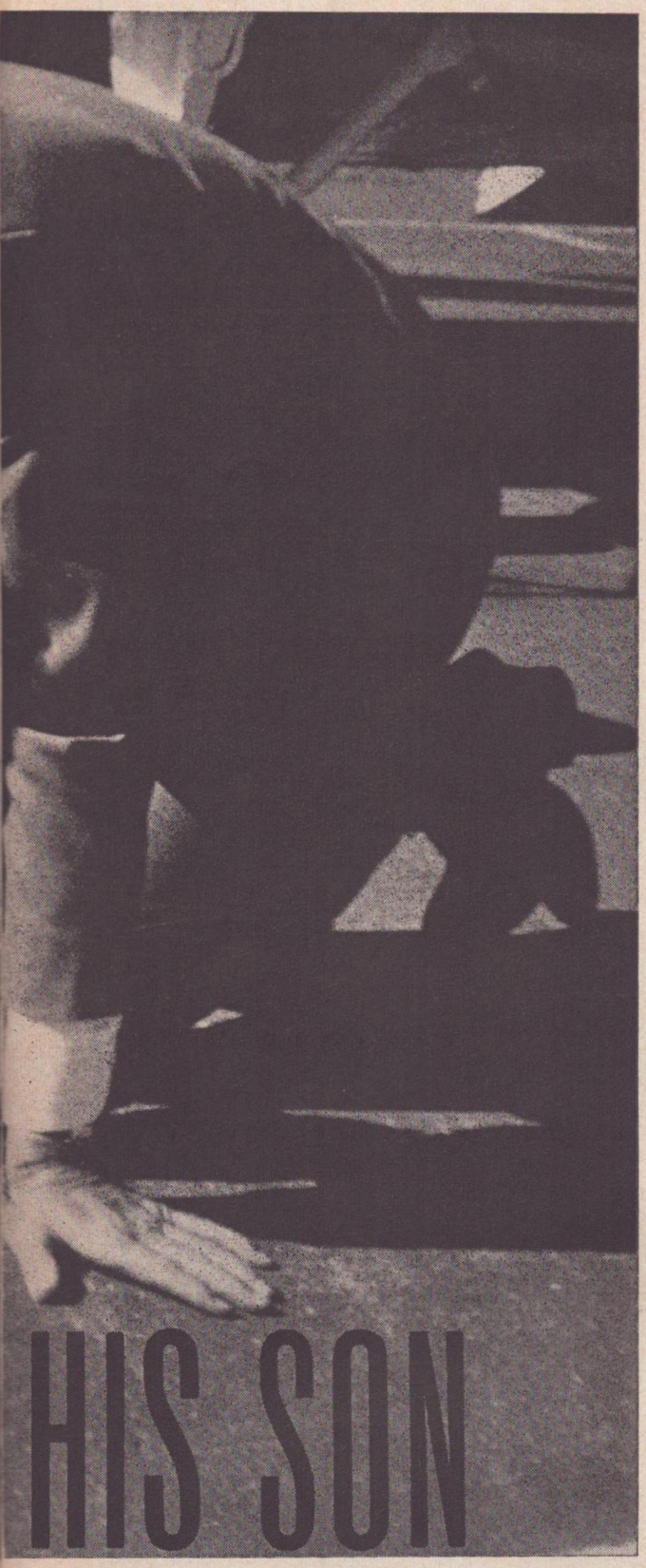
END

That helicopter means Daddy's back, and what loyal son and greeter would miss a homecoming?

THE PRESIDENT AND

HE'S JUST THREE YEARS OLD this month, and sturdy, brown-eyed John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Jr., obviously finds White House life just marvelous. Not that he's aware of what his father *does* for a living, or why he gets lifts in helicopters so regularly. Like many a two-year old, he was a late talker. Then, in Hyannis Port this summer, he bloomed—words and ideas bubble out of this small boy, loud and fast. Off and on, John John dashes into the Presidential office with late bulletins from the playground. The President called him John John almost from the day he was born, to avoid well-worn nicknames like Jack or Johnny. Anything that flies intrigues JFK, Jr.—planes, rockets, blimps and, oh boy, helicopters, which only six months ago he pronounced "heprecops." Daddy, who always seems to be flying someplace, is good about bringing home surprises: like a life-sized toy parrot, with a mysterious tape recorder inside. Press a button, and a fatherly voice says with Boston twang, "My name is Poll Parrot. Would you like to fly with me in my helicopter?" "Hi, Poll Parrot," answers John John with aplomb. "Would you like a stick of gum?"

TEXT BY LAURA BERGQUIST PHOTOGRAPHS BY STANLEY TRETICK



HIS SON

That's funny, the parrot talks—but with Daddy's voice. It's been a grand week for presents. Some man named Adoula dropped by from the Congo and left a carved African chair, just John John's size.

Sometimes, when you dash in to see your father, he's talking to a bunch of strange people and firmly nudges you out of his office. Just before bed is usually the best time for good talk and play.

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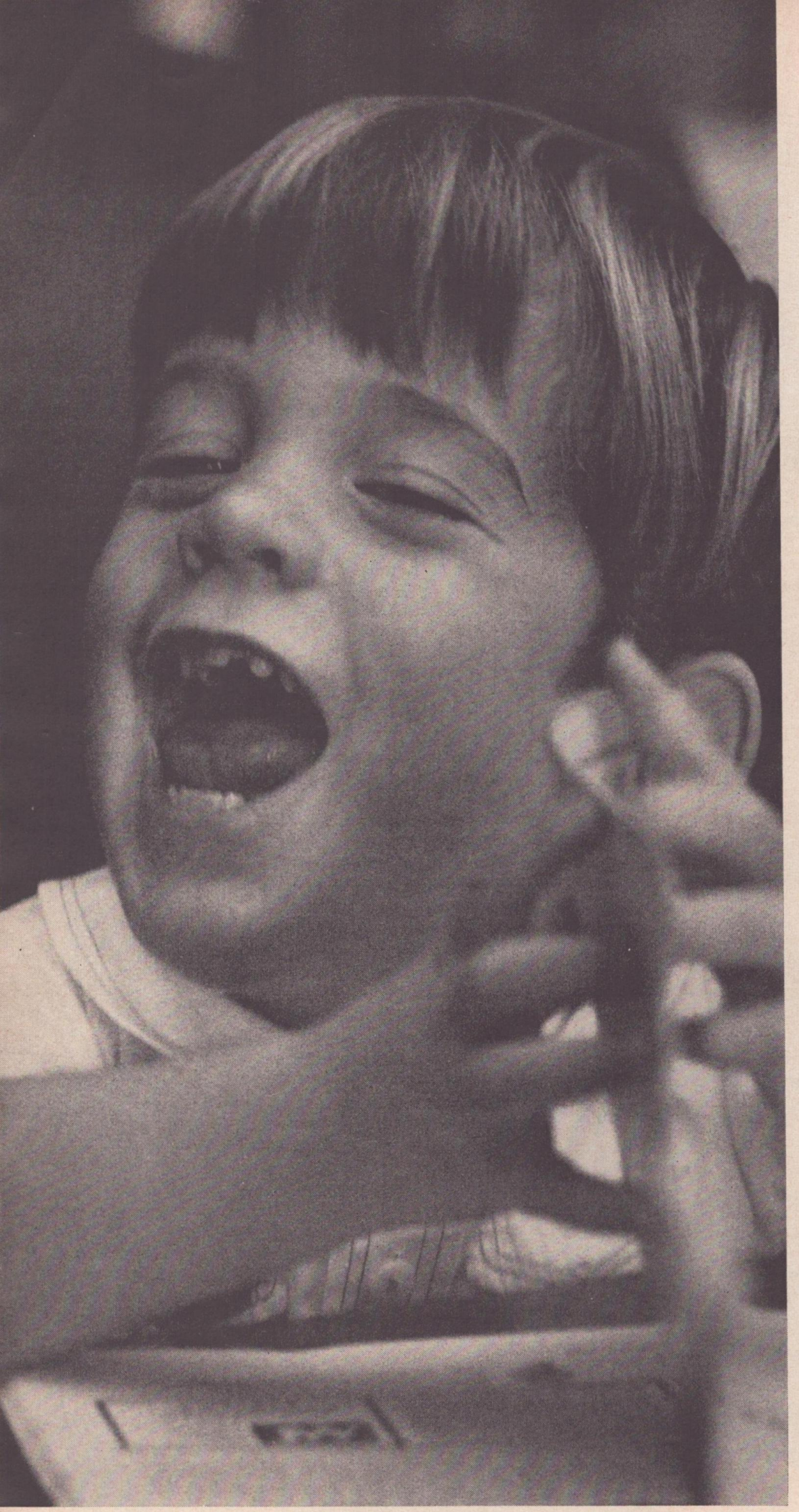
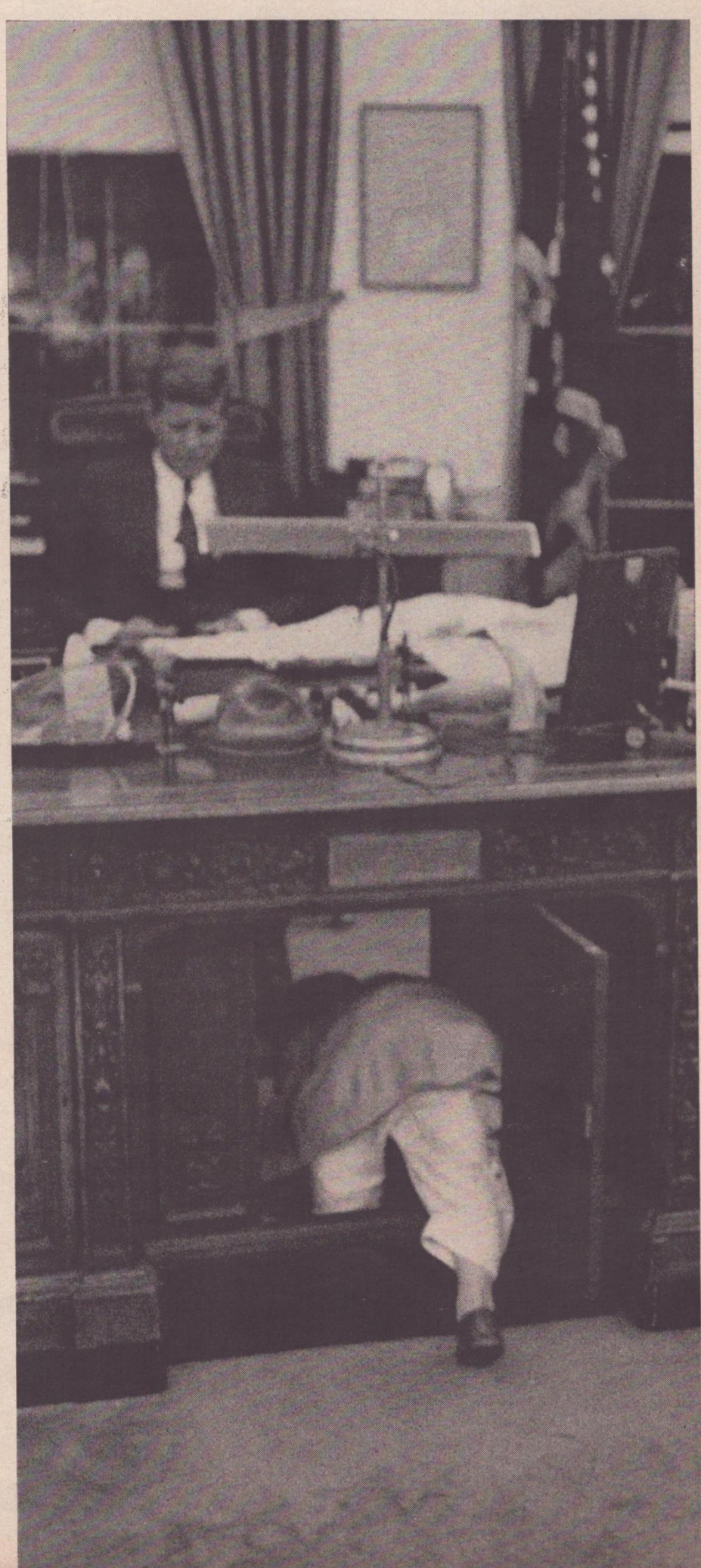
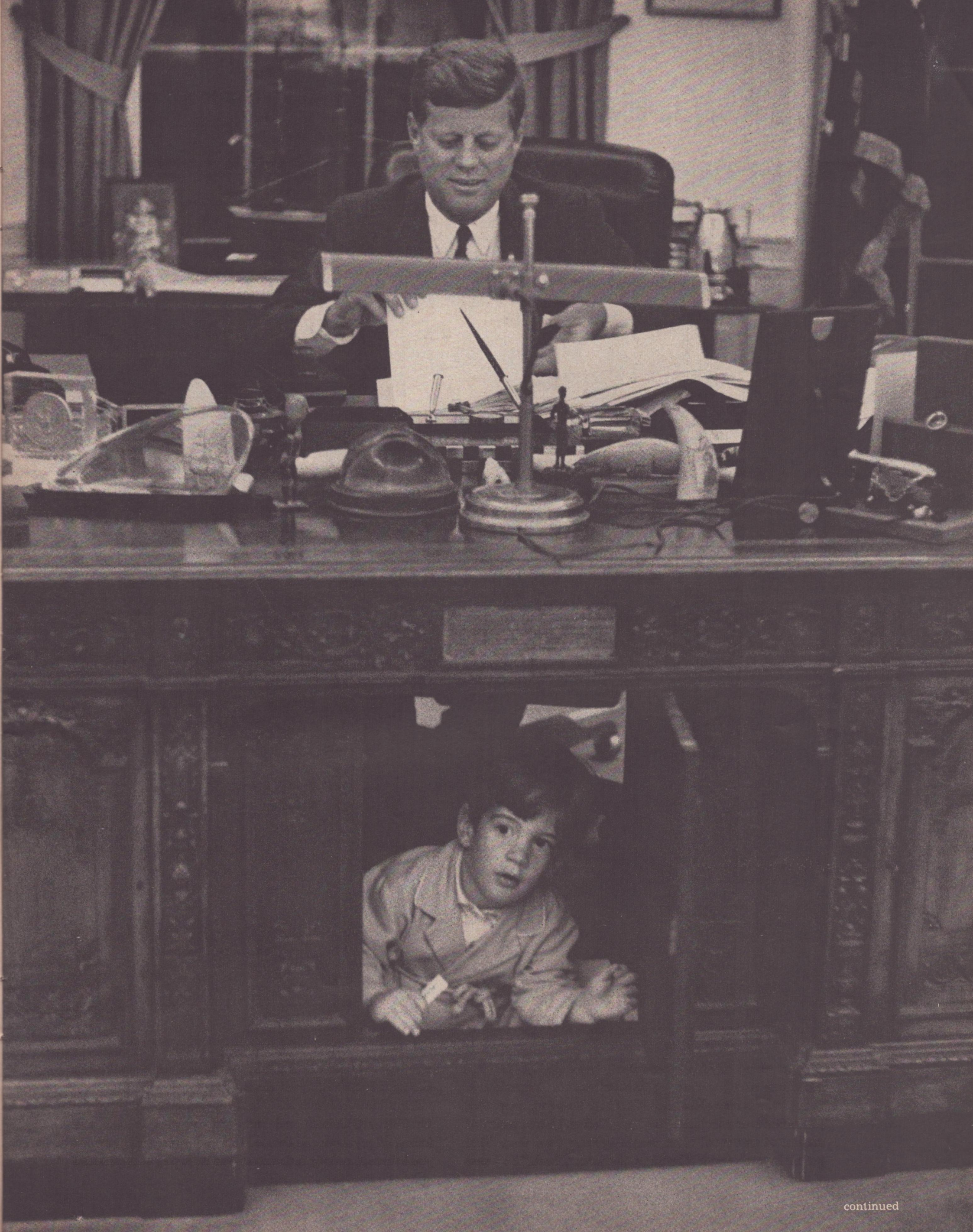


A boy's practically best friend is Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln, the President's secretary. She'll always laugh at your jokes, and she has a big, big supply of gum and crayons for drawing, while you wait to see Father. The most fun place to play is under Daddy's desk. It's got this little secret door that swings open. You see, the idea is to close it and hide. Then you get somebody around to knock and ask, "Is the bunny rabbit in there?" When you bust out, they're *terribly* surprised.

Father's desk has a secret door

About 7:15 p.m. is a good time to call on Daddy. Nearly everybody's gone home, and you can wear your old bathrobe. He reads a lot of papers, but doesn't mind if you play quietly under the desk. I call that place "my house," even though my sister Caroline found the secret door first. During the day, I'm pretty busy myself. My nurse Miss Shaw and I go on special trips to the zoo. I love the snakes.





continued

A boy is absolutely not allowed to yell GROMYKO! GROMYKO! to

You can get awfully tired just waiting to see Daddy. One day, Miss Shaw said I couldn't go in because a Russian man, Mr. Gromyko, was there. Was that office busy! There was something bad in Berlin or someplace. So I just yelled very loud GROMYKO! GROMYKO! GROMYKO! to let everybody know I was there. That got me in trouble with Miss Shaw. She said, "Shush." So I read my airplane books and drew some pictures. Even when this Mr. Gromyko left, and they let me in, a lot of people stood around talking, like Mr. Bundy and Mr. Thompson and Mr. Rusk and Mr. Kenny O'Donnell, and Pierre. It was pretty boring, so I kicked off my shoes and crawled into my secret house. And can you believe it, *nobody* in that room wanted to play bunny rabbit!

get Daddy's attention

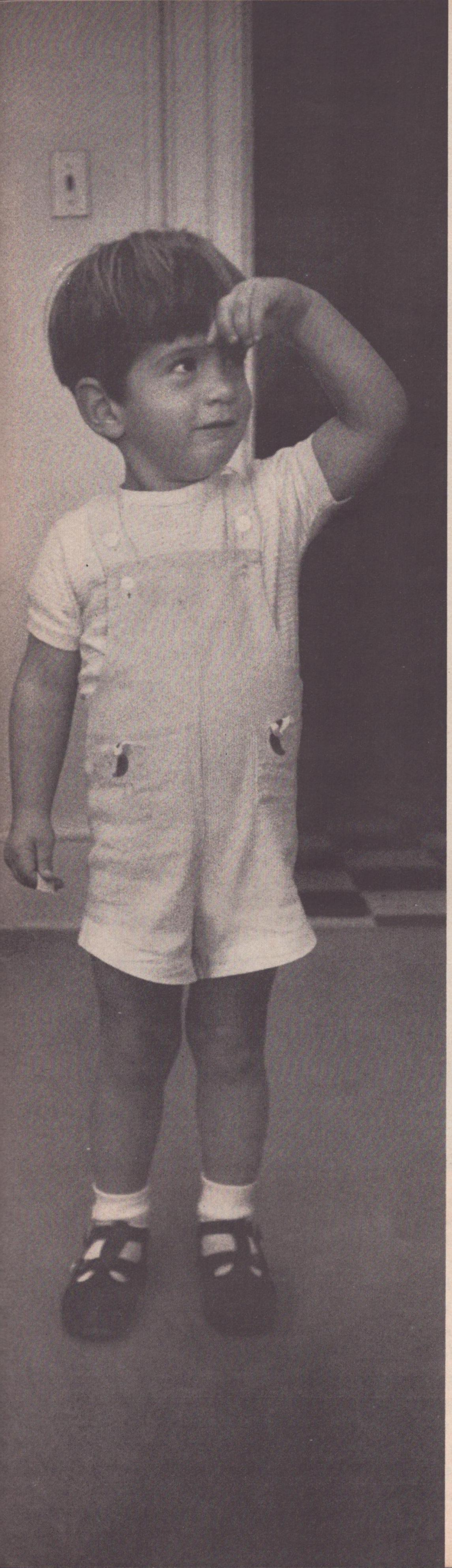
Now this is *my* special rocker. It's in Mrs. Lincoln's office. When I rock, I really rock with vigor, until I make Miss Shaw tired just watching. You can wake her up by yelling, "Look at me! I'm riding faster and faster, I'm riding too fast!"

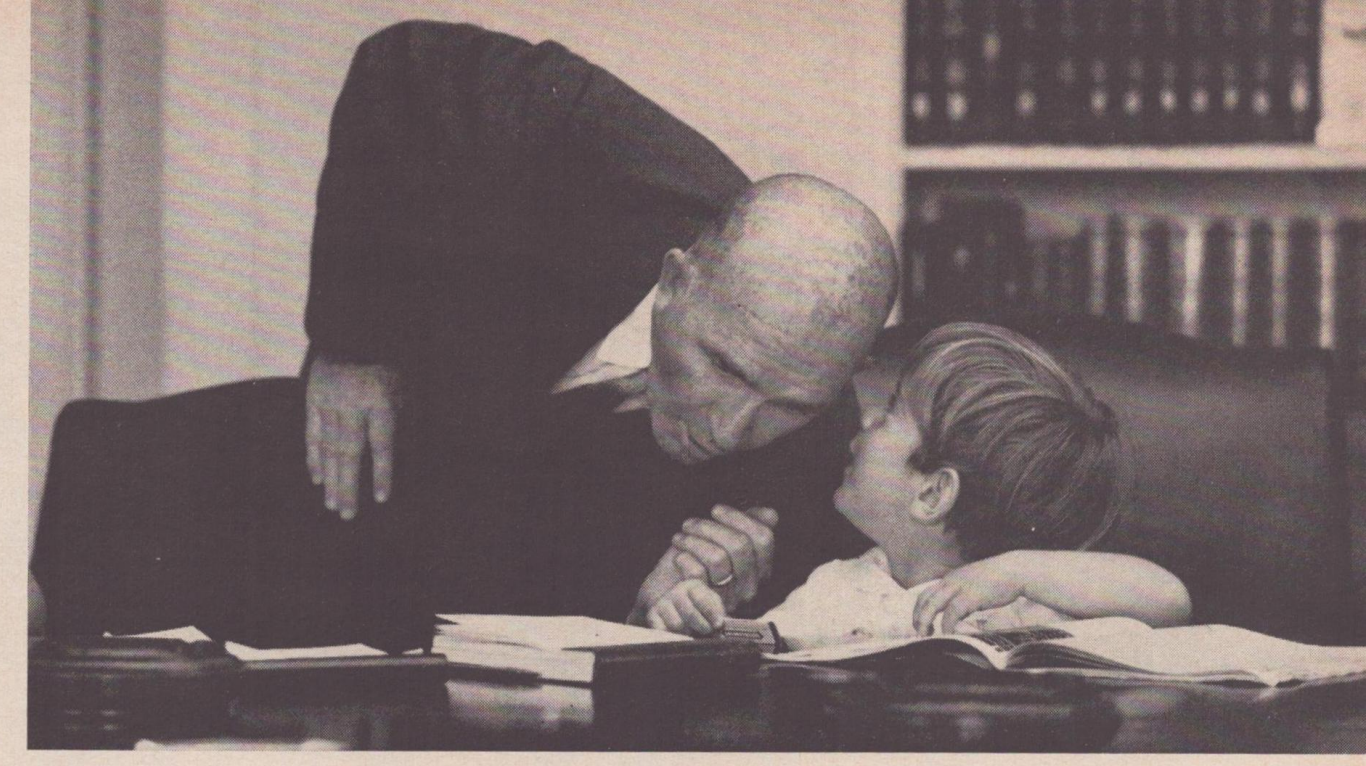
continued

The big buzz: "John John has discovered the West Wing."

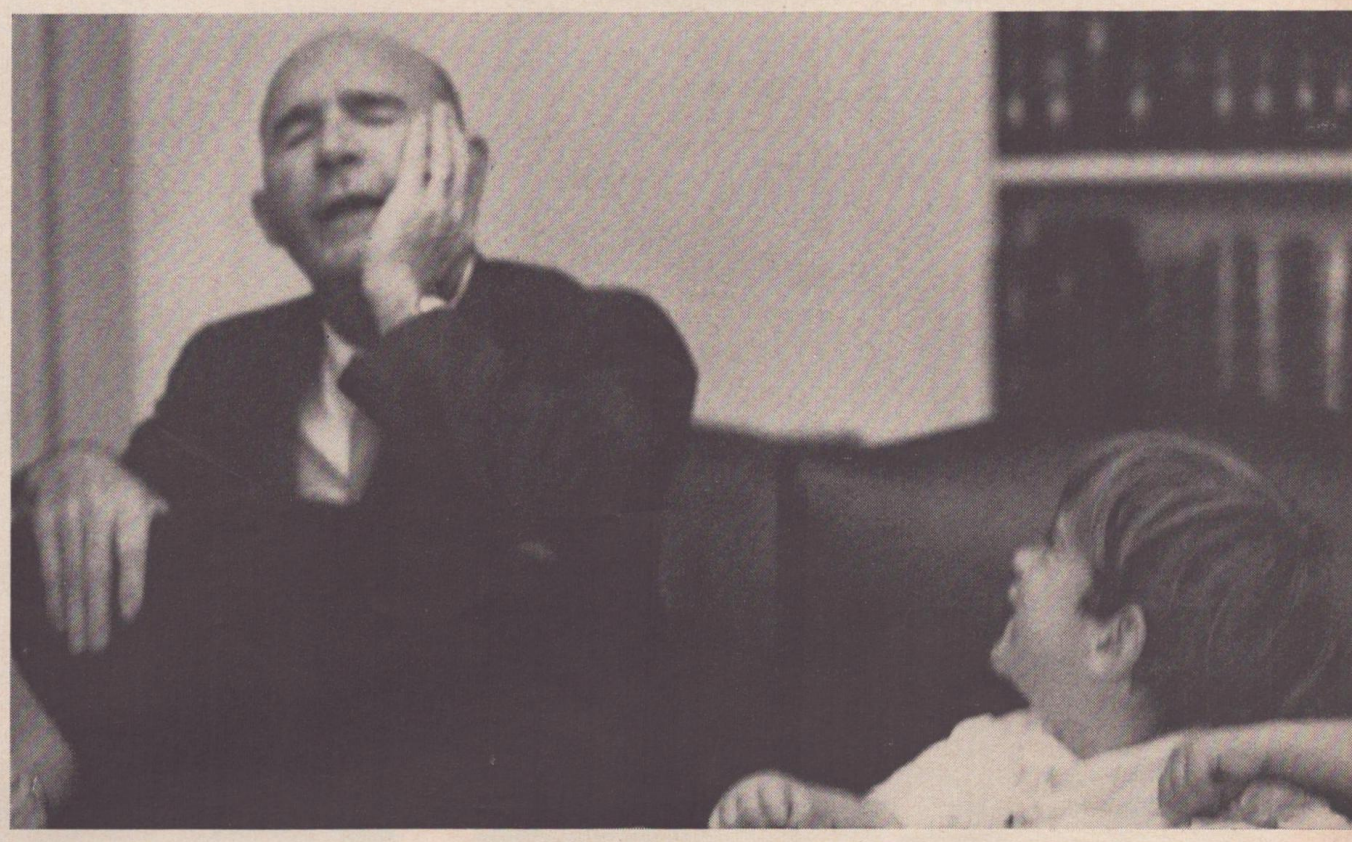
"John John has finally discovered the West Wing," all those people who have desks and phones there keep saying. When I was a little boy, I mostly stayed around the house where we live and where Caroline has this school. But I've been finding terrific things around Daddy's office, like the Cabinet Room. And I've met so many new people. My favorite games are soldier and "Secrets." I know how to salute, because I watch all those parades, but my hand slips over my eye. Dave Powers, who works with Daddy, is great at "Secrets." He gets so excited when I tell him something big.

This table in the Cabinet Room is the right size for drawing and climbing. I'll show you where Daddy sits.





I was busy drawing and reading airplane books when Mr. Powers asked, "Tell me a secret."



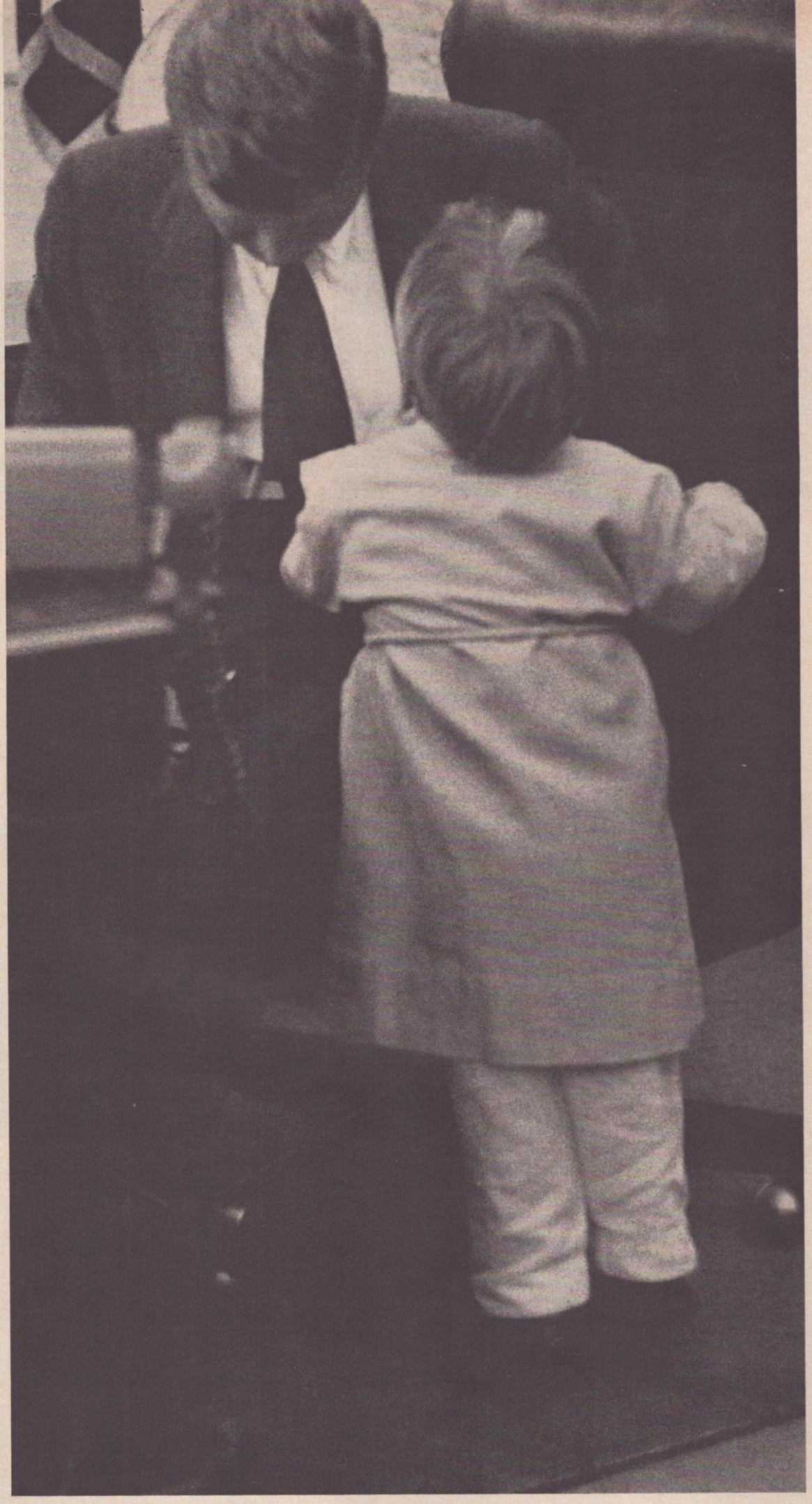
You buzz-buzz in his ear. Then he hits his head and shouts, "Oh! Heavens no! Not that!"

This game knocks him and me out, even though we've played it a million times.

Soldiers salute this way. Or I do, because I have to hang on to my gum. Sometimes Mr. Powers takes a big sword from Daddy's office and we march around—me first.

continued

This isn't a real spanking, just a pretend one, that made me laugh and laugh. Our house is very handy. I can be zipping through the Rose Garden or chasing the dog, but when Daddy needs me, he just steps out of his office and claps his hands. When I hear our "signal," I come running fast!



Father is terrific at playing "Secrets"

A child just can't go in and see Father any old time, you know. Usually my mother lets my sister Caroline and me visit him at bedtime. But when Mother went on vacation, I hung around Daddy's office so much he laughed and said to somebody, "John John is having a heyday while his mother's away." You'd be surprised how much he likes to have me around. Nobody can play "Secrets" like I do, and because we're both such terrific swimmers, we swim together in the pool in our house. Nobody but me is in charge of handing out chewing gum in Mrs. Lincoln's office. When people visit my father and he says, "Meet John John," I am very respectful and bow and shake hands. Caroline curtsies.

continued

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
July 2, 1921
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP
"3-minute" men
About three minutes' preparation, and the biggest part of your meal is ready to eat—the best part too. Quickly prepared, delightful, wholesome, this splendid food is a favorite in the modern household.
Campbell's Tomato Soup
A puree of luscious red-ripe tomatoes fresh from the vines, daintily prepared in Campbell's famous kitchens, with choice creamery butter, granulated sugar and other savory ingredients. There are many tempting ways to serve it. Order a good supply and keep it handy.
12 cents a can
Campbell's
LOOK FOR THE RED AND
This ad appeared 42 years ago...
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

Have you checked the price of Campbell's Tomato Soup lately?

Anyone that goes to the store or pays the bills knows what's happened to prices over the years. That's why we thought you might be interested in this advertisement that ran for Campbell's Tomato Soup on July 2, 1921.

It shows that the price was 12¢ a can. If you have a grocery store advertisement handy—or if your memory is really good, we think you'll be mildly amazed to find that this is just about the same price you pay today . . . same size can, of course.

The same kind of price story—though in varying degree—can be told about the other Campbell's Soups.

Of course, we can't take all the credit. The happy reason that Campbell's has been able to buck the tide of rising prices is partly you, partly the grocer and farmer, and partly us. You, because there are so many more of you these days, and because you seem to like our soups more and more as time goes on. And it's the grocer and farmer, of course, because each has become increasingly efficient . . . the farmer in producing, and the grocer in serving you.

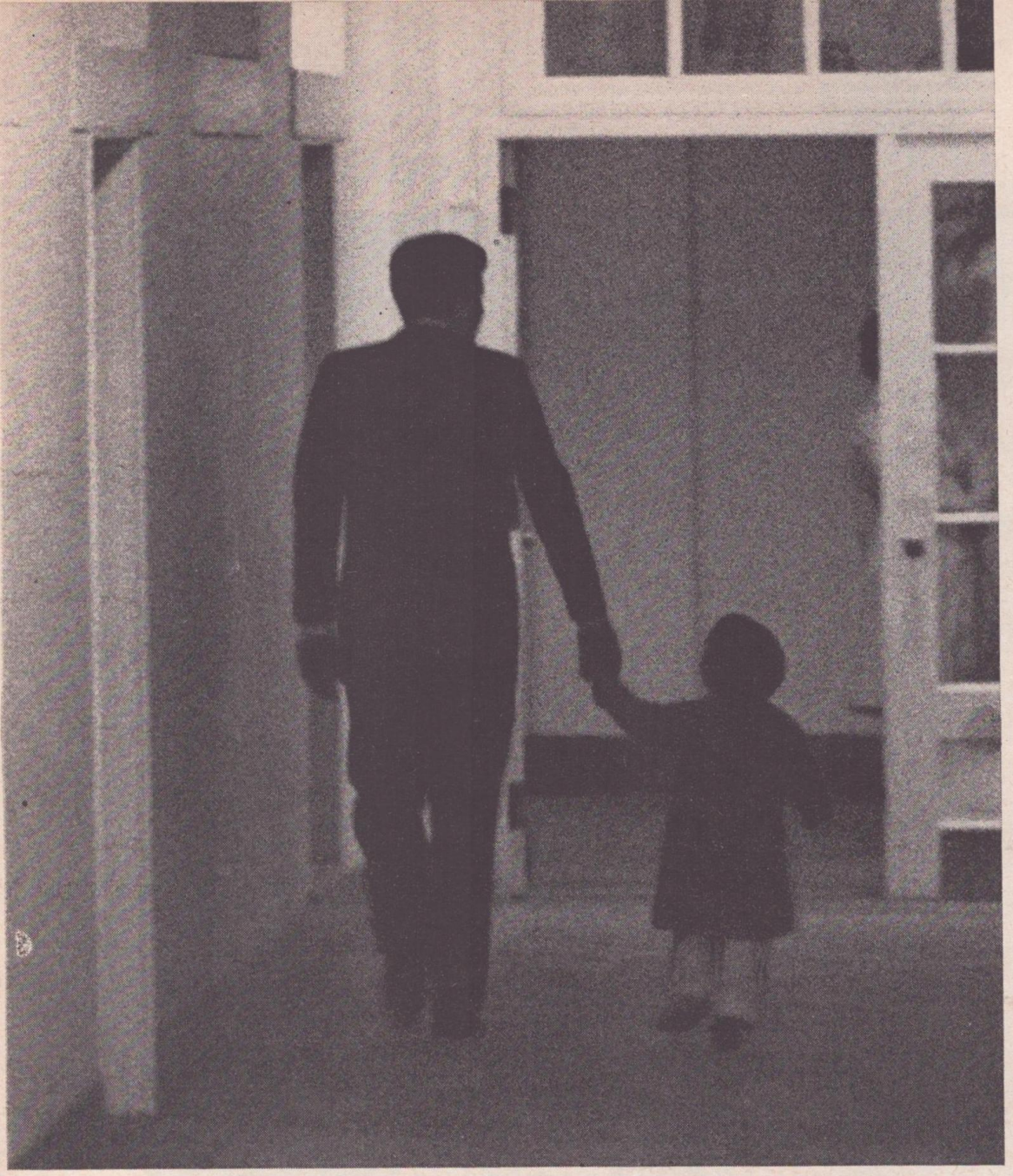
As for us, we just naturally like to make soup. We like to make it as good as we can and bring it to you for as little as we can. And we find ways to do this better as we go along.

This seems like a good time to tell you that we find this a very pleasant relationship, indeed—and we thank you.

CAMPBELL'S
SWANSON
V-8
FRANCO-AMERICAN
RED KETTLE
BOUNTY

. . . all made by Campbell

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation"



It's bedtime, after an extra vigorous day, and Daddy walks you home.

"Why do pictures show me crying?"

Six months ago, John F. Kennedy, Jr.'s favorite word was "no." Now endlessly fascinated by father, who in turn adores him, he has swung around to "yes." He is the busiest, most observant, inquisitive, question-asking, vocal young man in the White House. That voice pierces all the way from the playground into father's inner sanctum, and the President brightens for John John's visit in a way that he does for no Cabinet officer.

Who else, at dusk, would burst in with the vital news, "The sky is turning!" meaning the revolving lights at the Washington National Airport were sweeping the heavens? "Why do the pictures show me crying?" he puzzles over news photos showing him bidding a tearful airport good-bye to departing Daddy. The answer, "Because the President is going away in a plane and a helicopter," doesn't make sense, because "I *like* helicopters." And it's true when father takes off in his chopper from the White House lawn for Andrews Air Force Base, en route to some mission, he invariably scoops up helicopter-fan JFK, Jr., for a ride. Anytime the chopper whirled into Hyannis Port last summer, Junior's joyous greeting was "Daddy-swim." He knew for certain he'd soon be splashing with father in the ocean.

Sister Caroline at three was apt to crawl under Mrs. Lincoln's desk when invited to meet Mrs. Roosevelt or Harry Truman, but strangers faze John not a whit. On mother's instructions, he almost never first-names grownups, including his nurse Miss Shaw or his young, special Secret Service guard Mr. Wells. He greets Mr. Adoula or Mr. Gromyko with a handshake and a bow that sometimes gets crossed with the curtsy he has picked up from sister.

John John frequently goes off on forays into the big outside world with Miss Shaw. On a recent shopping expedition to Georgetown, a small crowd gathered around him, wondering aloud, "Is it Junior himself?" Approached by a few daring characters, he shook hands warmly all around, asking, "What's your name? My name is John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Junior." He checks regularly with the fascinating characters in the Washington zoo, especially the snakes, the alligators, the hippopotamus—which he pronounces correctly—and the chimpanzees—which he imitates by scratching himself and making terrible faces. Tell him he's cute, and he wonders, "I'm cute? I'm cute?" Tell him "My, you're a big man," and he agrees, adding, "I got big muscles too." When he isn't poring over his "airplane books," which are real aviation journals, he scribbles with a crayon—planes, of course. Ask him, "Can you write?" and he says, "Yeah, I can ride airplanes."

"We've lost him to the Air Force," despairs JFK's Army aide, Gen. Ted Clifton. At three, John has already gone on a blimp ride with his mother and Caroline's school class, but his heart still belongs to helicopters, and he knows all about rockets. In the White House "Fish Room," there is a small model of the Gemini space capsule, which houses two toy-sized astronauts. He can take it apart, open the doors and remove the astronauts and their special seats, which for him are "beds." When Presidential assistant and sports expert Dave Powers couldn't put the nose cone back on properly, John John the mechanical expert showed him how.

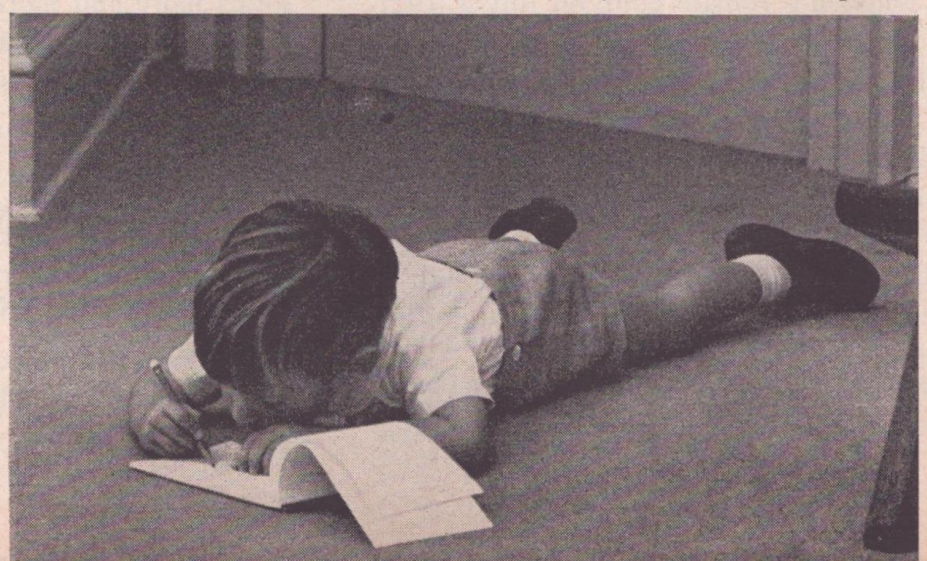
His daily schedule doesn't show up in the papers like father's, but it's practically as vigorous. He bounces on the Trampoline; pecks away at Mrs. Lincoln's electric typewriter; romps impartially with resident White House dogs Clipper, Charlie, Pushinka, Wolfie and Shannon; reads over and over a favorite, falling-apart book, *The Little Lost Kitten,* tries on Gen. Maxwell Taylor's gorgeous gold-braided hat when the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff comes calling, and listens to the White House band warming up for some welcoming ceremony. Since visiting nabobs are now greeted in the Rose Garden, instead of the airport, John Junior is a steady observer of military salutes. "Where's the parade? Where's the parade?" he asks Miss Shaw. He may have to weather the heartbreaking news that "Mr. Haile Selassie has gone back home to Ethiopia, and there'll be *no* parade today."

Still, something interesting is always happening around the place. In pops John John on a Presidential staff breakfast, in the family living quarters. "Shake hands with Mr. Rusk," says father, and Junior does so, promptly plunking himself down in an unoccupied seat at the table. "Don't you want to go out and play?" Daddy hints broadly. "No, I think I'll stay here with you and have my orange juice," decides Junior. Marveled a participant, "There was the President, who has the power to move 100,000 troops almost anywhere in the world, but he couldn't budge one three-year-old boy."

And, of course, he is the official dispenser of chewing gum, which he hands out more lavishly than his father does PT-boat tie-clasps, medals or ambassadorships. Gum wrappers are carefully dropped into the wastebasket by this meticulous cleanup man, who nearly always asks for an extra stick for Caroline. She, in turn, feels Big Sister concern about him. Before they took off to greet mother returning from vacation, she combed his hair and announced, "You have to look nice, John, we're going to see Mommy."

John John has his mother's brown eyes and hair, but the build is father's, and so are the energy and endless curiosity. For all the attention he excites ("The White House isn't the same when he and Caroline are away," says Mrs. Lincoln), he is, like his sister, a remarkably sunny, unspoiled and easily disciplined youngster. Who says being the President's son is such a big burden? END

The closed door means Daddy's busy. So you just draw another plane.



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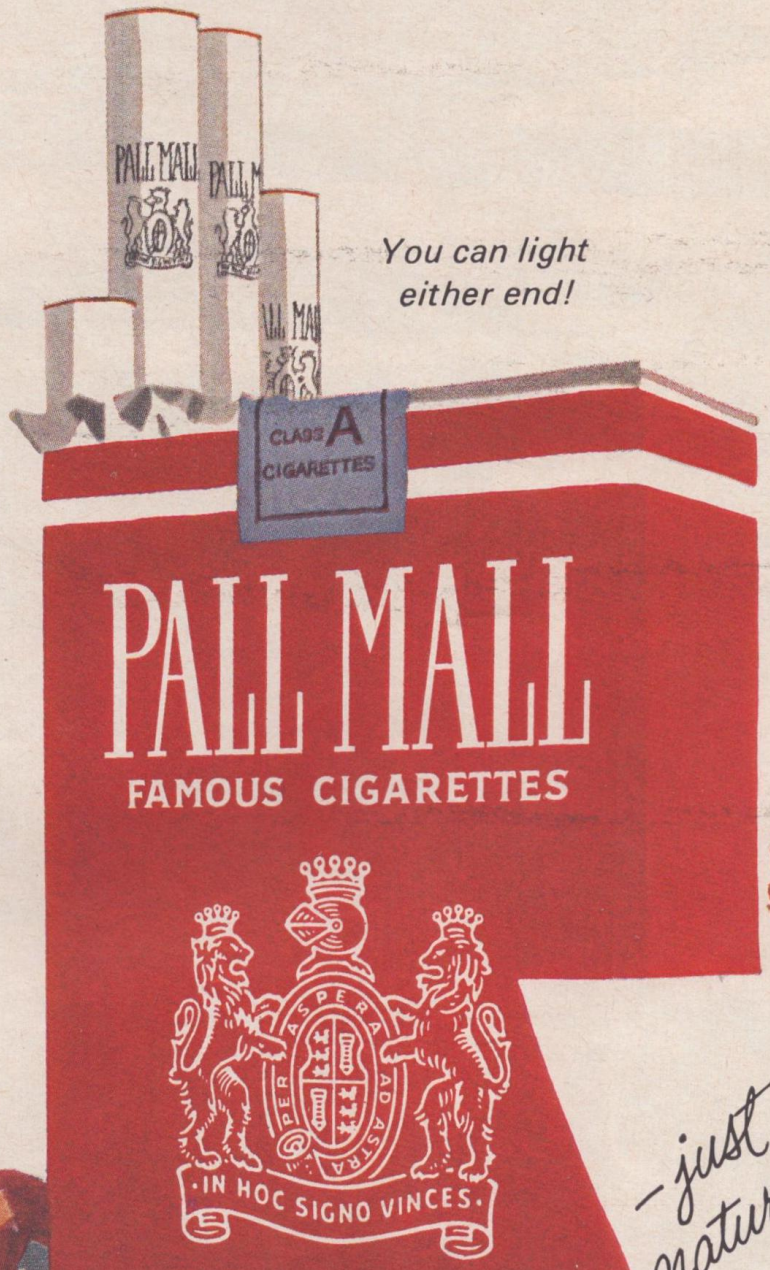

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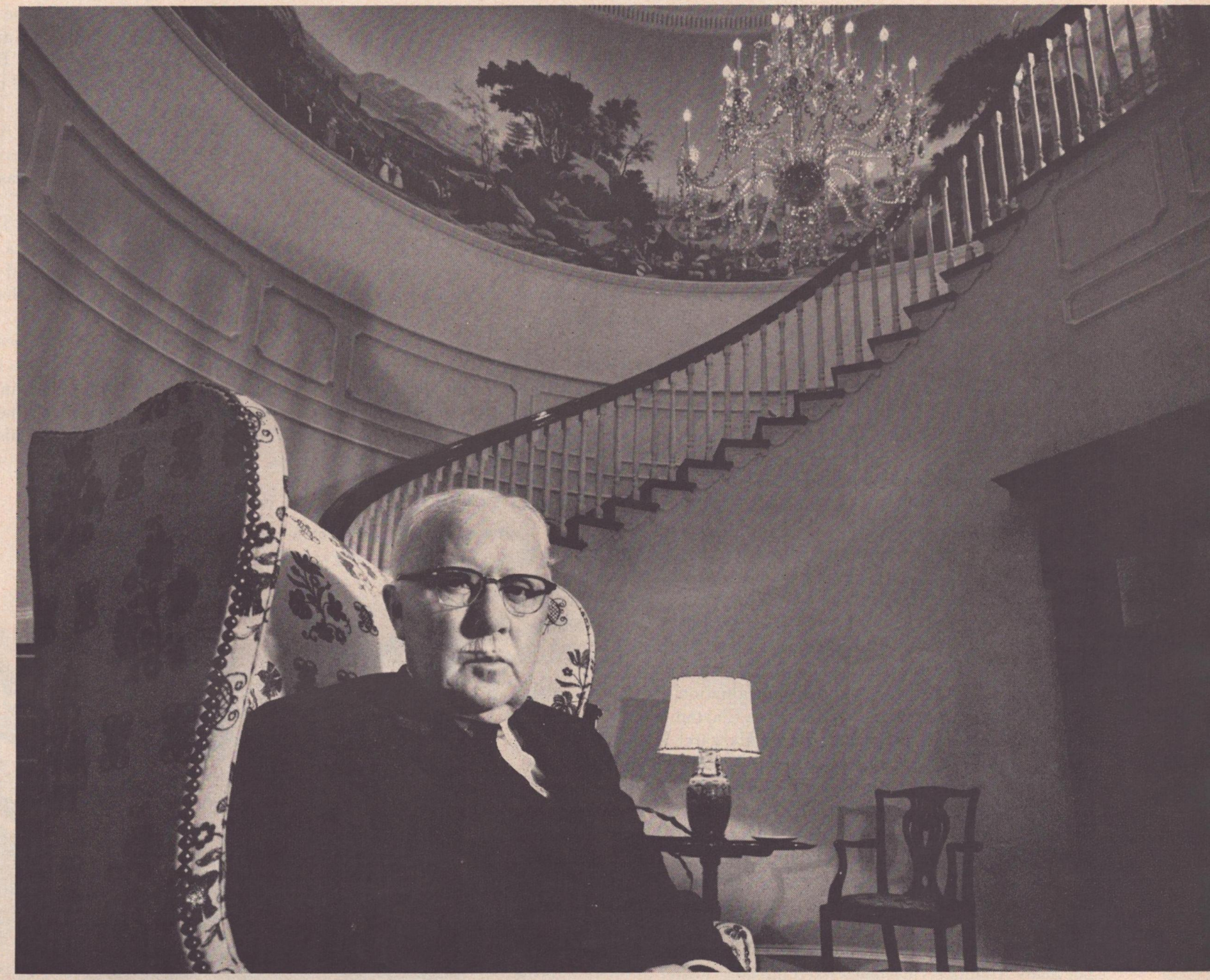
SCARLETT O'HARA'S MILLIONS

She grossed $90 million and set off a gentlemanly battle



Stephens Mitchell, heir to all rights to Gone With the Wind, *adamantly defends the book and its characters from what he calls "commercialism."*

By FLETCHER KNEBEL
LOOK WASHINGTON BUREAU

GEN. WILLIAM T. ("War is hell") Sherman won the Battle of Atlanta, but as every loyal reader of the novel *Gone With the Wind* knows, it was Scarlett O'Hara who won the Civil War. She got Rhett Butler, although not for keeps, slew a Yankee soldier and hid his body under the scuppernong arbor, worked her dainty fingers raw to keep Tara, the family plantation, and climaxed an unscrupulous but enchanting career by grossing about $90 million in non-Confederate money.

It is this last achievement—performed in book and movie long after the embers of burning Atlanta grew cold—that fascinates many admirers of Scarlett O'Hara and her creator, Margaret Mitchell.

Scarlett's capacity to make money year in and year out, along with such current champions of the art as AT&T, Coca-Cola, IBM and James A. Michener, has provoked a second Battle of Atlanta.

It is a gentlemanly battle, fought with briefcase and muted tone instead of minié balls and rebel yells, and thus far no one has so much as lifted a finger in litigation. But the skirmishing is as dedicated as if Sherman's troops were again cutting the rail lines into the arsenal of the Confederacy.

The leading warrior is Stephens Mitchell, brother of the late Margaret Mitchell. He is a lawyer, historian, author of a legal text and member of one of Atlanta's oldest and most distinguished fami-

continued

Margaret Mitchell's brother quietly said "No" to a synthetic Tara

lies. He stands but five feet six and wears his 67 years a bit fragilely these days. With his white hair and snowy mustache, he resembles a benign, frail Santa Claus. His Georgia drawl is infectious, disarming. But for all his charm, Stephens Mitchell is a stubborn man of battle, and he owns a powerful weapon: He is the sole inheritor of the literary rights to *Gone With the Wind*, the 1936 novel that became the most successful book in publishing history.

In the years since the deaths of the childless Margaret Mitchell and her husband John Marsh, GWTW has continued to yield far more bountiful crops than the red clay and pine-clad soil from which it sprang. Book royalties alone are worth more than $30,000 a year to Stephens Mitchell. In the 12-month period ending last April 30, GWTW sold 170,000 copies in seven editions; the year before, 570,000 copies. Seven new foreign editions are scheduled for this winter as the book continues to captivate readers.

In these same years, Stephens Mitchell has fended off, politely but firmly, a variety of entrepreneurs bent on mining residual deposits from the book and its host of characters. "No commercialism," he has said time and again. "Margaret wouldn't like it."

For the last four years, Stephens Mitchell has had a more formidable rival for Scarlett O'Hara's ageless favors. He is Julian M. Foster, 52-year-old Atlanta real-estate developer and, like Mitchell, a native Georgian. Unlike Mitchell, he is a huge man, six feet three and 240 pounds. It is Foster's dream to create a Tara plantation, complete with mansion, cotton fields and slave quarters, which would fetch tourists from Asia, Africa, Alaska, the Aran Islands and Arkansas—hopefully at $1.50 a head.

Four years ago, Foster headed a group that bought the movie set of Tara from Desilu Productions, crated it and trucked it from Culver City, Calif., to Atlanta in two moving vans. Several thousand Atlantans attended the welcoming ceremonies at the statehouse, where the then governor of Georgia, Ernest Vandiver, saluted the crates with a little speech.

Foster's venture did not lack for imagination. He purchased 300 acres of rolling pineland on Tara Road in Clayton County, just south of Atlanta, near the approximate site of Margaret Mitchell's fictional Tara. The project was to cost between $500,000 and $1,000,000. The movie set was merely to serve as a shell for a mansion to be built from the ground up. Scarlett, Rhett Butler, the slave Prissy, Gerald O'Hara, Ashley and Melanie Wilkes, Aunt Pittypat and other GWTW characters would be molded in eternal wax. An amphitheater, a motel (Confederate House), a restaurant (Aunt Pittypat's Cabin) and a moving-picture theater, with GWTW showing seven days a week, would surround the plantation.

One newspaper writer dubbed it a "Disneyland Williamsburg," but many Atlanta civic leaders liked the idea. Foster hired an interior decorator, a landscape architectural firm and a counsel. Atlanta's women's clubs opened their meetings for speeches about Tara.

Then, Stephens Mitchell said "No." He tells the incident this way: "One day, the people who were going to sell bonds for the project called me up and asked me what I thought of it. I told them I disapproved, and that's the last I ever heard of it. I never threatened to sue. I just said I didn't like it."

When Peggy Mitchell's brother said "No," the venture paled. Folding money went back into pockets, plans went back into cases, and the movie-set crates wound up in a warehouse on Wells Street, S.W., where they remain.

This spring, a non-Tara plantation opened at the foot of Atlanta's Stone Mountain. It boasts a big house, slave cabins, cribs, country store and smokehouse. It is called the "Stone Mountain Plantation," and tourists who pay $1.50 admission see nary a sign of Scarlett or the wicked, lusting Rhett Butler. However, on weekends, Butterfly McQueen, who played the slave Prissy in the movie, *Gone With the Wind*, drives over from her home in Augusta. For a salary that could not be classed as slave's wages, Butterfly McQueen greets tourists at the big house, poses for pictures and chats about her days in the movie.

Julian Foster and his associates have no part in the Stone Mountain Plantation, and they speak of it reluctantly, much as NBC executives refer to the "other network." But Foster refuses to jettison his vision of a real Tara. "Circumstances prevented the fulfillment of our rather glorious dream," says Foster. "Until they are right, Tara will remain locked in its present crated surroundings. But when conditions become appropriate, the plantation will be built in simple majesty, for the perpetual pleasure of millions."

Some prominent Atlantans side with Foster. Col. Allen P. Julian, director of the Atlanta Historical Society, of which Stephens Mitchell is chairman of the board, says, "Foster's concept was good and it was dignified. It would be good for the community."

Franklin M. Garrett, director of information for The Coca-Cola Co. and author of a three-volume history of Atlanta, says a Tara plantation would "make a nice tourist attraction and bring money to Georgia," but, he adds, "if the Mitchell family doesn't want it, I'd respect that."

Stephens Mitchell has precise ideas of how Scarlett O'Hara should prosper, and they are confined fairly strictly to the highroads of literature, screen and stage. In line with this thinking, income vaulted handsomely this year. Mitchell negotiated a new agreement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that will give him and his heirs a percentage of profits from future showings of the film, which already

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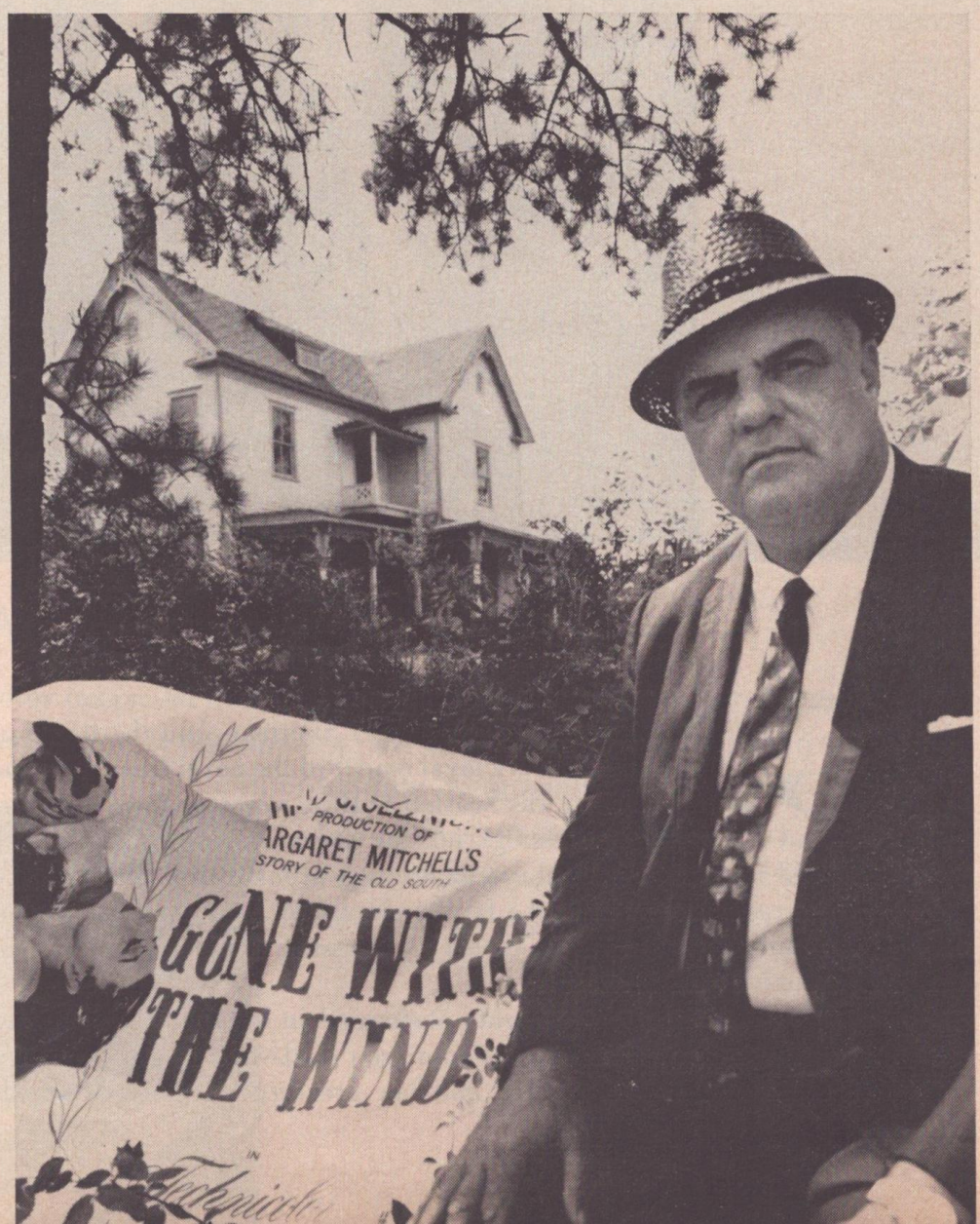
Julian Foster bought the movie set of Gone With the Wind *and optimistically trucked it to Atlanta. He had a vision of re-creating Scarlett's Tara, but it collapsed when Stephens Mitchell said he "didn't like it."*



Great Scott!

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY... because Great ScotTissue gives you 130 feet more than most other single-ply tissues. It's extra soft...extra strong, too.

...now in a new wrapper

SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

Stacks of the original GWTW manuscript were burned

has grossed almost $62 million worldwide, including more than $40 million in this country. MGM, which already has sent GWTW on the circuit five times, plans to release it again every five years.

For many years, the Mitchell family has received no revenue from the movie. David O. Selznick, the producer, bought the movie rights from Margaret Mitchell in 1936 for a flat $50,000, then a record Hollywood price for a first novel. Later, although the contract did not require it, Selznick sent the author another $50,000. Stephens Mitchell says that, at the time of contract signing, he urged his sister to hold out for a percentage of the profits, but that "she was tired of it all and wanted to get it over with." Subsequently, Selznick sold his interest in the picture to MGM.

This year, Mitchell got what his sister failed to get a quarter of a century ago. A U. S. copyright expires after 28 years unless renewed. In the case of GWTW, the expiration date would be June 30, 1964. If the copyright lapsed, GWTW would go into the public domain in the U. S., and anyone could make a new movie based on the book. The book copyright extension became Mitchell's bargaining lever with MGM, which, of course, wanted GWTW to continue playing exclusively under its brand. Before he renewed the copyright for another 28 years allowable under the law, Mitchell got an agreement from MGM for a percentage of the profits.

Mitchell says he intends to will GWTW rights to his wife and his two sons, Eugene, a government economist in Atlanta, and Joseph, a publicist with MGM in New York.

Stephens Mitchell's aversion to the extension of GWTW and its characters beyond the areas of literature and drama undoubtedly conforms to the wishes of his sister. She had no desire to live in monuments. The book was enough.

After Miss Mitchell's death, in accordance with her wishes, her husband burned most of her papers, including the bulk of the lengthy GWTW manuscript, with its hundreds and hundreds of rewritten pages. He kept only several chapters, complete with all revisions and notes up to the final book form. John Marsh, in his will, ordered that these papers be used to prove the authenticity of Margaret Mitchell's authorship, in case any question should ever arise.

Margaret Mitchell also enjoined her brother not to let the family home at 1401 Peachtree Street, N.E., where she spent much of her girlhood, pass out of the family. Accordingly, the house was torn down in 1952, and an insurance office building was erected on the site. She firmly dissuaded all persons who sought to build memorials to herself or her work during her lifetime. She wanted to die completely.

The wish, of course, is not fulfilled. All over the Atlanta area are reminders of Margaret and Scarlett. Clayton County has its Tara Road, named after the fictional plantation. GWTW had another plantation, Twelve Oaks, and Atlanta has its Twelve Oaks restaurant.

The city's public library has its Margaret Mitchell Room. A residential section of Atlanta has a Margaret Mitchell Drive and a Margaret Mitchell Elementary School. (A painting of Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara hangs in the school.) A Margaret Mitchell exhibit in the Atlanta Historical Society building includes the evening coat she wore to the gala Atlanta premiere of the movie in December, 1939. A metal standard, erected by the Georgia Historical Commission, marks the spot on Peachtree Street where the family home once stood.

Occasionally, airlines serving Atlanta use voluptuous pictures of Scarlett to spur travel to the Georgia capital. A fund for a Margaret Mitchell memorial clinic in Atlanta's Grady Hospital is accumulating. The novelist is even memorialized at the U.S. penitentiary in Atlanta, where the prison magazine is conducting its 17th annual Margaret Mitchell literary contest for inmates.

The author's grave is a tourist mecca. Several thousand foreigners annually visit Oakland Cemetery, the old city burial ground in Atlanta, to see the plot where GWTW's creator lies beside her husband and near her parents. Each year, fresh tulip bulbs are planted at the grave, a gift from the Dutch publisher of GWTW.

The book that Margaret Mitchell hoped might sell 5,000 copies, "so the publisher won't lose money," continues to roll along like no other best seller in all history. It has sold 11 million copies in 26 languages in 32 countries, and fetched between $25 and $30 million from the pockets of readers. The publisher, the Macmillan Co., has sold 3,340,000 hard-cover copies in the U. S. alone and now offers one edition at $5.50 and a 25th-anniversary deluxe edition at $10.

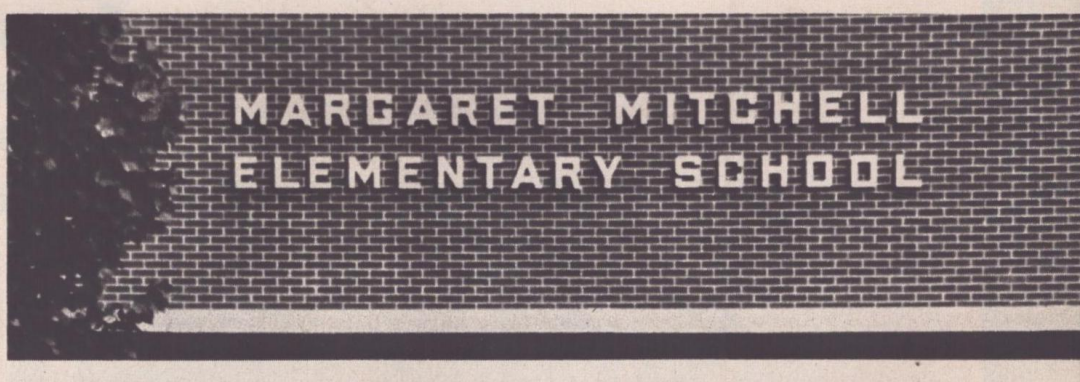
In addition to book and movie, GWTW has many forms yet in which to flower—Broadway musical, television, play and pageant. Scarlett's guardian, courtly Stephens Mitchell, has no objection if she continues to make her way in a cruel and mercenary world—provided she does it in ladylike fashion. No hanging around a synthetic plantation, digging yams and cuffing slaves for tourists.

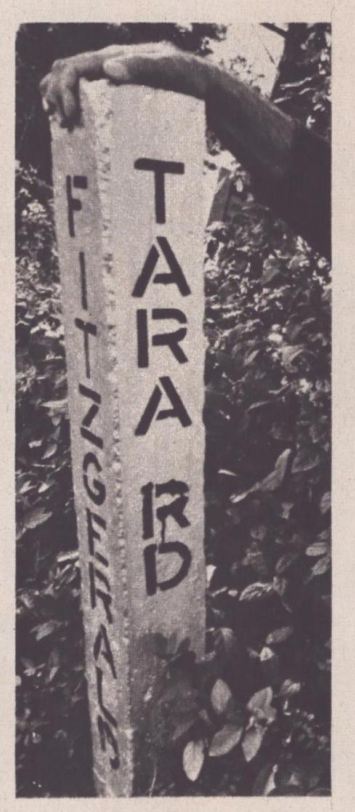
After a hard life, Scarlett deserves a more leisurely pace as she forges toward the $100 million mark. For if Scarlett O'Hara didn't win the Civil War, who did?

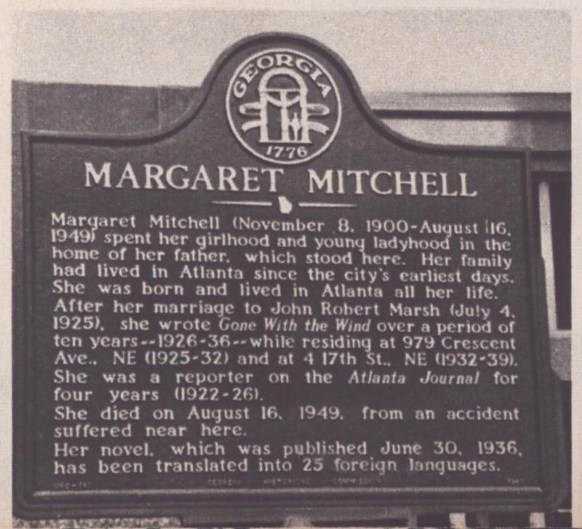
END

She wanted no memorials left behind

Margaret Mitchell worked hard during her lifetime to discourage people from building memorials to her and her work. She did not succeed; Atlanta and environs are dotted with tributes to the only book she ever wrote.






GEORGIA
1776
MARGARET MITCHELL
Margaret Mitchell (November 8, 1900-August 16, 1949) spent her girlhood and young ladyhood in the home of her father, which stood here. Her family had lived in Atlanta since the city's earliest days. She was born and lived in Atlanta all her life.
After her marriage to John Robert Marsh (July 4, 1925), she wrote Gone With the Wind over a period of ten years--1926-36--while residing at 979 Crescent Ave., NE (1925-32) and at 4 17th St., NE (1932-39).
She was a reporter on the Atlanta Journal for four years (1922-26).
She died on August 16, 1949, from an accident suffered near here.
Her novel, which was published June 30, 1936, has been translated into 25 foreign languages.

If you just want an after shave that freshens the face, relaxes taut skin, smoothes scrapes, heals nicks, kills infectious bacteria, and stops razor rash, Kings Men After Shave Lotion is good for that, too. Kings Men—with the new masculine fragrance.

If Napoleon had worn Kings Men After Shave Lotion, Josephine would have wanted him home oftener. He wouldn't have started all those wars that killed all those people and destroyed all those cities.

MORAL:

PREVENT WAR!

USE:

KINGS MEN®

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AFTER SHAVE LOTION · PRE-ELECTRIC LOTION · LUXURY SHAVE · STICK DEODORANT · SPRAY DEODORANT · HAIRDRESSING · COLOGNE

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY. ©ETDC 1963

"the perfect gift for my man"

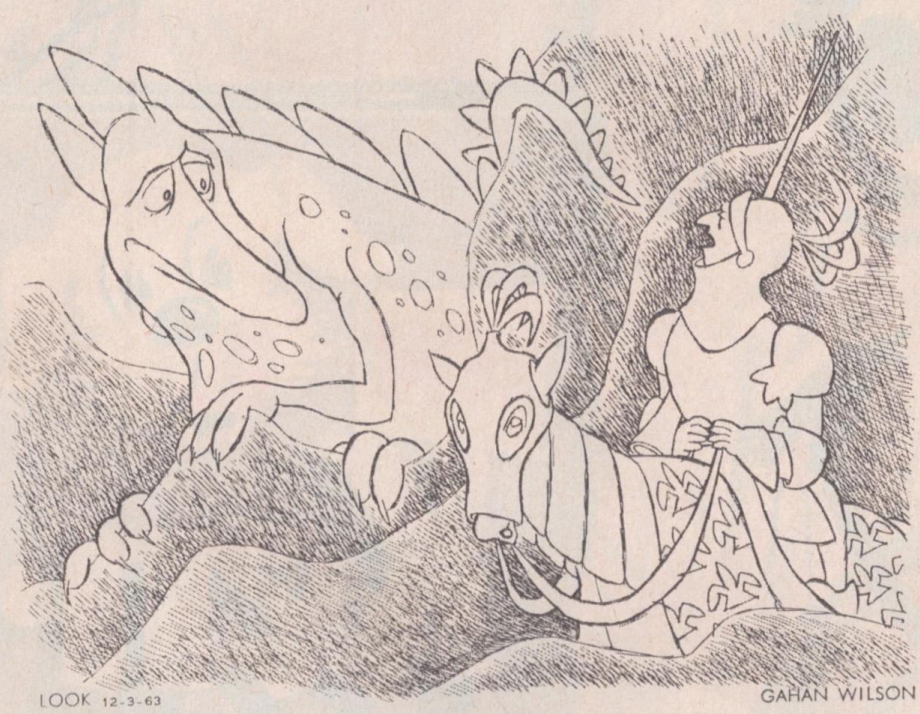
the true old-style Kentucky Bourbon
handsomely wrapped at no extra cost.

EARLY TIMES

LOOK ON THE

LIGHT SIDE

EDITED BY GURNEY WILLIAMS



LOOK 12-3-63 GAHAN WILSON

"I didn't see you, and you didn't see me. O.K.?"

LOOK 12-3-63 LEONARD DOVE

"Sometimes, during these filibusters, they give out real good recipes."

MATRIMONIAL GENIUS

As a husband, he's going strong;
He's great, a success, a whiz—
For he's learned to admit he's wrong,
No matter how right he is.

HAL CHADWICK

FAMOUS LOST WORDS

The comely platinum blonde, tastefully attired in a dark suit with collar and cuffs of white milk, broke down....

Philadelphia *Inquirer*

SHAKESPEARE KNEW ALL ABOUT TV

SOAP OPERAS: If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

—Julius Caesar

COMMERCIALS: Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words/Since I first called my brother's father dad.

—King John

CRIME SHOWS: . . . how shall we stretch our eye/When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested/Appear before us?

—Henry V

MEDICAL SHOWS: If thou couldst, doctor, find her disease,/And purge it to a sound and pristine health,/I would applaud thee to the very echo. . . . *—Macbeth*

NEWS: Thou hast made me giddy with these ill tidings. *—King John*

WEATHER REPORT: . . . like a prophet enrapt/To tell thee that this day is ominous. *—Troilus and Cressida*

LATE SHOW: Watch thou and wake when others be asleep. . . .

—King Henry VI

REPAIRMAN'S VERDICT: I must take out the whole work. . . . *—Othello*

WILLIAM GARVIN

LOOK 12-3-63

"I've always felt there's something basic about men."

SHOW, GIRLS

At nightclubs, there's a
cover charge,
And where the cover's small,
It's large.

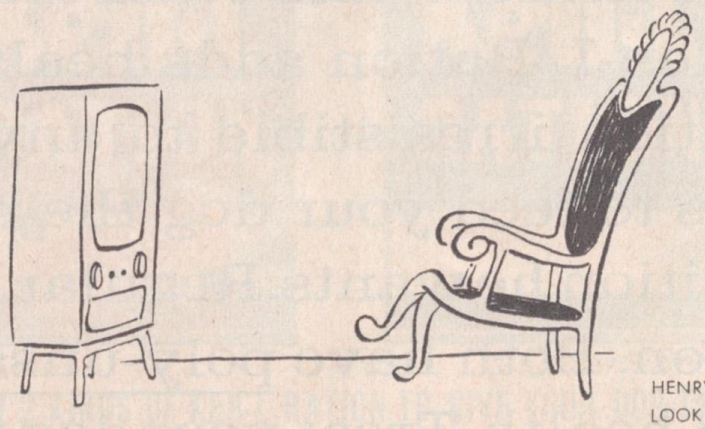
RICHARD ARMOUR

THE EYES HAVE IT

"Fashion experts spot a coming fad in false eyelashes made of mink and ermine."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Although the coming fad may cost
A lot, how nice in time of frost
To keep one's eyeballs in the pink,
Well thawed by ermine or by mink.

MARGARET FISHBACK

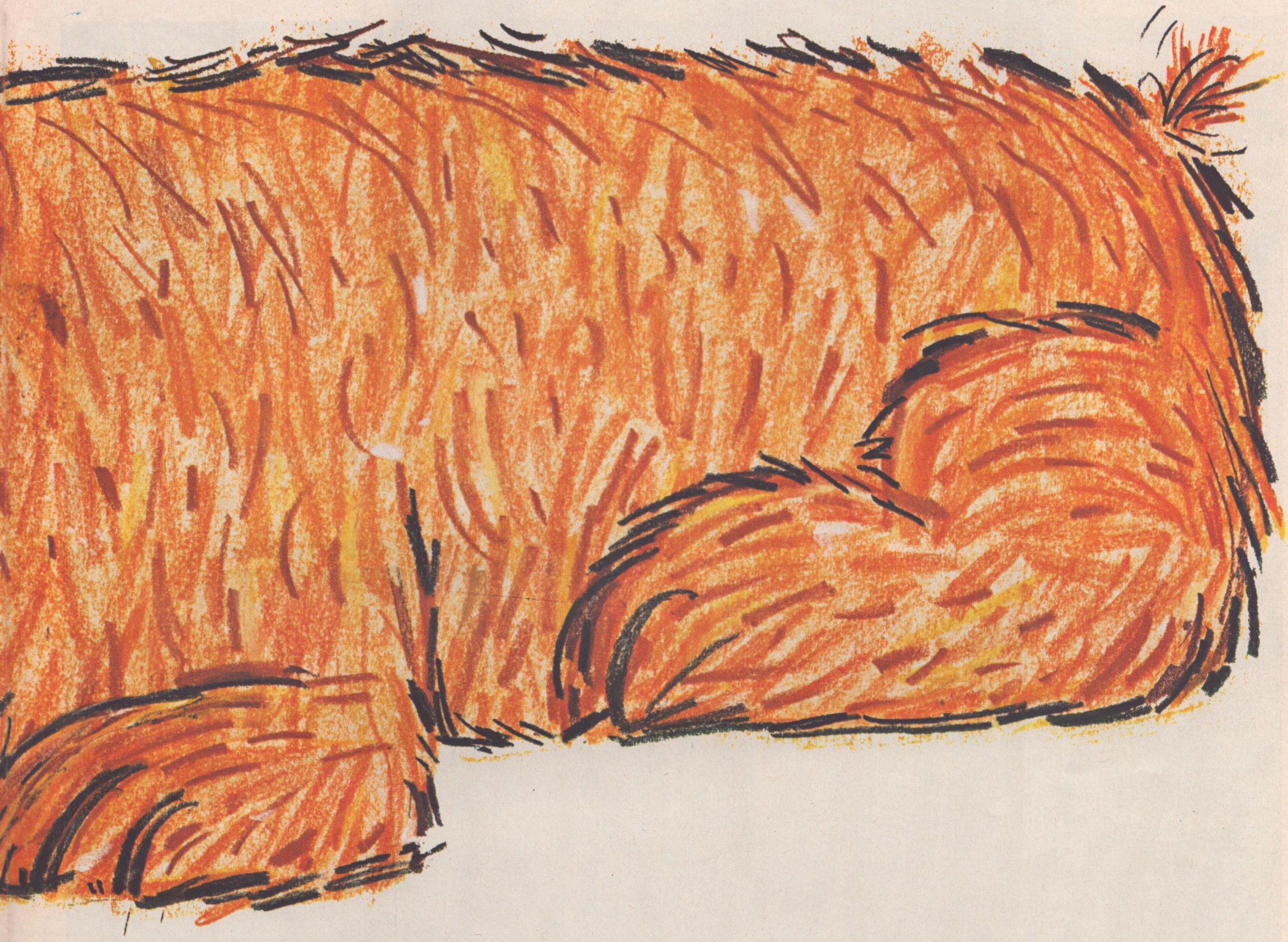


HENRY SYVERSON
LOOK 12-3-63

NOW KEN-L RATION CAPTURES TH

IT'S NEW! IT'S DELICIOUS! IT'S LIVER! Here's liver like your dog never tasted before. Ken-L Ration is the real thing—with lean red meat* and other essential ingredients. To this famous formula, Ken-L Ration adds healthy helpings of fresh liver, a flavor combination irresistible to anything on four feet. So now there are 2 ways to feed your dog the real thing—and give him the variety and nutrition he wants. Regular Ken-L Ration and new Liver Flavor Ken-L Ration. Both have poly-unsaturates added for a coat that glows with good health. Treat your dog to this choice new fresh liver flavor today!

E CHOICEST TASTE IN DOG FOOD!



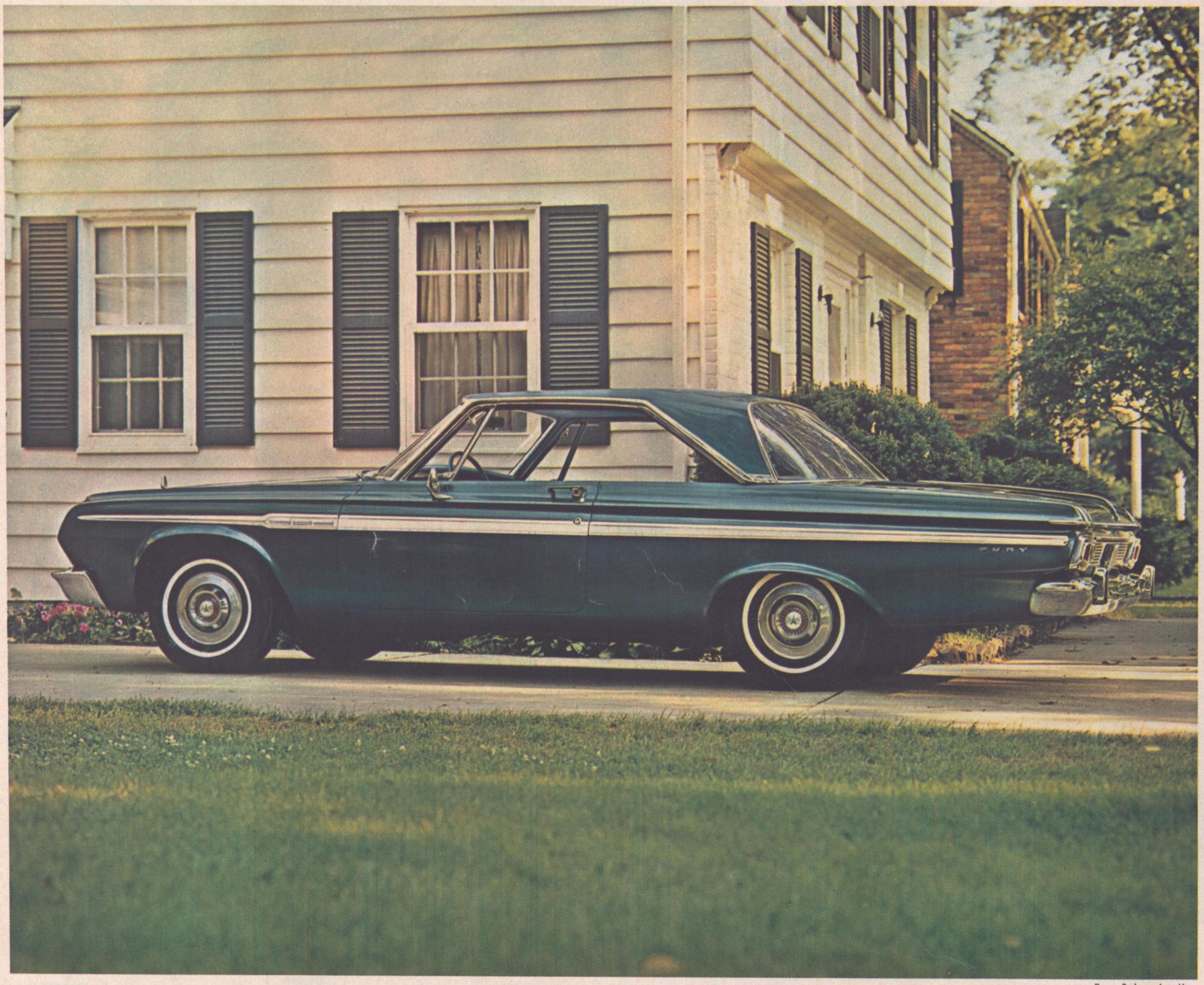
NEW! LEAN RED MEAT WITH

LIVER ADDED

* U. S. Gov't Inspected Horsemeat

NOW 2 KINDS OF KEN-L RATION TO GIVE YOUR DOG THE LEAN RED MEAT HE PREFERS AND THE VARIETY HE LOVES

This is the kind of car that brightens up a driveway the minute you pull in. Other times, say on a long trip, the 5-year/50,000-mile warranty* and the way the car performs become the bright spots.



Fury 2-door hardtop

The 1964 Plymouth

***HERE'S HOW PLYMOUTH'S STRONG 5/50 WARRANTY PROTECTS YOU:**

Chrysler Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, against defects in materials and workmanship and will replace or repair at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business, the engine block, head and internal parts, intake manifold, water pump, transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), torque convertor, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings of its 1964 automobiles, provided the owner has the engine oil changed every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first, the oil filter replaced every second oil change and the carburetor air filter cleaned every 6 months and replaced every 2 years, and every 6 months furnishes to such a dealer evidence of performance of the required service, and requests the dealer to certify (1) receipt of such evidence and (2) the car's then current mileage.

See Plymouth in action on "The Bob Hope Show" and "The Huntley-Brinkley Report"—NBC-TV.

You give this good-looking 1964 Plymouth half a chance, and it could end up in your driveway before you know it. Half a chance means getting a close look at the real thing, and driving it. There's something noticeably responsive about an engine and drive train guaranteed 5 years or 50,000 miles.* If this is the year you picked to buy a new car, you picked a beautiful year to ***Get up and go Plymouth!***

PLYMOUTH DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

HUGH DOWNS AND THE COMMON MAN

HENRY A. WALLACE, when he was Vice-President of the U.S., referred to our era as "the century of the common man." His rhetoric was not unusual, for poets, pundits and politicians from Hesiod to Rousseau had been philosophizing about the common man for centuries. Hugh Malcolm Downs has theories about him too. Downs is neither poet, pundit nor politico, but he has got the greatest commercial-network exposure of anybody in TV (12½ hours a week). Just what he does is a little misty, even to his bosses at NBC, where he is known officially as "host" of *Today* and *Concentration*, the two daily shows on the Downsbeat. Whether on camera (right) or at home sweating out Bach on his guitar (above), Downs likes to muse about the plebs: "Our heroes today come out of the ranks. Primitive people made images, then worshiped them. That also happens in TV. I am paid more for acclaim than merit. I am not in the least haunted by conscience or impelled to give the money back. This is the age of the lionization of the common man."

continued

PRODUCED BY VIRGINIA KELLY PHOTOGRAPHED BY DOUGLAS JONES

"Take away Chamberlain's looks, talent, personality, popularity, and what have you got? Me."

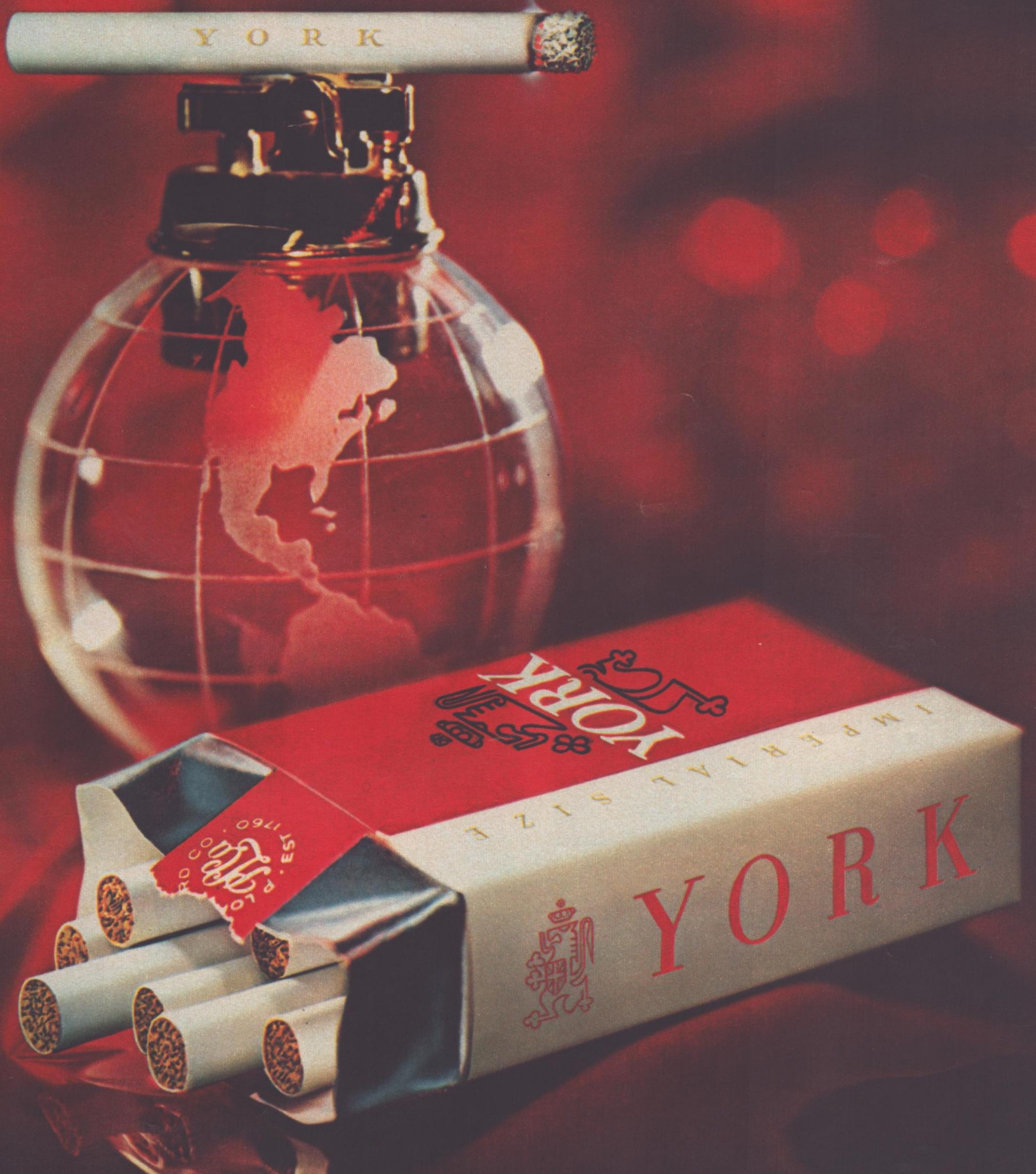
Five days a week, Hugh Downs rises at 4 a.m. in order to get to NBC by 5, so that he can preside over the *Today* show when it goes on the air at 7. "I'm the only man who ever gets 5 o'clock shadow at noon," he maintains. Since he is color-blind (actually, it's a "red-green color deficiency"), his wife Ruth lays out his clothes for him the night before so he doesn't make any sartorial flubs. Rising at 4 means bed by 9 p.m.—a reverse switch on the years when he was Jack Paar's foil and announcer on the *Tonight* show. Fifteen months ago, Downs joined *Today*, becoming its third host—after Dave Garroway and John Chancellor—in 11 years. "I personify the audience as they would like to be," he says, "talking about many things with many people. I appear on TV more than anybody, but I'm not worried that they will tire of me. A talent is in danger of overexposure, but a personality is not." The Downs personality is thereby visible 10 hours a week on *Today*. While much of the show is described as "amiable banality," its news is up to the minute, its entertainment is non-shattering to the nerves, and its interviews are with people like Adlai E. Stevenson, Robert Kennedy, Mickey Spillane, Noel Coward, British Prime Minister Home, and Dr. Kildare, Richard Chamberlain (above). About the last, Hugh Downs had a comment: "Take away Chamberlain's good looks, talent, personality, popularity, and what have you got? You've got me."

continued

Concentration, *a broadcast game, is one of Downs's two daily TV programs. He presides while contestants vie for prizes by matching numbers on a giant board and identifying a rebus.*

Jack Lescoulie, left, and Frank Blair, center, are regulars on Today *with Downs. Blair handles news, Lescoulie does sports and interviews. Martin Agronsky and Pat Fontaine round out the staff.*

world'ly "Devoted to or concerned with the affairs, pleasures, etc., of this world; wise in the ways of this world; sophisticated..."



Wise in the ways of this world? Then surely you've experienced the pleasures of this debonair cigarette. If you haven't quite got around to York yet you'll want to. The sensible Imperial length—a specialty with York—is one of the things that makes them so decidedly different. Noticeably longer than king size, they're also noticeably smoother-tasting for such a rich-flavored cigarette. (Maybe it's because the smoke travels that much further.) No filter. No outlandish promises. Just a good long smoke. As you already know, or will, on first try.

© 1963 P. Lorillard Co.

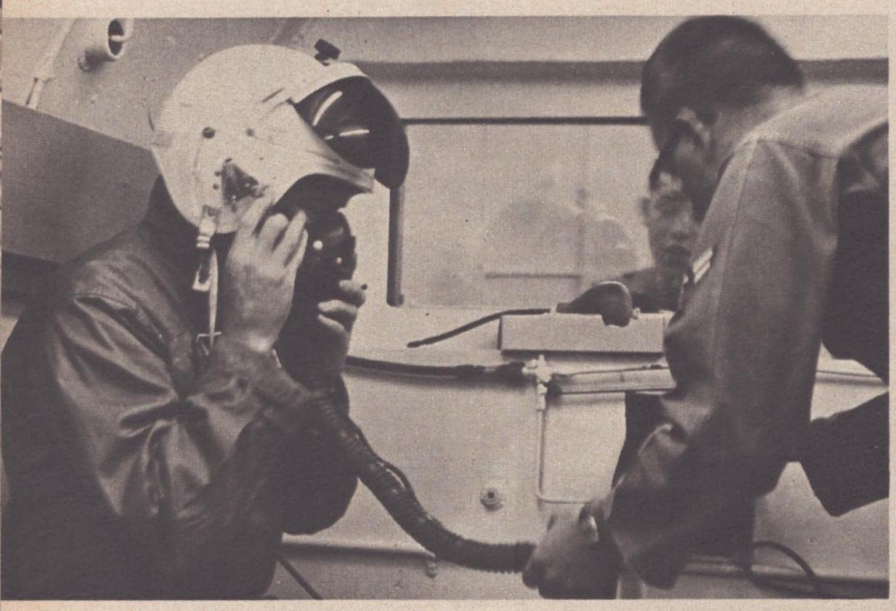
Downs the father checks scuba-diving gear with son Hugh Raymond, always referred to as "H.R."

Downs the pilot hot-pistons off from Linden, N.J., with his instructor, Richard Collins.

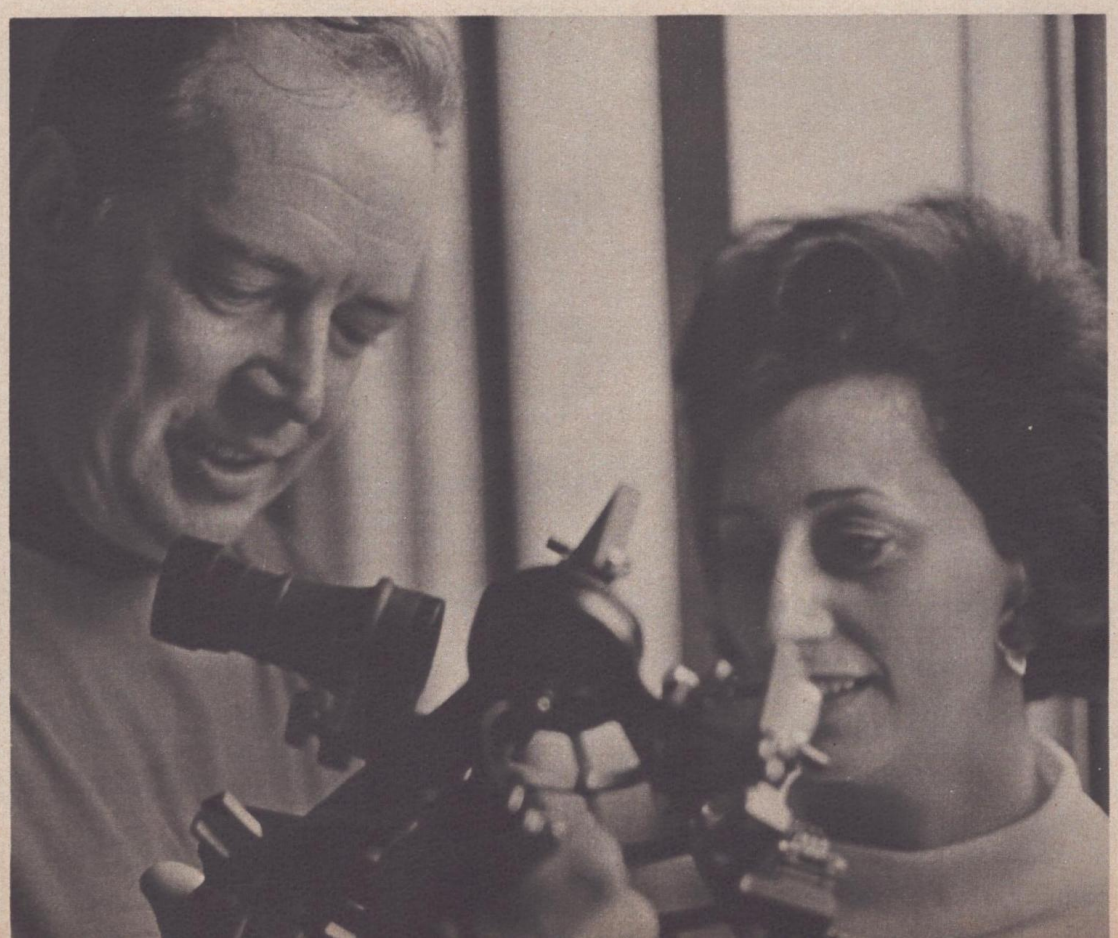
Never admit you beat your wife, he learned

"I profess to be a member of the human race, so I have wide interests," states Hugh Downs in explanation of his polysyllabic prolixity. Even at 5:10 a.m., words like "viscosity" and "prehensile" tumble from his lips, and he will tell you why, according to the laws of aerodynamics, a bumblebee can't fly. At 42, Downs has the wherewithal to indulge his fact-catching bent, since TV chores, toastmastering, stock-company emoting and film producing net him about $250,000 a year. He also owns a few paintings, one of which he plans to use as a Christmas card. "That will enhance its value," he beams. In 25 years of broadcasting, he has learned one basic lesson: "On the Paar show, I admitted belting my wife. Judging from the response, I found that, in America, this is worse than joining the Communist party."

END



Downs the Mach buster goes through tests at Langley Field, Va., to simulate cracking sound barrier.



Downs the navigator scans Central Park and tells wife Ruth, "There's a knifing at Latitude 46."

this calls for

Budweiser®

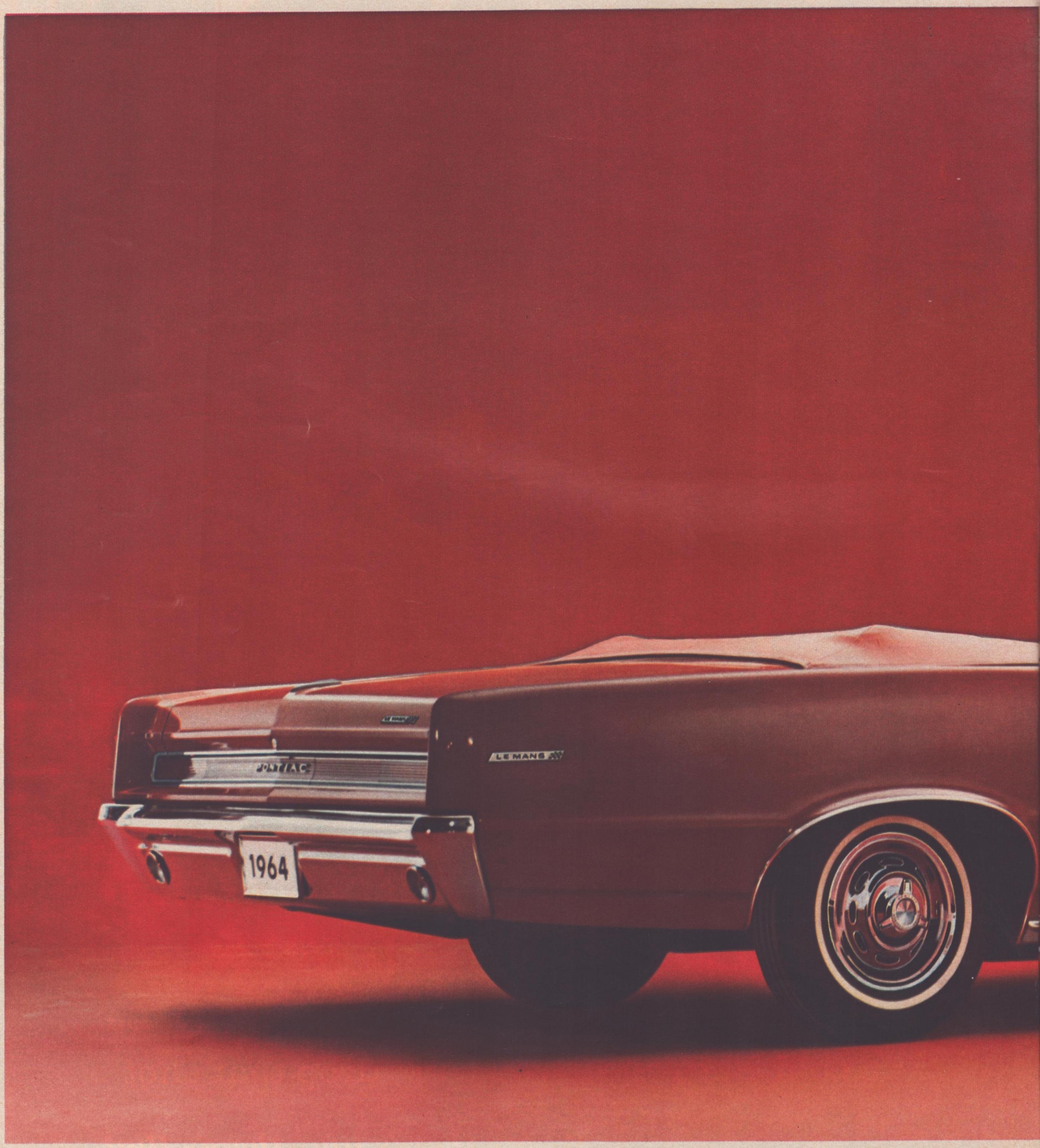
saturday afternoon...

and Monday's a thousand miles away. Bet a cold Budweiser you can't drop that shot...

Where there's life...there's Bud.®

KING OF BEERS • ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA

Pontiac brings out a car for the millionaire sportsman . . . and you. The '64 Le Mans.

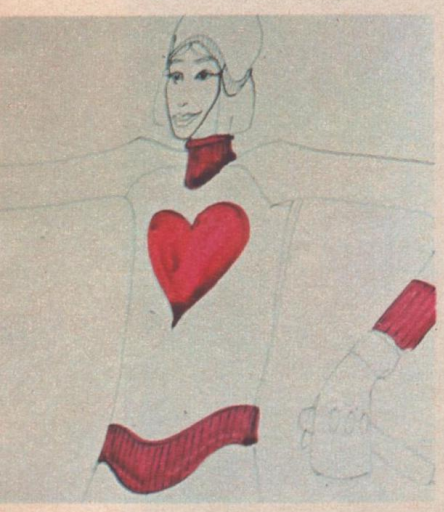


We can hear you now, saying "Oh, swell. Another big beautiful car they want me to spend a small fortune on. Lots of luck to *them*." Well, no. Actually, our Le Mans *is* a big beautiful car. Big, yes—it's longer than last year, and roomier, and on a new Wide-Track. Beautiful, yes—just as beautiful inside as out. (Bucket seats of Morrokide, full carpeting, for instance.) Le Mans gets its force from a standard 140-hp in-line six, but if that isn't enough for eager you, you can get extra-cost V-8's that develop either 250 or 280 horsepower. You can pay a little more and get either a four-speed gearbox or our cream-smooth new automatic, depending on how sporty you are. Do we want you to spend a lot of money? No. Seeing how scarce millionaire sportsmen are these days, it should be fairly obvious whose pocketbook the '64 Le Mans is built to accommodate. Your Pontiac dealer will be more than happy to fill you in on the details.

Wide-Track Pontiac Le Mans

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

NEW FRENCH FIND



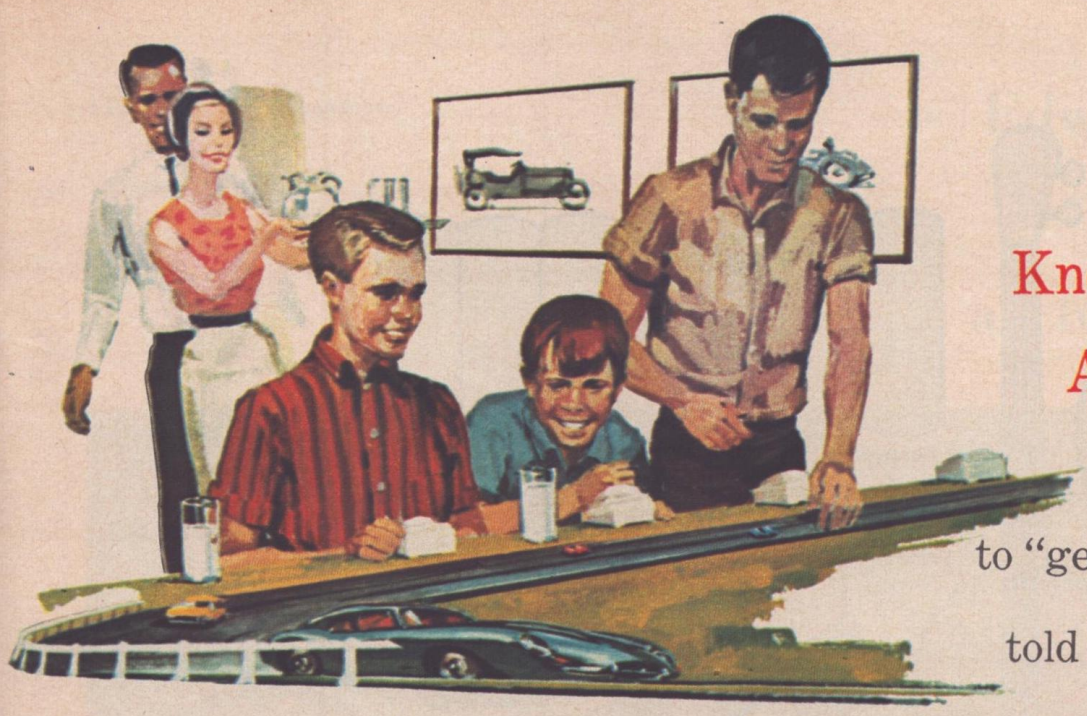
Emmanuelle Khanh (right) wears her own graph-paper-tweed suit, with shortened sleeves, cutaway jacket and hip-riding straight skirt. Her highly personal style can be seen in these refreshing design sketches. Looking much as she visualizes herself, they accent the forward sloping posture of the young internationals. Helmets, turtlenecks, goggles or large round glasses, pouch pockets and single or double hound-dog lapels are characteristic Khanhisms.

Emmanuelle Khanh's way-out designs for the chic younger set are a new hit

ONE OF THE FRESHEST fashion influences on the young international set is 25-year-old Emmanuelle Khanh. Her clothes caused a *brouhaha* in Paris ready-to-wear, were a smash in London, are now making their mark in New York at Henri Bendel. French-born Emmanuelle began designing only two years ago, after modeling in Paris for Balenciaga and Givenchy. Rebelling against their constructed clothes, she formulated her own philosophy of design. Described, often inconsistently, as "droopy" or "fop Edwardian," her relaxed styles are consistently unconstructed, follow the line and movement of the body with special, seductive emphasis on the hips. LOOK *comments:* This rebellious, casual look is great for the very young and the very sure.

continued

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT FRÉSON



Know what he really wants for Christmas?

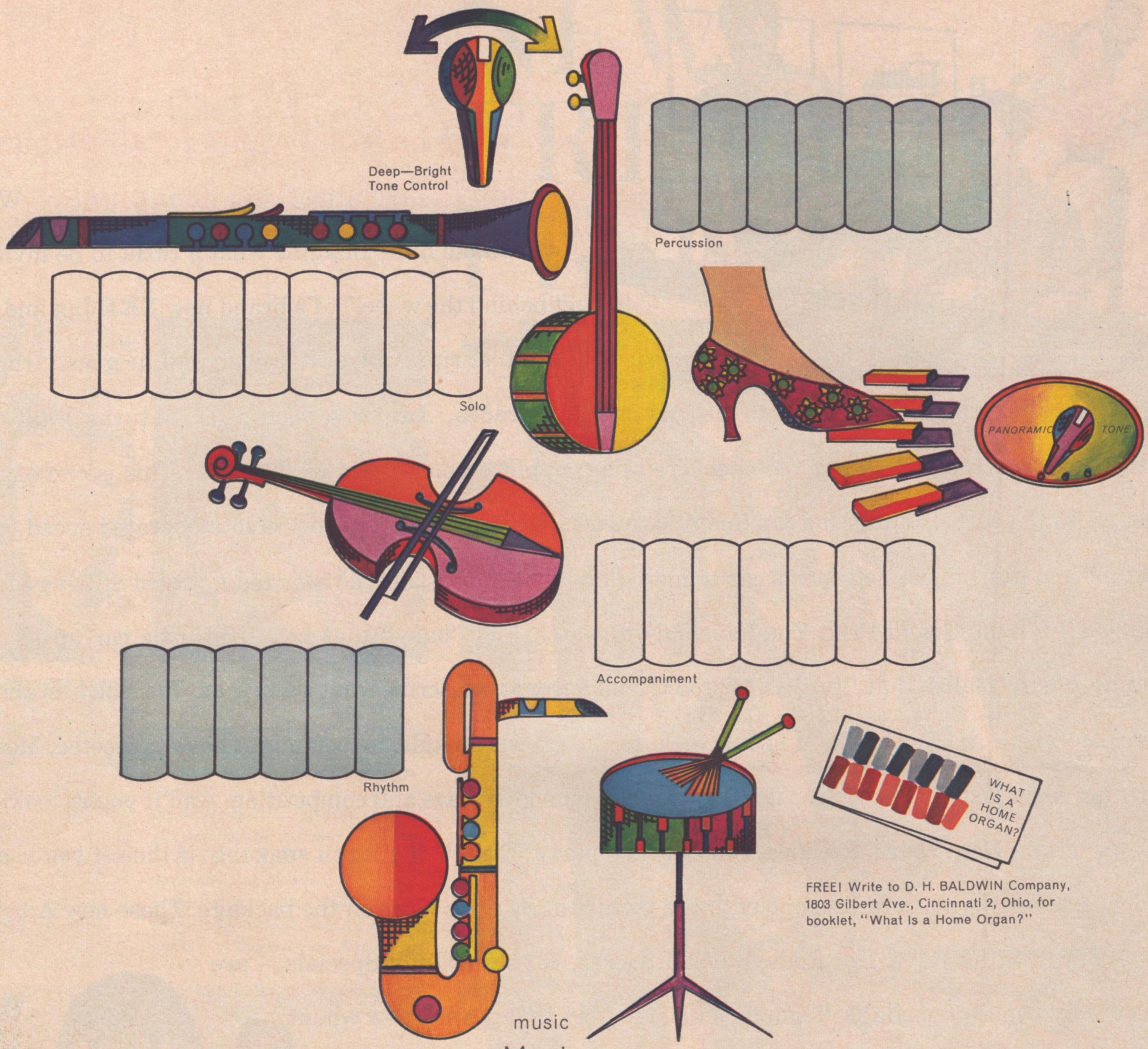
A MODEL MOTORING® set by AURORA. Who can blame him? Imagine what a thrill to be invited to "get behind the wheel" of a brand new XKE Jag and be told to let 'er rip! Look at it his way: off he goes... thundering into the straightaway, pedal to the floor on the upgrades... brakes screaming at the turns... flat-out in the stretch... streaking past the checkered flag a split-second ahead of the pack! This is one of the most exciting sport situations he can imagine. As he fingers the wheel of his remote-operated speed control unit and guns his 2-inch sports car to incredible scale speeds, he's a helmeted, goggled Stirling Moss risking all for the Grand Prix. You have only to watch him "baby" that beautiful little car up to the starting line to realize that "fun" is far too trivial a word to describe what's going on. Just ask him about Model Motoring . . . □ □ □ And now a word to the grown-up kids: as you might have suspected, Model Motoring isn't just for juveniles; it's for anybody who loves cars and competition. And if you're looking for an exciting New Year's Eve idea, run a racing party. Everything'll run smoothly if the set you use is Model Motoring by Aurora, the one with the picture of Stirling Moss on the package. Those new Aurora cars – Fords, Sting Rays, Hot Rods, Buick Rivieras, Jags and Indy Specials – are powered by super-dependable Thunderjet 500® motors that never know when to quit. Model Motoring is the one present every youngster with gasoline in his veins is yearning for, but . . .

Look what happens after the kids go to bed!

AURORA

MODEL® MOTORING

6 complete sets . . . one to fit every gift budget . . . at all hobby shops, toy, variety and department stores.



FREE! Write to D. H. BALDWIN Company, 1803 Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati 2, Ohio, for booklet, "What Is a Home Organ?"

music

Music

MUSIC

Baldwin Orga-sonic gives you more of what an organ's for!

So much more happens when you press down a tab on an Orga-sonic home organ. Each stop tab means "go" for a truly independent and clearly distinct voice. Other organs with limited tone production systems have to rely on mixing a smaller number of independent voices in various combinations to justify their array of stop tabs. But the Orga-sonic, built by Baldwin, gives you a whole orchestra at your fingertips—with each voice pure and clear. What fun!

And that's only the beginning of an impressive list of features that make the Orga-sonic both easy and remarkably rewarding to play: **Percussion**—dozens of special effects like banjo, guitar, chimes, marimba, bagpipes can be played alone or with other organ voices. **Panoramic Tone**—offered only by Baldwin—gives rich concert hall depth of tone even in a small, heavily carpeted and draped room. **Tone Control**—another Baldwin exclusive—gives a complete range of tonal variation from deep to bright. **Tempomate** (optional at extra cost) is Baldwin's patented automatic rhythm section. The swish, swish of brushes on the snare drum or the toe-tapping beat of blocks accompanies you at the flick of a switch. **Pedals** on the Orga-sonic are the longest and easiest to play of any home organ.

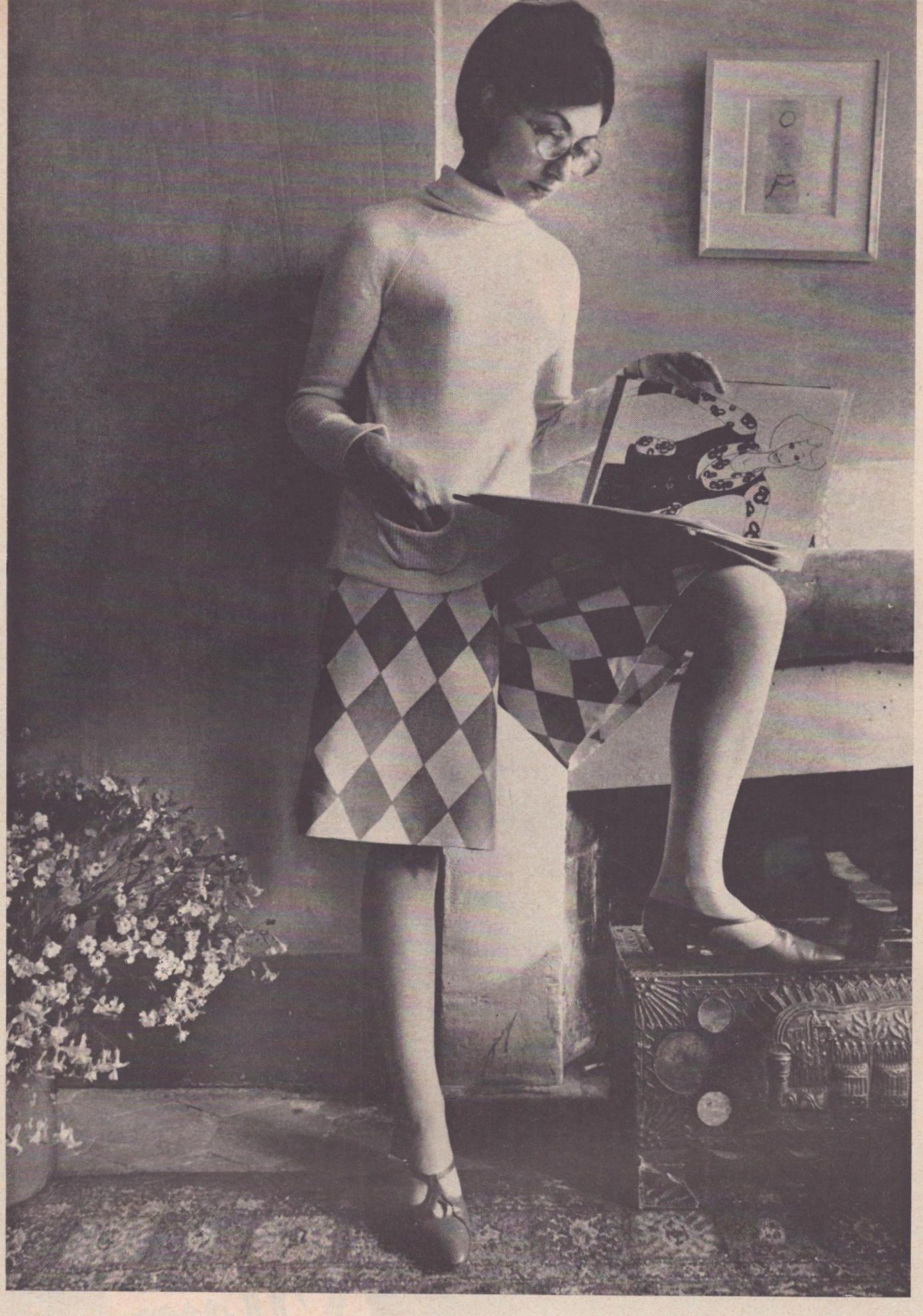
Get the home organ that gives you more of what an organ's for—the fun-to-play Orga-sonic. Ask your dealer about the Baldwin Easy-Play Plan. Borrow an Orga-sonic for a free home trial, rent one at low cost or buy the model of your choice with easy payments...and he'll teach you to play it.

PIANOS
BALDWIN
ORGANS

Edwardian touches give dashing air to casual clothes

Slightly foppish but feminine, the wool suit, left, has an Edwardian-dandy air. Long, curving lapels and distinctive cuffs are Khanh trademarks. The casual, loose-belted coat, above, a favorite with the young, achieves a dashing look in bold-faced plaid. continued

We can't fit all the wonderful
Shulton Christmas Gifts on this page... but →→→



Khanh's "neat beat" look is bold and stridy by day, provocative by night

Designer models, above, diamond-patterned culottes, long turtle-neck pullover. Diamond motif and typical droopy lapels also turn up in casual weskit-jacket, right. Hip-length battle jacket, far right, tops slim trousers. "Chain-mail" bodice can be worn over simple evening shapes.

END

Salem softness freshens your taste

with the smoothest flavor in cigarettes today

Modern filter, plus · rich tobacco taste · smoothed with menthol · softened with fresh air

Step into the wonderful world of Salem

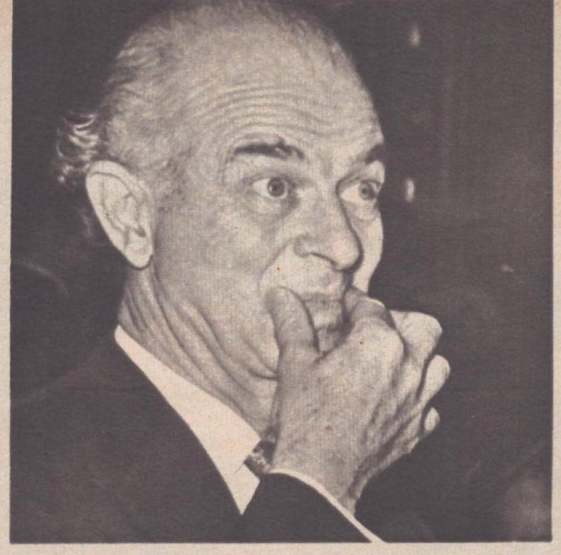
© 1963 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PHOTOQUIZ

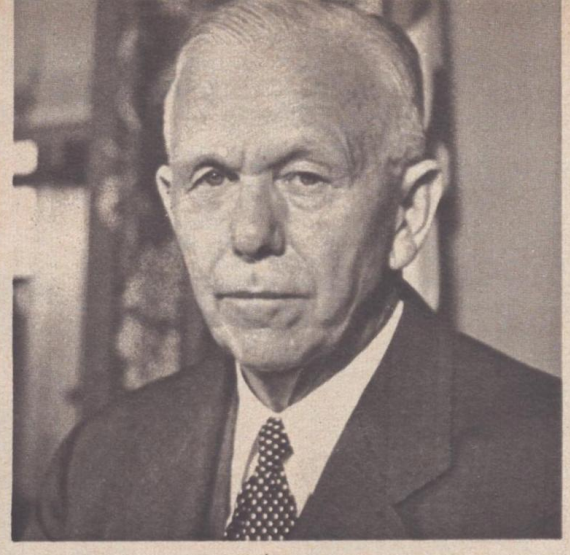
A Nobel Prize is one of the most coveted awards in the world

HERE ARE ten Americans who are Nobel laureates. Using the list of names following, identify each winner. Score ten for every correct identification. A score of 60 is passing; 70 is good; 80 or more is excellent. The winners are: Gen. George C. Marshall, Linus Pauling, Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, Harold Urey, William Faulkner, Ralph Bunche, Frank B. Kellogg, Eugene O'Neill and Pearl Buck.

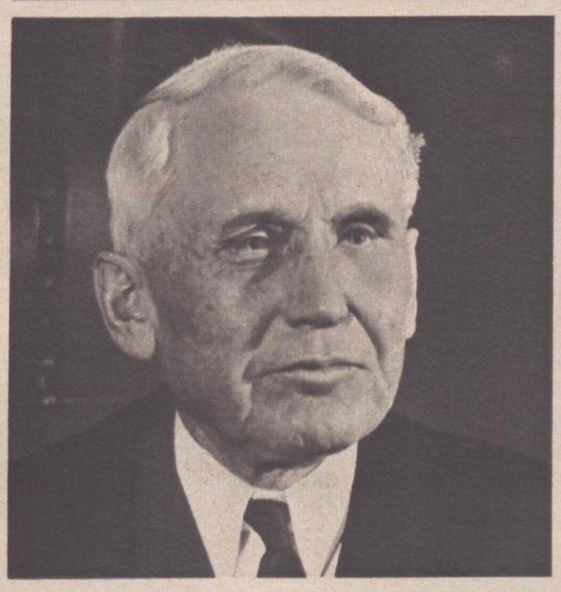
ANSWERS ON PAGE 98



1—*For Chemistry, awarded in 1954; for Peace, awarded in 1963.*

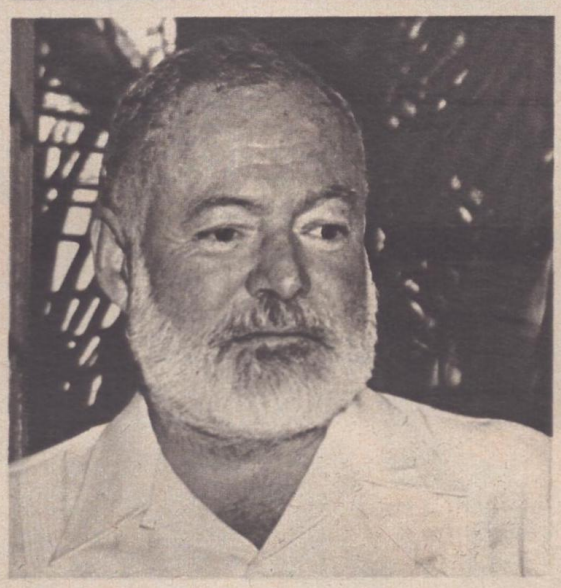


2—*For Peace, awarded in 1953.*

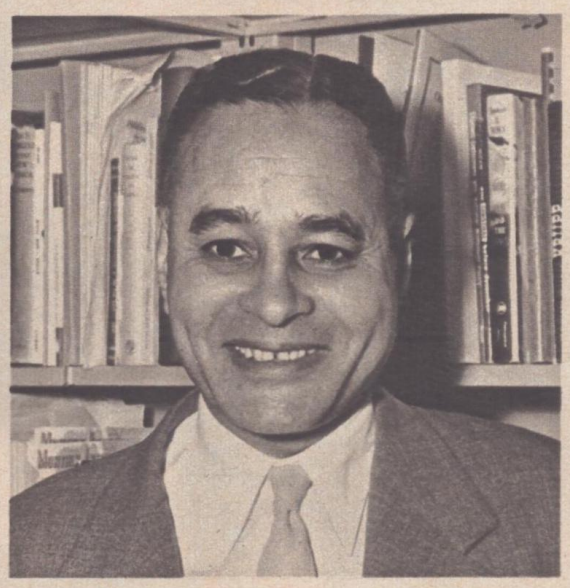


3—*For Peace, awarded in 1929.*

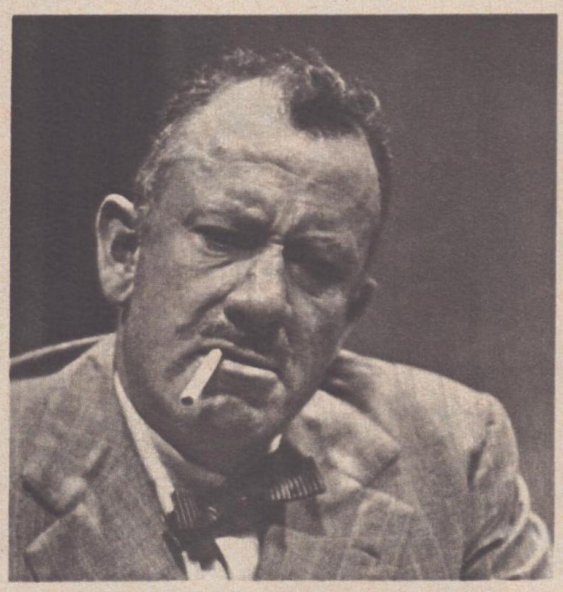
4—*For Literature, awarded in 1938.*



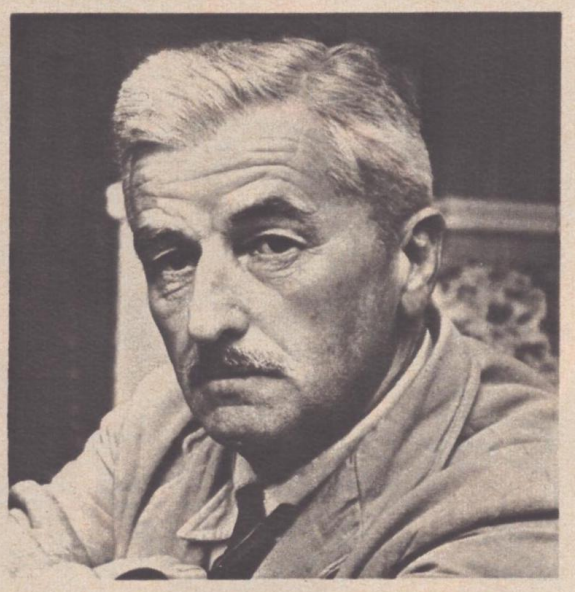
5—*For Literature, awarded in 1954.*



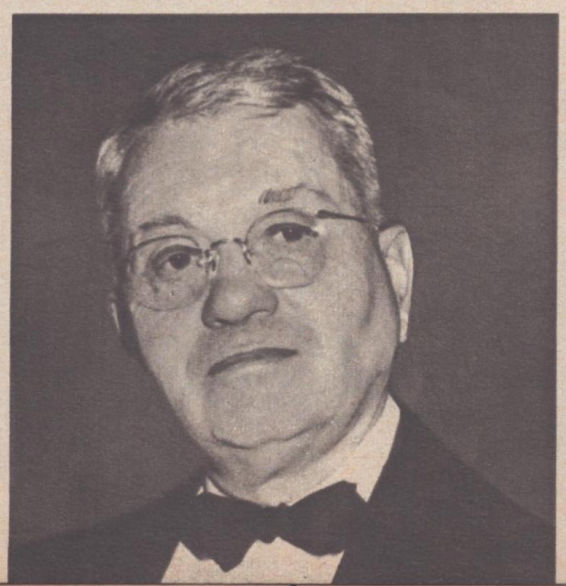
6—*For Peace, awarded in 1950.*



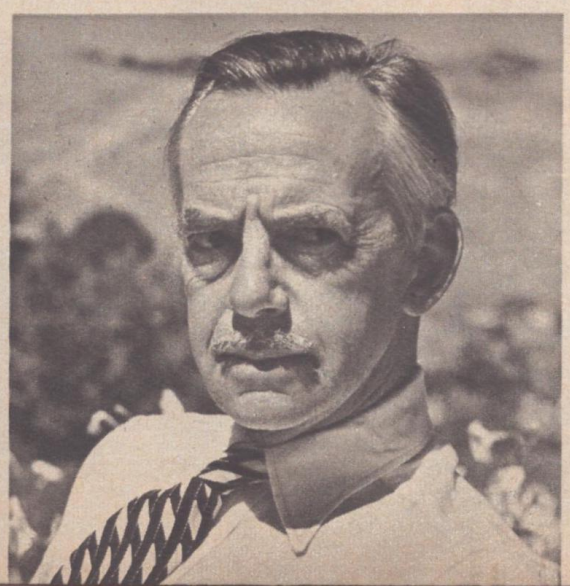
7—*For Literature, awarded in 1962.*



8—*For Literature, awarded in 1949.*



9—*For Chemistry, awarded in 1934.*



10—*For Literature, awarded in 1936.*

Photoquiz—Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Canada.

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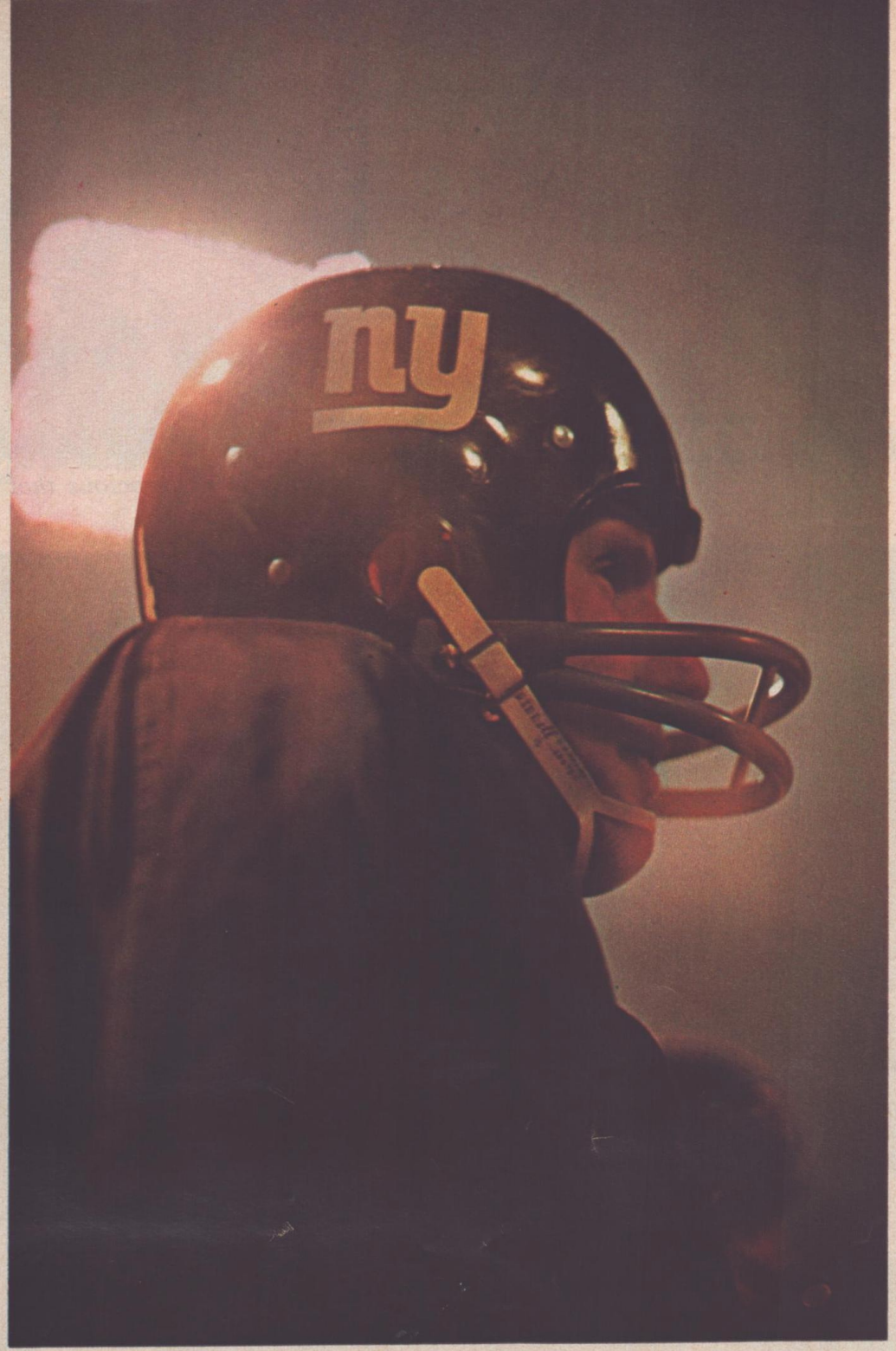

An unhappy sight for foes: the Giants' incomparable Yelberton A. Tittle.

MADNESS is a game on Sunday

IF YOU LOVE tennis, or the well-tempered clavichord, the startling pictures on these pages will elicit only pained disapproval. But if you are one of America's 36 million pro-football fans, these almost audible images of power will recall many moments of glory in a game no other can match for courage, speed, daring and skill. The agile mastodons who smash at each other every Sunday afternoon, from September to January, are encased in plastic-and-rubber armor; in their helmets, they resemble fantastic falcons; they charge like sprinters and block like tanks—yet they transform an atavistic spectacle into sudden ballets by the running, feinting, weaving, leaping of plays that surpass belief. No pro-ball fan is blasé: At any second, a pass or breakaway can galvanize the game.

Sunday in New York: Giants and Cleveland's Browns in one of pro football's passionate melees.

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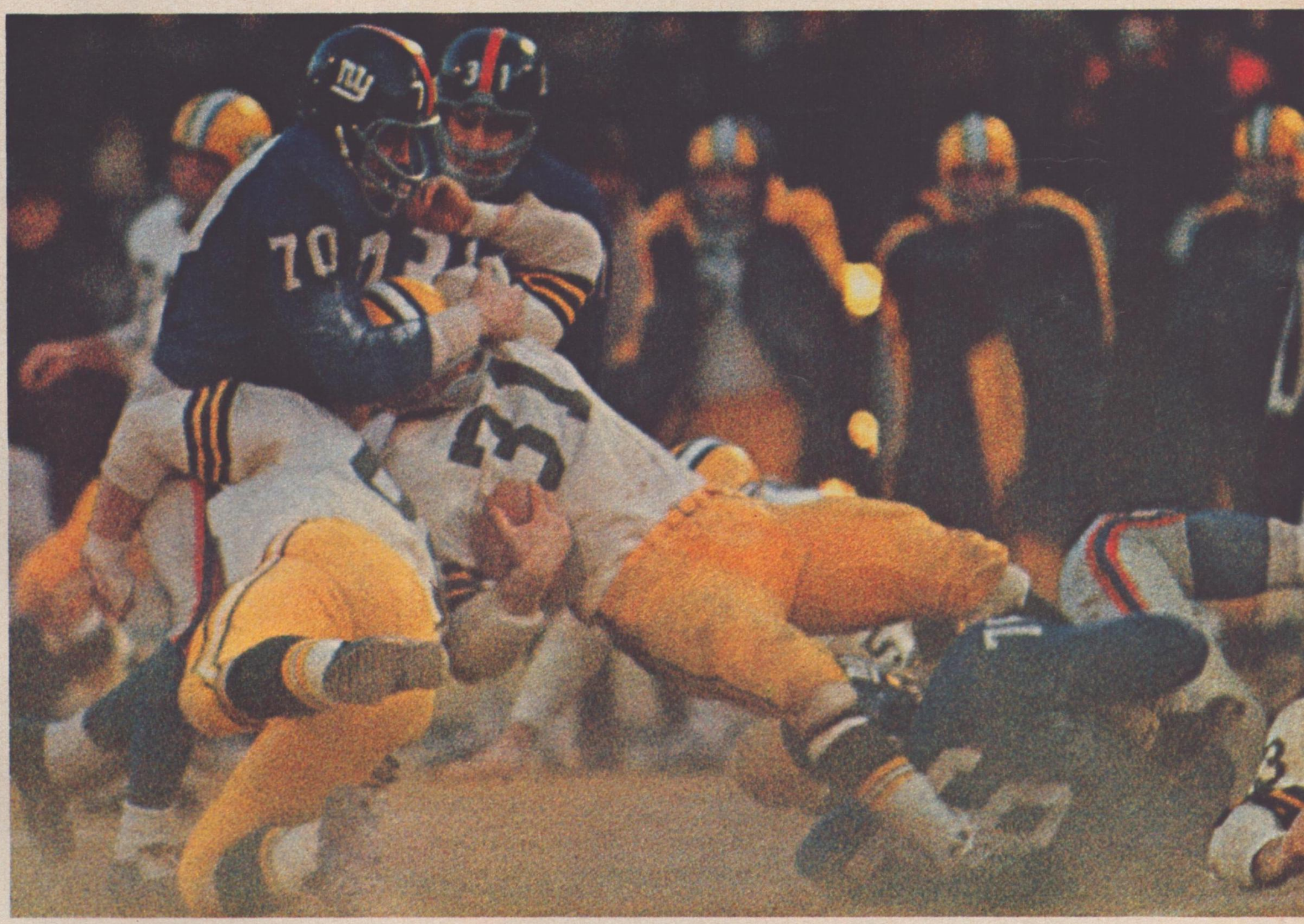
Tackling is so ferocious that fumbles (here by Green Bay's chagrined J. Taylor)

Sunday spells ecstasy for 36,000,000 fans



Mr. Huff attempts to unscrew the head of Green Bay's Mr. Taylor as hooded opponents admire his resolve.

Players mix murderous violence with marvelous finesse: A halfback somehow spurts through a herd of hippopotami for a 70-yard dash; a quarterback eludes four lethal line-crashers to fling a ball 50 yards to an end racing downfield whilst one defender claws his neck and another crawls up his chest; a linebacker rockets off to tackle a halfback on the opposite side of the field. But power, speed and blinding drive are only the beginning: Strategy in pro football is so complex that Giant offense players must memorize about 325 plays, and the Goliaths of defense must shift, smash, race or dive with split-second intuition to stop plays that explode with incredible deceptiveness.

Beautiful blocking lets Phil King pierce Cleveland's usually adamant line.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN

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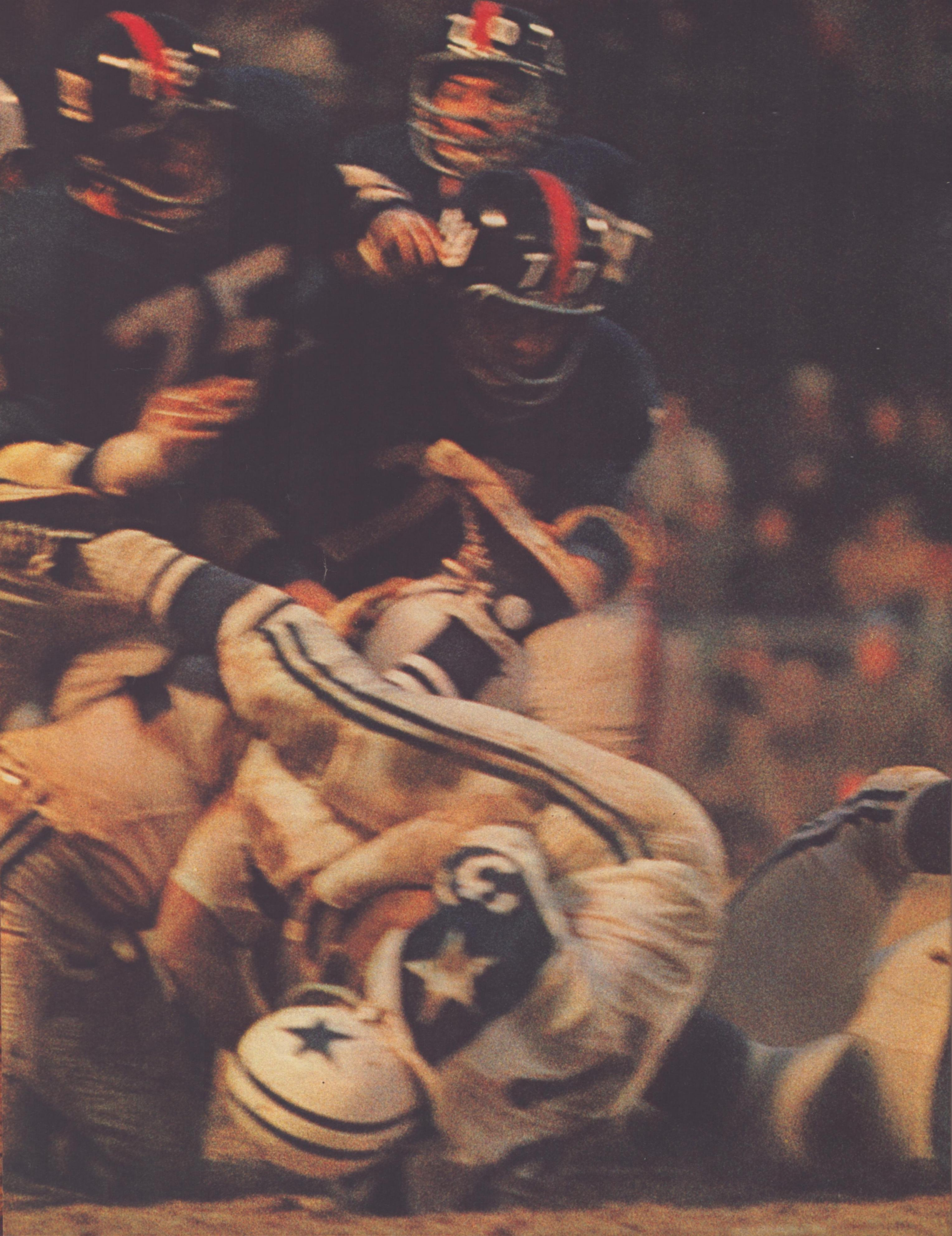

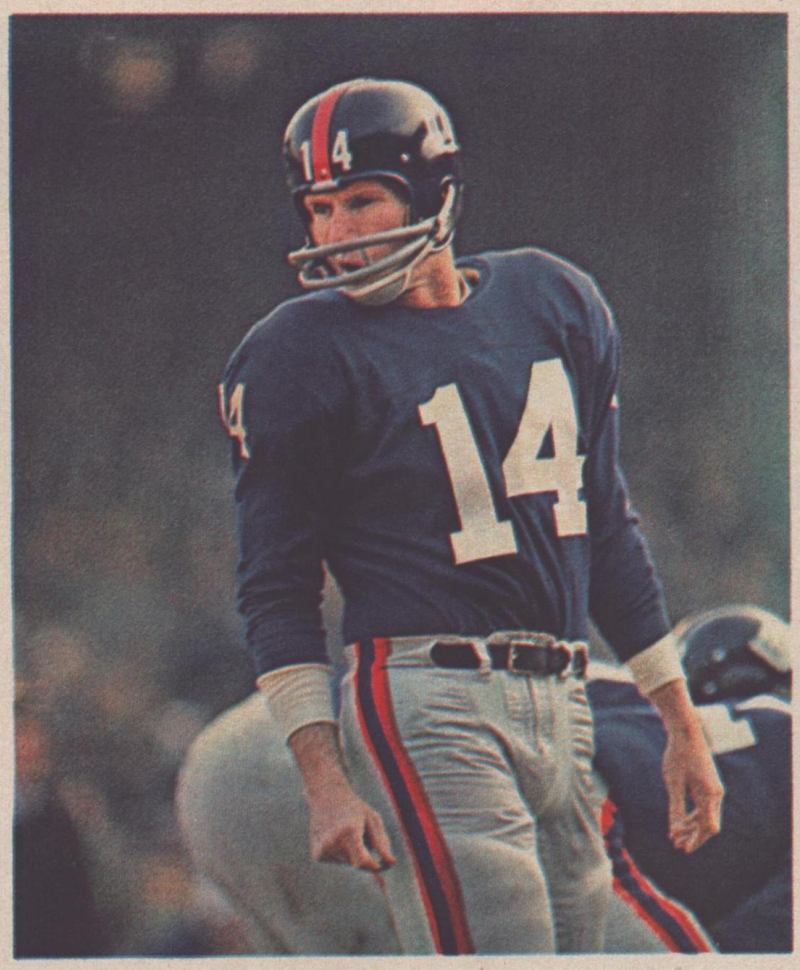

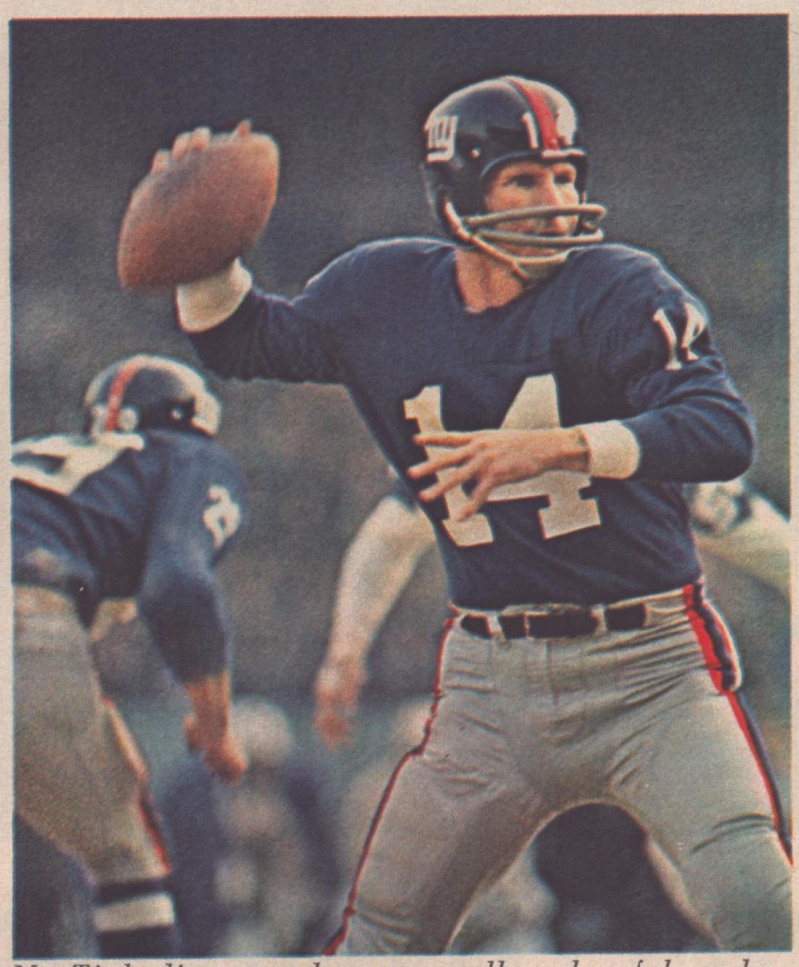

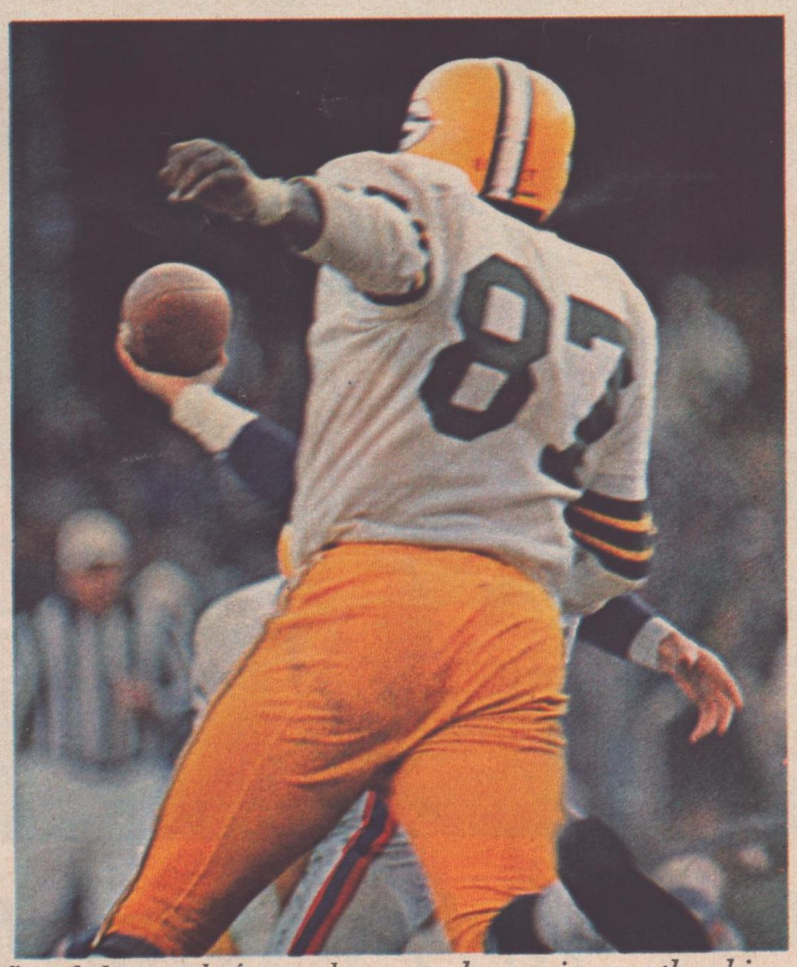

Mr. Tittle diagnoses the enemy, calls a play, fakes a hand-off and throws–before vehement adversaries smother him.

Fearful force...surpassing skill

Courage and contempt for risk mark each Sunday's elegant ferocity. The artist with the ball often ends up under 1,000 pounds of agitated manhood. To baseball fans, these maddened juggernauts may look like foolish oxen; but the true believer knows that every virtuoso on the field can drive, run, react or elude with flashing speed and cunning. The average back runs 100 yards in 10 seconds. The average lineman weighs 240 pounds, but can do 100 yards in 11 seconds. One moon-struck physicist recently figured out that when two of these colossi collide, the kinetic energy equals 66,000 inch-pounds—i.e., can move 66,000 pounds one inch. Man!

The whiplash and the steamroller: a not uncommon moment in each Sunday's volatile drama.

continued

Game's end on Sunday afternoon is the signal for fanatical celebrants to inundate the field. The Dante-esque scene above is a memento of that icy twilight in Yankee Stadium (1962) just after the superlative Packers beat the merely marvelous Giants for the championship. No game is ever, ever called off: Several have been played in near zero refrigeration, some during blizzards; the Giants once donned sneakers because even a centipede would have skidded on the frozen field; the Washington Redskins played over yard stripes buried under snow. A winter's darkening afternoon—slashed by freezing winds, warmed by 70,000 steaming breaths—is a wacky joy no parka-shrouded acolyte would dream of forgoing. LEO ROSTEN

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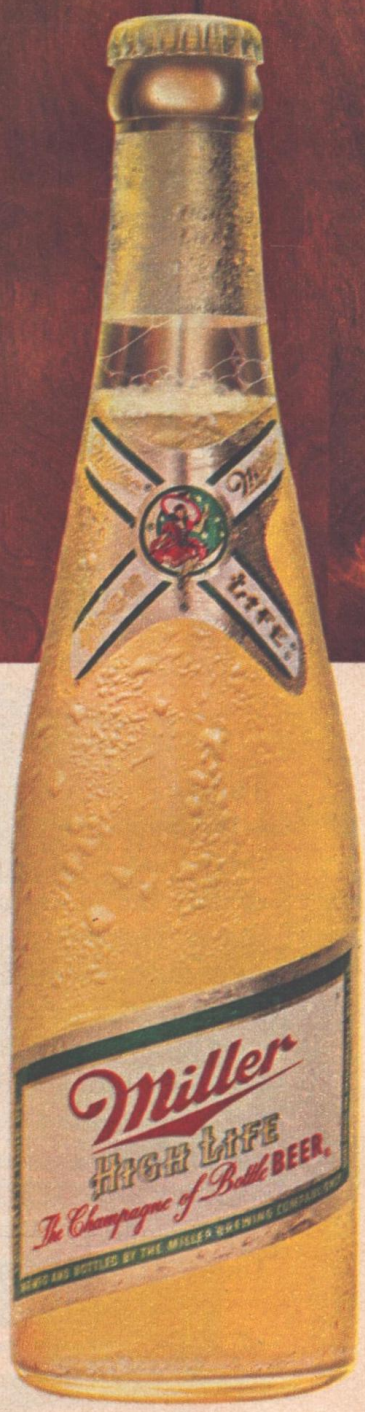

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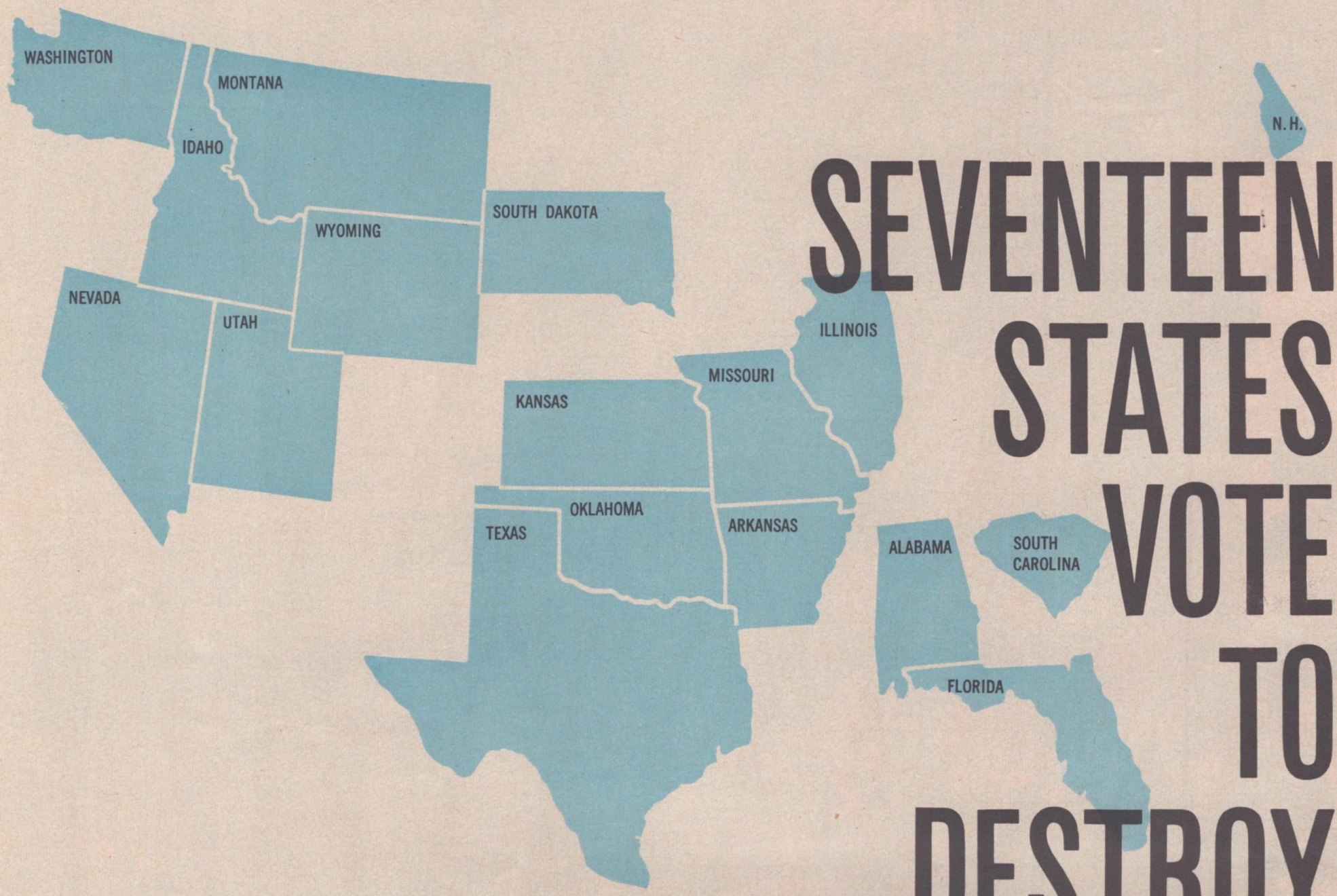

SEVENTEEN STATES VOTE TO DESTROY DEMOCRACY AS WE KNOW IT

HERE IS THE STARTLING STORY OF THIRTEEN MONTHS IN THE 60's

BY THOMAS B. MORGAN

THIS IS A STORY of 13 months in the sixties—July, 1962-August, 1963—13 months of struggle over the substance of American democracy. In this period, a concerted effort was launched which, if successful, could destroy the power and authority of the Government of the United States. The immediate goal is a constitutional convention to propose three amendments to the Federal Constitution that would destroy democracy here as we know it. These are the critical revisions:

Amendment I: State legislatures would win the power to amend the Constitution undeterred by the Congress.

Amendment II: State courts could get full and final jurisdiction over the apportionment of state legislative districts.

Amendment III: A court, composed of the 50 states' chief justices, would get the authority to overrule certain decisions of the United States Supreme Court.

How did these radical amendments come to be the spearheads of a dead-serious political movement? How would they affect our way of life? Will they succeed? The answers to these questions are urgent because, surprisingly, the legislatures of 17 states of the Union now endorse one, two, or all three of these amendments. Here, month by month, is the story:

JULY, 1962 The amendment movement began in Biloxi, Miss., at a routine conference of Southern state officials and legislators organized by the Council of State Governments. The Council is a highly respected joint agency sponsored by the 50 states.

When the conference met, the talk ranged over the Kennedys, desegregation and Cuba, but the chief topic was *Baker v. Carr*, the historic case decided by the U. S. Supreme Court four months earlier.

In a stunning leap beyond previous decisions, the Court held that apportionment of state legislative districts could be scrutinized by Federal courts. Clearly, many rural legislators, long dominant in state governments, would be reapportioned out of their seats. Even

continued

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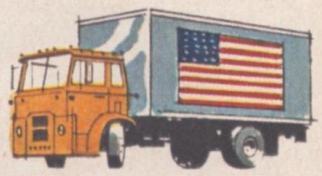
standard of living is riding on it. 

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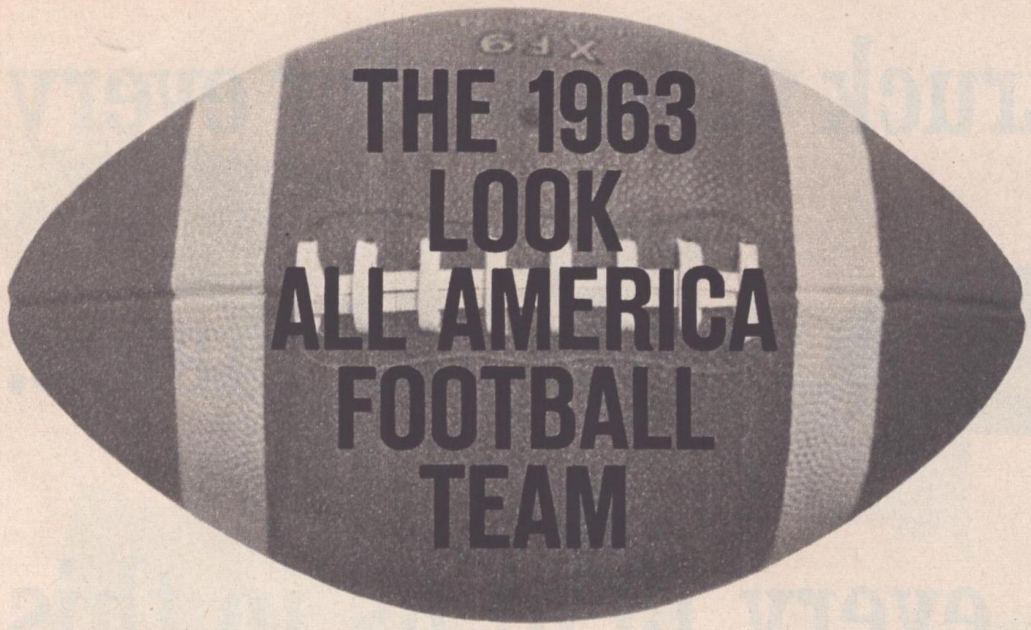

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with sportscaster Curt Gowdy as master of ceremonies.

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Catholic Youth Organization and Police Athletic League
at a preview of the New York World's Fair.

READ ABOUT THE ALL AMERICA TEAM IN LOOK, OUT TUES., DEC. 3

Against odds, Southerners first asked Congress to curb the power of Federal courts

as the Southerners talked, courts in Florida, Oklahoma, Michigan, Wisconsin and Georgia pressed the *Baker v. Carr* point.

Politicians in many states rumbled that the Supreme Court had gone too far. In Biloxi, the conferees determined to *do* something about it. And, as it happened, the Florida delegation, with William Chappell, Jr., as its leader, came forward to help guide them.

Chappell is no red-neck. He lives in Ocala, a small town in the mossy, horse-breeding (Needles and Carry Back) country of central Florida. He is fortyish and handsome, a dashing lawyer with offices one flight up on Magnolia Street and a Cessna that he flies to Cape Canaveral and all points, according to clients' needs. He is a ranking Democratic member of his state's legislature; at the last session, he served as Speaker of the House. He considers himself a Goldwater man because "his philosophy comes closest to mine."

"The real issue," Chappell says, "is whether... the states have a function or whether they are political subdivisions of the Federal Government. . . . As a student of the Constitution, I was taught that it was a dual-sovereignty instrument in its inception, that the states were sole depositories of governmental powers and that from the states came the power of the Federal Government." Chappell insists that the Supreme Court has, by "judicial edict and judicial usurpation," unconstitutionally arrogated powers to the Federal Government.

What Chappell calls "usurpation," Justice Arthur J. Goldberg of the Supreme Court calls "judicial review," the authority of the Court to reappraise the constitutionality of laws. "Judicial review," Goldberg told LOOK, "has been a fundamental part of our constitutional construction and interpretation since 1803. The Court isn't immune to criticism—we are in a democracy. But it *is* the final arbiter of the Constitution, and its decisions must be obeyed unless they are changed by the orderly method prescribed by the Constitution."

To this last, Chappell says amen. Which is why, in July, 1962, in Biloxi, he took the lead in an effort to change the law of the land. Urged on by Chappell and the Floridians, the Biloxi conference produced resolutions asking Congress to prepare two constitutional amendments limiting the jurisdiction of Federal courts. Congress, of course, was not expected to pay much attention. The Southerners knew the odds against amending the Constitution. Since 1789, 5,392 amendments have been proposed in Congress; only 23 succeeded. Yet the conferees were undeterred. Some observers saw the proposals as a step toward winning Northern support in the civil-rights struggle. To Chappell, they were a means of grappling with "the real issue."

AUGUST, 1962 Fresh from Biloxi, Chappell appointed two Florida legislative committees, one to study apportionment, the other "dual sovereignty." He wanted more information before the next meeting of state leaders: the 15th annual National Legislative Conference to be held in Phoenix, Ariz., during September under the auspices of the Council of State Governments. Along with other Florida states' rightists, Chappell felt that "something should be visualized that would be brought to the attention of all the 50 states, at the same time, the same hour, to awaken the country."

SEPTEMBER, 1962 About 750 delegates from 46 states gathered for the Phoenix National Legislative Conference. They came from the industrial North as well as the South. They came from the religious prairies and the rightist mountain country. Among them were aggrieved men with power back home—united for "states' rights." They were against integration, the ban on school prayers, reapportionment or the welfare state—but most of all, against the power exercised by the Supreme Court.

The conference chairman was W. Stuart Helm, Republican Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives. Helm is in his fifties, a small-town, self-made man who works between legislative

continued

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A new strategy was developed to "awaken" the American people and alter the Constitution

sessions as an executive of the Sun Oil Co. He describes his politics as "conservative." Under his gavel, delegate after delegate took the floor to denounce *Baker v. Carr*. Many had copies of the Biloxi resolutions. Others had come with their own ideas about amending the Constitution. One was Rep. Warren Wood, four times Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives and a GOP veteran of 28 years in state politics. His idea was to set up, constitutionally, a Court of the Union composed of chief justices from the 50 states and empowered, upon demand of the legislatures of at least five states, to review decisions of the Supreme Court in cases relating to the rights reserved to the states or to the people.

Then Chappell of Florida stood up and offered his vision of something "to awaken the country." Until he spoke, the conference had seemed inclined to follow the usual procedure—assign a committee to study the situation and report at the next annual meeting in Honolulu, August, 1963. Now, it decided to act.

The conference's Federal-State Relations Committee would draft amendments and plan strategy for calling a constitutional convention. Results would be submitted for action by the biennial General Assembly of the States. The Assembly, sponsored by the Council of State Governments, was scheduled for December in Chicago. Its endorsement might lead directly to official action by the 50 states.

Helm picked the Federal-State Relations Committee. He selected Lloyd Lowrey of California as chairman, plus Chappell, Wood and five other sympathetic legislators. Recently, Helm told LOOK, "I wanted to make sure the committee wasn't stacked solidly against [the Supreme Court]." So, in addition, he named Frank King, minority leader of the Ohio State Senate. Short, fiery and redheaded, King is a former bricklayer who makes part of his living as a vocational teacher in Toledo. He was surprised by the appointment. In his view, "*Baker v. Carr* is our first chance for democracy in the states."

OCTOBER, 1962 The constitutional-convention idea approved in Phoenix was presented to the Southern Governors' Conference in Hollywood, Fla. The governors knew that the nation had not had a constitutional convention since 1787. Article V of the U. S. Constitution, which was written then, provides for such amending conventions, but this mechanism has

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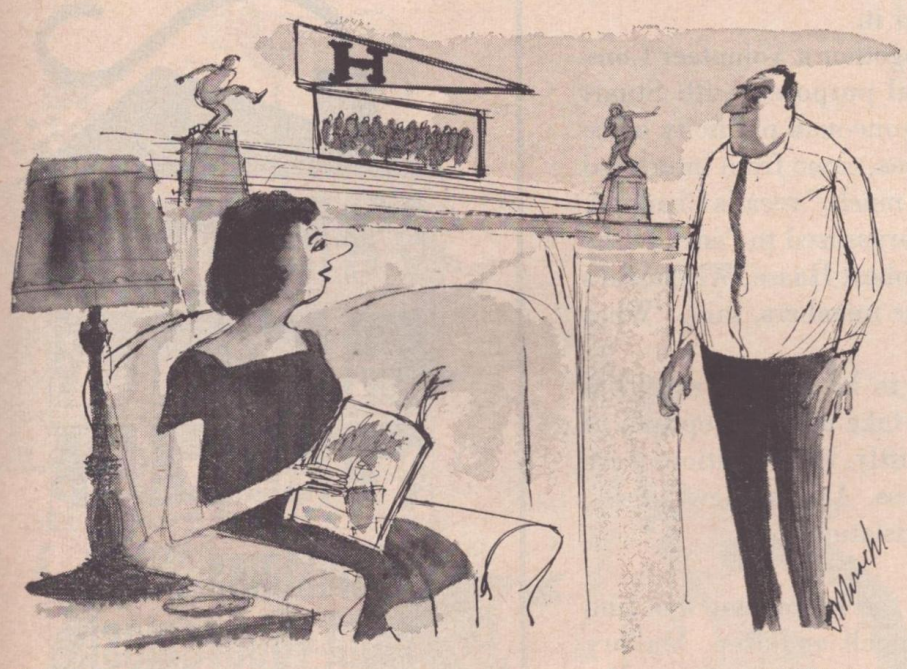

LOOK 12-3-63 JOSEPH MIRACHI

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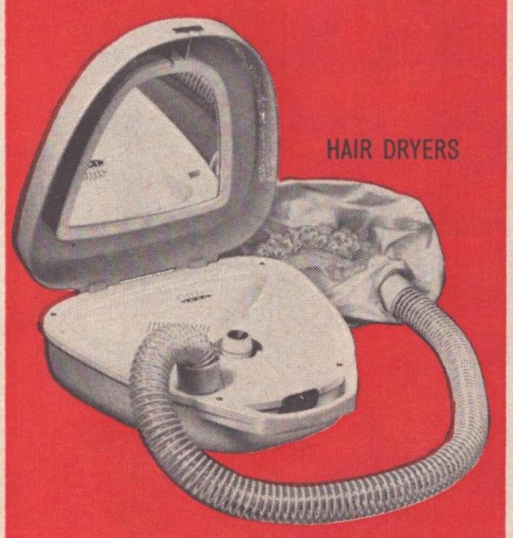

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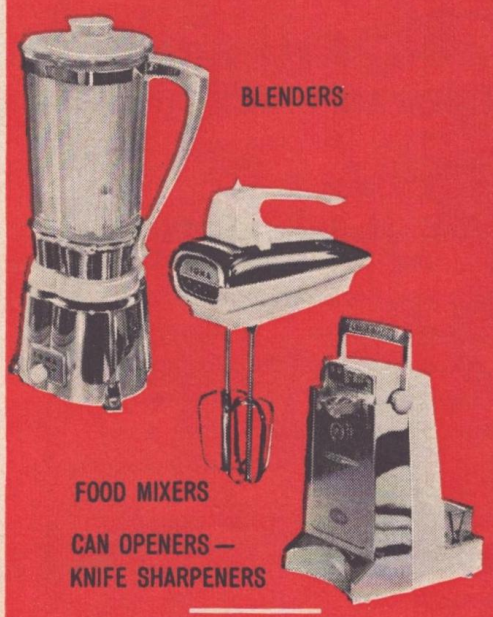

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America slept through the "day of awakening," but the amendments began to move

never been used. Thus, perhaps assuming the futility of the Phoenix idea, the Southern governors adopted a noncommittal resolution.

NOVEMBER, 1962 The Phoenix Federal-State Relations Committee gathered with the Council of State Governments staff and advisers at Council headquarters in Chicago. Among those present was a dismayed and angry Senator King. "I sat there," he told LOOK, "and listened to what they wanted to do to the Constitution, and I couldn't believe I was in America." Speaker Wood was there, too, for his Court of the Union. In a recent interview, he explained his point of view: "I've taken an oath 19 times to uphold the Constitution," he said, "but I think [centralizing] government means the enslavement of us all."

DECEMBER, 1962 The General Assembly of the States met in Chicago. On hand were 300 delegates, mostly top legislators from 47 states. After less than two hours of debate, they approved the package prepared by the Phoenix Committee and the staff of the Council of State Governments.

They endorsed three proposed amendments to the Constitution:

The first rewrites Article V to create a new amending mechanism —if two thirds of the states submit identical texts of a proposed amendment, Congress need not be consulted, and the amendment is forthwith offered to the states for ratification.

The second prohibits any Federal court from hearing state apportionment cases and provides that "in the apportionment of representation in its legislature," no state can be limited by the United States Constitution.

The third creates machinery for a Court of the Union.

The Assembly strongly supported proposals I and II. It upheld III by a margin of one vote. It also approved the Phoenix Committee's battle plan: All legislatures would "cause themselves" to be in session on Wednesday, January 16, 1963, "for the specific purpose of introducing joint resolutions," memorializing the Congress to call a constitutional convention. These would be adopted "by every state legislature *without change*," so that the proposed amendments would leave "no question as to the intent of the several states." It was Chappell's dream come true.

JANUARY, 1963 As a scheme "to awaken the country," the day for resolutions was a bust. The New York newspapers were on strike. Elsewhere, most papers buried this story or, like TV and the news magazines, ignored it.

Chappell, Wood and a few others got together a Volunteer Committee on Dual Sovereignty for promotional purposes, with Stuart Helm in Harrisburg, Pa., as chairman and a one-man publicity office in Tallahassee, Fla. The money, what there was, came from interested states and a few individual donors. "It wasn't much," recalls Chappell. Opponents contend that the committee was organized to "sneak" the proposals through the legislatures. But, as Robert Haase, Wisconsin's GOP Speaker of the Assembly and one of the members, said, "What we really want most is to attract attention."

The amendment effort would turn out to be a horse race, but without publicity, legislators could afford to take up the proposals at their own slow gait. Still, Oklahoma acted swiftly. Its resolutions were the first to be passed and filed with Congress. And in New Jersey, Amendments I and II swept through the legislature.

FEBRUARY, 1963 At the first turn, the movement was running nicely. Chappell and Rep. Mallory Horne of Tallahassee led a drive for all three amendments in the Florida legislature. Alabama endorsed the court plan, but took no action on I and II. In Washington, South Carolina's U.S. Sen. Strom

continued

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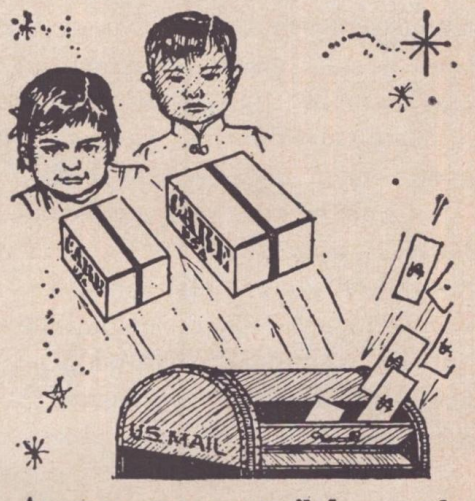

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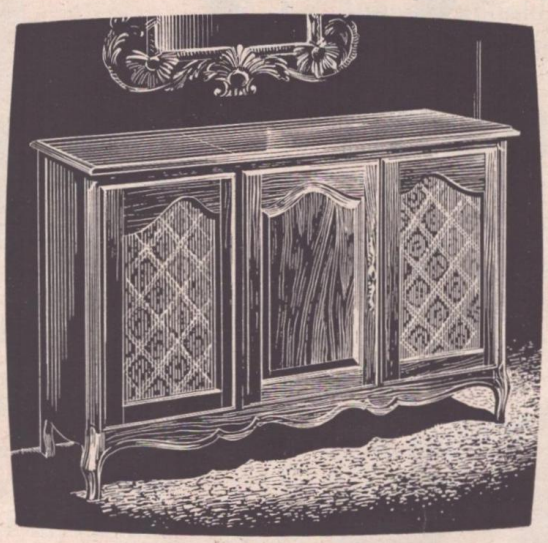

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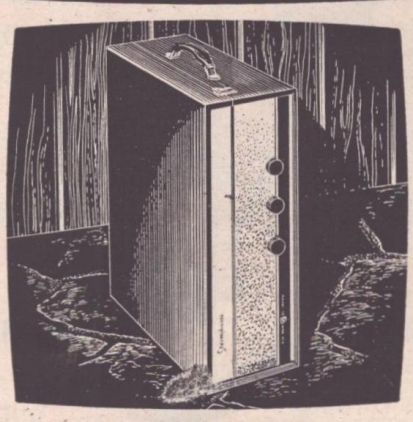

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Against the hard-driving amenders, a lone Texan fired a protest

Thurmond, Democrat, tossed I and III into the Senate hopper. "I was not going to introduce the one on reapportionment [II]," Thurmond says, "because I didn't want to acknowledge the Supreme Court."

MARCH, 1963 The movement put on a burst of speed. Idaho, Illinois and Montana filed resolutions with Congress on behalf of I or II or both. Wyoming filed for all three.

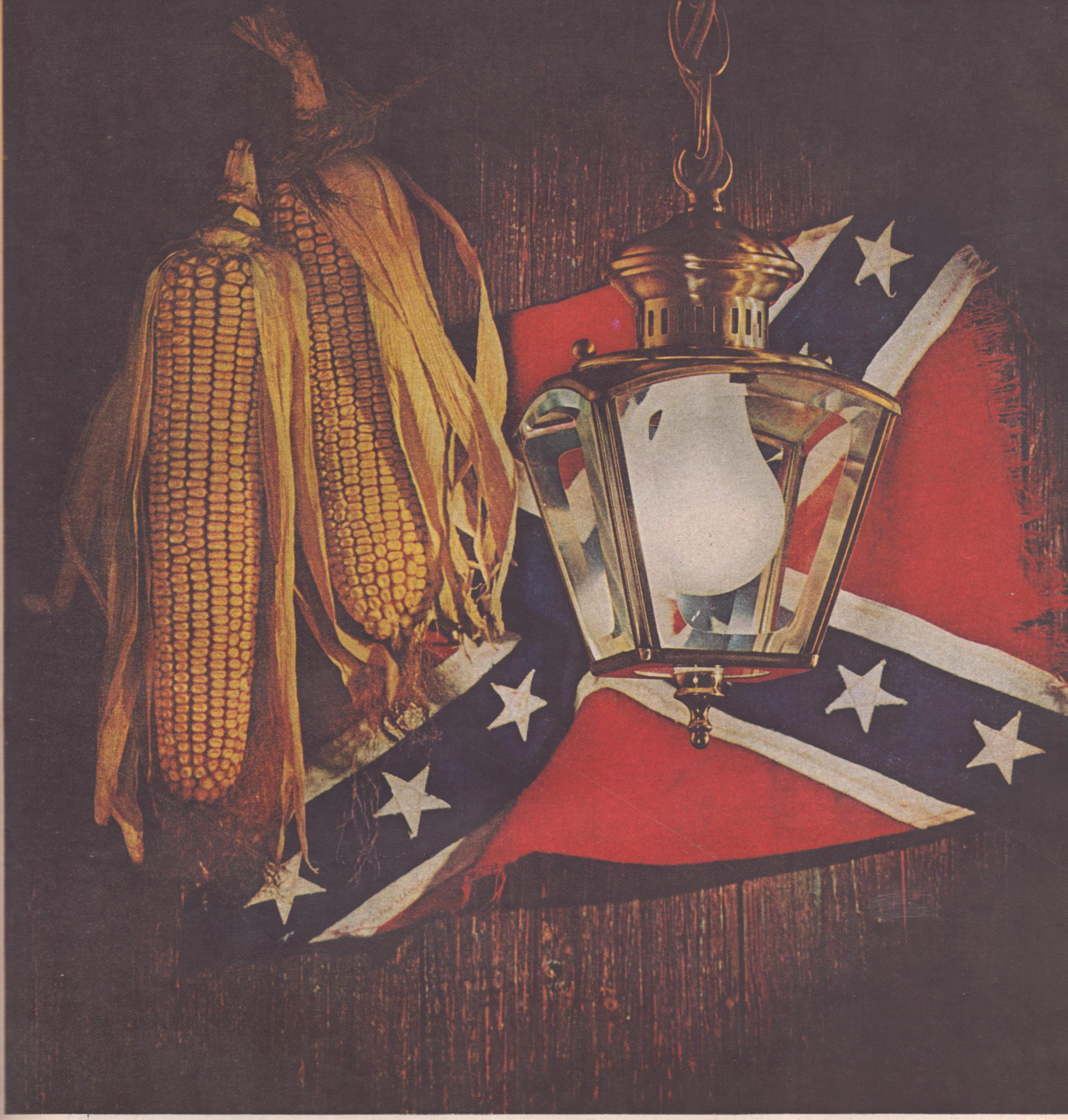
APRIL, 1963 "Frankly," says Alabama's Rep. George Grant, Democrat, a 25-year-man in Washington, "50 judges would be unwieldy, but [their] discussions would be interesting. . . ." He introduced I and III. The bills went to committee.

The movement was gaining, yet April was a cruel month. A Yale Law School professor, Charles Black, Jr., a Texan and a member of the New York State Bar, published the first closely reasoned attack on the amendments. Writing in the *Yale Law Journal*, he hit with humor (III), disdain (II) and anger (I). The Court of the Union idea, he said, "is so patently absurd that it will probably sink without trace." The reapportionment proposal "concerns a special subject" and does not affect "the whole shape of the Union." But, said Black, the suggested innovation in the amending procedure would change "the distribution of ultimate power" in America. It would be a change "of a higher order of importance than any since 1787." The rewrite of Article V would create an amending mechanism that Congress could not control. It would enable "three fourths of the state legislatures, without the consent of any other body," to "change the presidency to a committee of three, hobble the treaty power, make the Federal judiciary elective, repeal the Fourth Amendment, make Catholics ineligible for public office and move the national capital to Topeka. . . ." Three fourths of the legislatures, representing our least populous states, Black said, could give ultimate power to a minority. Assuming the present rural control of most legislatures (and an improbable coalition of the 38 least populous states), "if the proposed Article V were in force, the income tax could be abolished, by repeal of the Sixteenth Amendment, if about 15 percent of the American people were represented by legislators who desired that result."

Black's essay appeared as the newspaper strike ended in New York. It was not long before the New York *Times*'s Supreme Court corre-

continued

"Care to look at the menu?"



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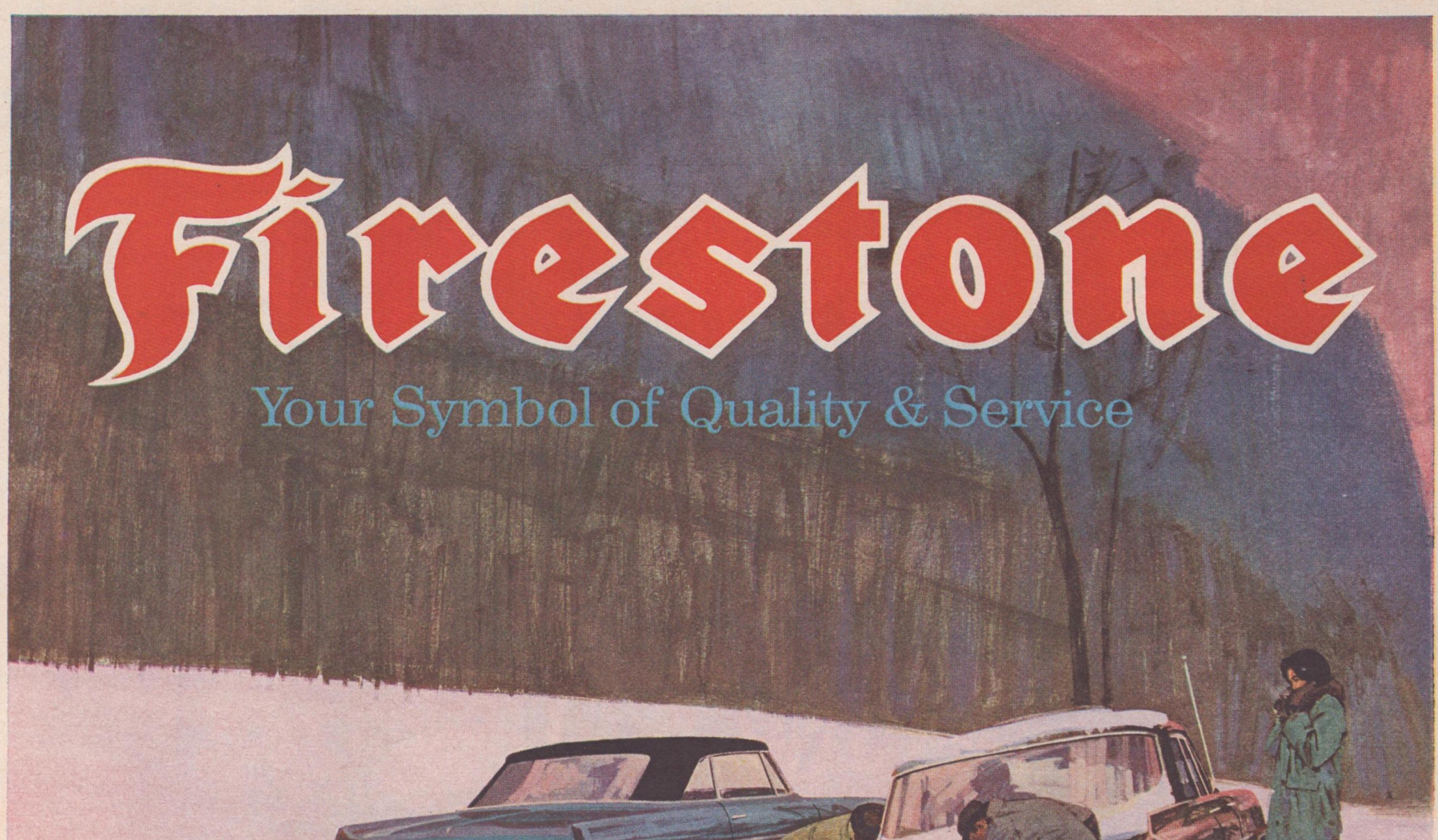

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The movement faltered after Chief Justice Earl Warren called for a national debate

spondent, Anthony Lewis, showed the influence of Black's ideas in a story on the proposals, published April 14. In fact, later counter-attacks depended heavily upon Black's essay. Lewis's story meant trouble for the proposed amendments. In the megalopolis between Boston and Washington, and in California, both served by the *Times*, many people read about I, II, and III for the first time. What the *Times* did was to make the story fit to print.

"The constitutional lawyers, deans of law schools, and federals in general are waking from a long sleep," wrote Alistair Cooke in the Manchester *Guardian Weekly*. "All hell will [soon] break loose."

MAY, 1963 All hell failed to break loose. Chief Justice Earl Warren had to speak out, not on the merits of the proposals but on the absence of controversy about them. (He had already spoken on the subject late in April at Duke University, but his remarks had gone almost unreported.) On May 22, addressing the American Law Institute in Washington, Justice Warren said:

"There is a development which . . . could make profound changes in the . . . Constitution." He noted the widespread activity among the states on behalf of the proposals "accomplished with little or no debate and with practically no recognition by the Bar of America."

Warren said that he had been able to find only one article on the subject—by Professor Black in the *Yale Law Journal*. "If proposals of this magnitude had been made in the early days of the Republic," he declared, "the voices of lawyers . . . would have been heard from one end of our land to the other. . . . Surely the Constitution should be as precious to us now as it was then. If lawyers are not to be the watchmen for the Constitution, on whom are we to rely?"

Meanwhile, Sen. Frank King fought the "toughest battle of my political life" and received credit for blocking the amendments in Ohio. The Toledo *Blade*, Dayton *Journal-Herald*, Canton *Repository* and Cleveland *Plain Dealer* assailed the amenders. "If it had not been for the press," King told LOOK, "we would have been snowed under."

JUNE, 1963 In the aftermath of the Warren alarm, the amending drive flagged. In New Jersey, U.S. Sen. Clifford Case, Republican, intervened, and the state Senate rescinded its earlier approval of the proposals.

And in Pennsylvania, U.S. Sen. Joseph Clark, Democrat, wrote a letter to every member of the legislature asking them to oppose the amendments. Even with Stuart Helm, chairman of the Volunteer Committee on Dual Sovereignty, as Speaker of the House, only one came out of committee, and there was no floor action on that.

JULY, 1963 Hardly a week passed without a federalist assault on the states' righters. The New York City Bar issued a scathing paper charging that the proposals would "revolutionize our form of government and turn the clock back to the Articles of Confederation of 1777."

Republican Sen. Jacob K. Javits of New York read the Bar's report into the Congressional Record and was "joined in his remarks" by Republican Sen. Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts. New York Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller announced he was opposed, too.

AUGUST, 1963 Almost all the news was bad for the proposed amendments. In Chicago, the American Bar Association voted negative on all three propositions. In Honolulu, the National Legislative Conference, meeting again, failed to endorse the proposals. After that, Brevard Crihfield, executive director of the Council of State Governments and a supporter of I and II, told LOOK: "Now, I don't see how there can be any strong push. I don't see how we can do any more."

Anyone writing to Sen. Barry Goldwater seeking his views on the

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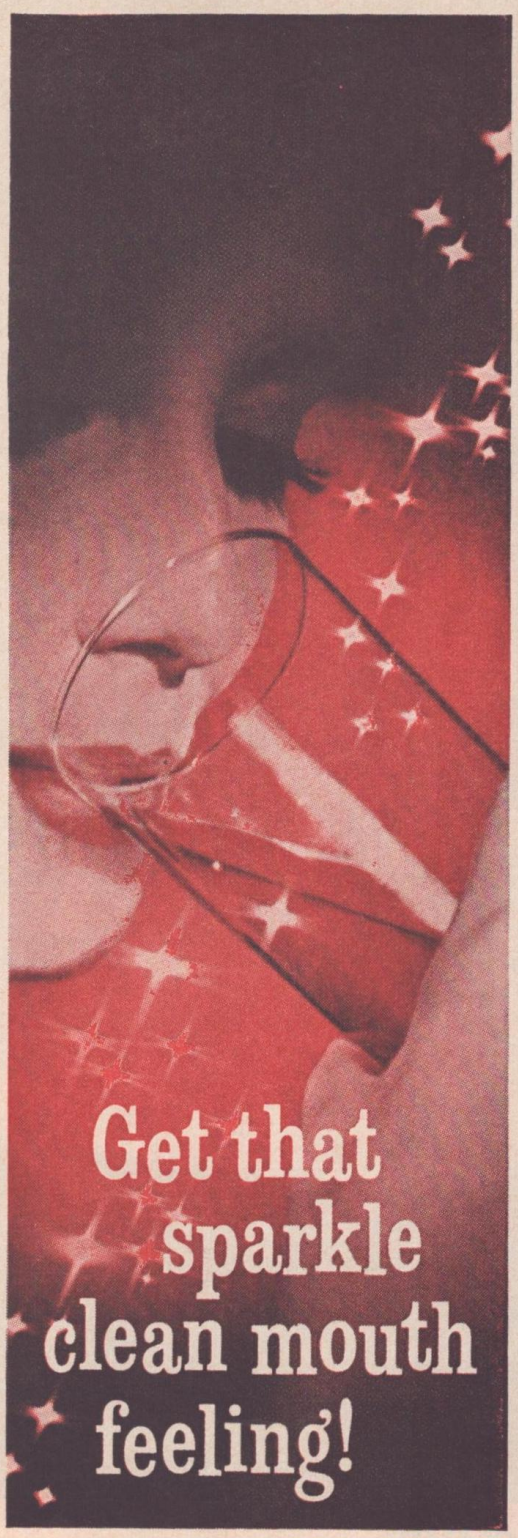

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"We died, we bled to get this off the ground. Now, I'm not going to do another thing."

movement received a form letter in which, sympathetically, he turned thumbs down on I and III. He favored II, he said, to "restore the situation under which the constitutional authorities, the states, which initially set up the system of representative government, determine the base of apportionment." (Later, Goldwater would say he opposed II as well.) Without Goldwater, most objective observers agreed, the proposed amendments might never win.

At the end of the month, this was the position: 17 states had voted to change the American Federal system.

Proposal I, on the amending process, cleared 12 legislatures: Arkansas, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, New Hampshire, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas and Wyoming.

Proposal II, on apportionment, passed 13 states: Arkansas, Idaho, Kansas, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.

Proposal III, on the Court of the Union, succeeded in five: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, South Carolina and Wyoming.

A few legislatures are in session this fall, many more convene next year, and most will reassemble in 1965 after the elections. But in each, victory would require an effort that hardly seems possible now. Even the men involved seem to have lost their taste for this particular race. Recently, LOOK interviewed four of them.

Wisconsin's Robert Haase said, "No one expected any of these things to come to pass. We wanted to generate concern. . . . No, I don't think much more will come of this."

Illinois's Warren Wood, father of the Court of the Union idea, said. "We died, we bled to get this thing off the ground. Now, I'm not going to do another thing."

Pennsylvania's Stuart Helm said, "We wanted to awaken the country, that's all. There was no conspiracy, no effort to sneak anything, no element of surprise. . . . But, frankly, I was suprised. I never had any idea my picture would ever appear in *Time* magazine alongside Earl Warren's."

And Florida's William Chappell said, "I only want to play a part in alerting the people. . . . I'm not concerned with these specific amendments. I have absolutely one interest—how we handle and perpetuate what we have received from the Almighty."

So be it.

BUTCH

LOOK 12-3-63 LARRY REYNOLDS

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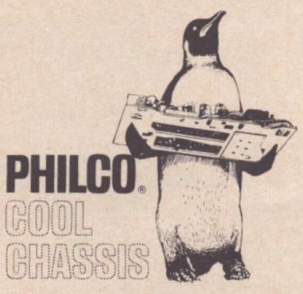

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Why bombs in peaceful Quebec? Sergeant Plouffe battles young terrorists who demand "independence" from English Canada

Eugenio Pilote, 22, was acquitted of charges of bombing a Canadian Legion post.

French Canada's strange

BY LAURA BERGQUIST LOOK SENIOR EDITOR

AMERICANS shocked by a Buddhist monk's fiery suicide in Vietnam and dynamite blasts in Birmingham scarcely noted last spring the queer wave of violence that struck French Canada.

Bombs in Latin America are no rarity—but why were they suddenly exploding in the peaceful province of Quebec? And especially in the sophisticated city of Montreal, the "Paris" of Canada, 80 minutes' flying time from New York?

Pitted as adversaries in a strange "guerrilla" war that baffled Montreal police and sent shock waves through all Canada were a jolly French-Canadian, Sergeant Detective Leo Plouffe, and a band of unknown terrorists. Plouffe, 40, the flamboyant chief of the city's crime lab, FBI-trained and a walking one-man bomb expert, knew only that his enemies dubbed themselves the "suicide-commandos" of the FLQ (Quebec Liberation Front). Their goal: to wrest "independence" for Quebec from English Canada by a "violent struggle" of "farmers, laborers, students and intellectuals against Anglo-Saxon colonialism and its flunkeys of the Quebec bourgeois."

The language of their melodramatic pronouncements to the press and their terrorist tactics had the ring of Algeria, Cuba and the Ireland of the Easter Rebellion.

Slogans were painted on buildings all over Quebec; signs in English were defaced, and statues of British heroes were toppled, including Gen. James Wolfe, who conquered Montcalm and French Canada for the English in 1759. At first, Quebeckers dismissed these "pranks" as the work of nationalist hotheads. Then Molotov cocktails splattered three federal armories, whose walls were scrawled with the letters FLQ. The pranks suddenly weren't funny for the 2,000,000 French and English residents of Montreal.

For 11 explosive weeks, Sergeant Detective Plouffe was battling real dynamite—amateur but deadly bombs planted by the dozen. Weekly, they became more expertly made. Plouffe's only weapons for dismantling them were a pocketknife for cutting wires, skillful fingers and guts. In one Montreal weekend, he raced to answer 48 alarms, 47 of them phony, while his wife Yvette prayed and his widowed mother burned candles to St. Anthony. ("Fake bombs are just as harrowing to dismantle as real ones, and they make you sore.") Plouffe frequently came within inches, and seconds, of having his head blasted from his 250-pound body. He went sleepless for a 60-hour stretch, responding to emergency calls.

"He is alone as no one in the world is," editorialized the French-language newspaper, the Montreal *Matin*, demanding help for the city's one-man "shield" against terror. "There are limits to human endurance."

Plouffe's closest call came the day a bomb was discovered ticking in the washroom of Solbec Copper Mines, Ltd., which had been having labor disputes. He cleared all personnel from the 14th-floor offices and snipped wires cautiously, surely, while "all of us sweated like men in hell," to quote a constable. He finished at 3.28 p.m. The bomb would have blown 30 seconds later.

As Plouffe fought bombs, a pattern began to emerge. The violence was at first attributed by press and officials to the work of disgruntled French OAS terrorists from Algeria, Castro Cubans, even ex-Katanga fighters. But the FLQ professed to be *Québecois*. A communiqué grandiosely announced the terrorists' aim: "to completely destroy by systematic sabotage all symbols of colonial institutions (federal), in particular the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the Armed Forces, all information media in the colonial language (English) that we scorn; all commercial establishments and enterprises that discriminate against *Québecois*, and that do not use French as their first language." The man-the-barricades signature: "Independence or Death!"

Bombs thus turned up in mailboxes, armories and Royal Canadian Army recruiting centers ("symbols of English colonialism"), and in radio stations that signed off nightly with the playing of *God Save the Queen*. In the nick of time, Plouffe

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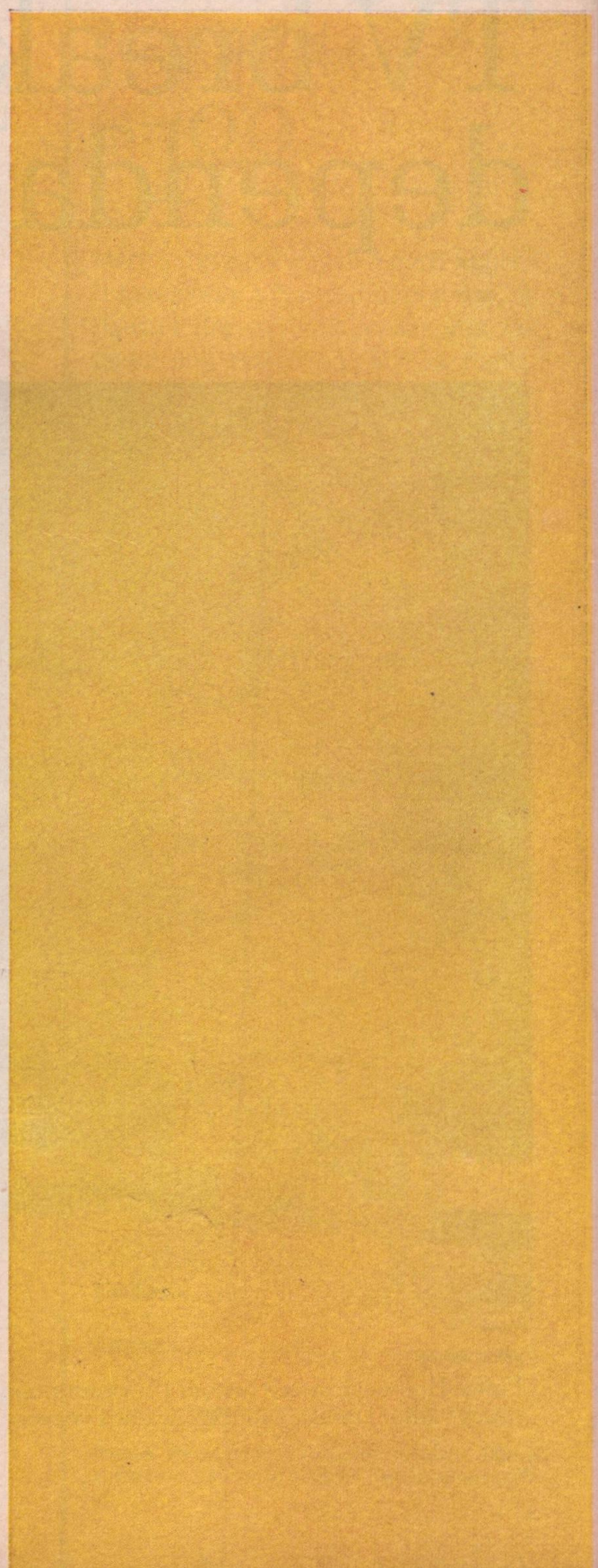
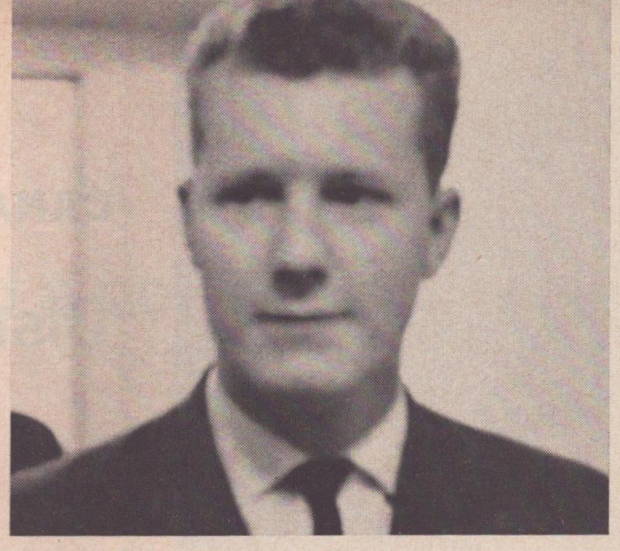


This strange yellow shield is Plouffe's invention and protection against future bombs. It is portable, blast-proof (so is the window). Behind it, he can work in relative safety.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STANLEY TRETICK

Pierre Schneider, 19, planted bombs in mailboxes.



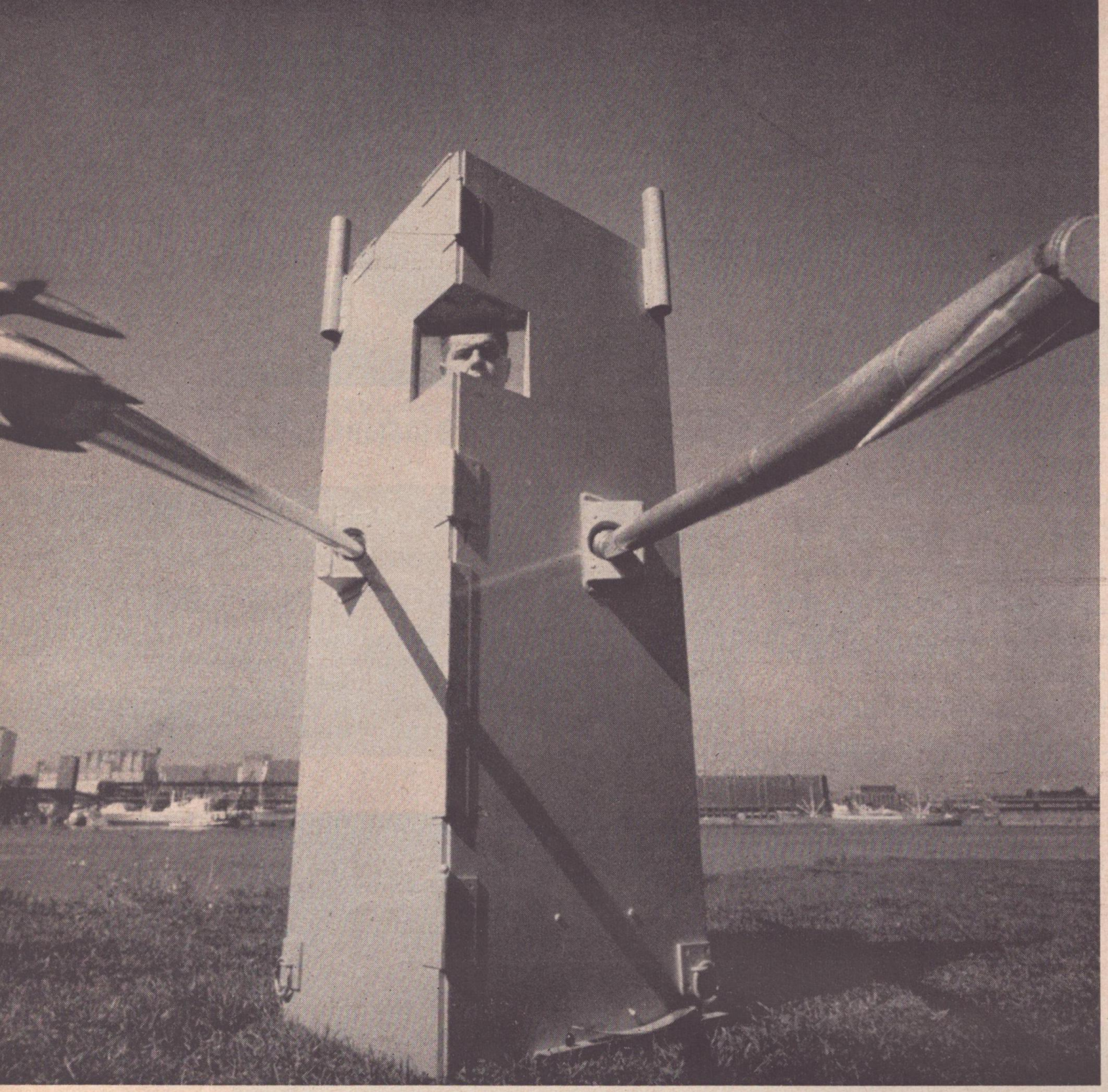
Gabriel Hudon, 21, one of three FLQ ringleaders, made the bomb that killed a night watchman.

Alain Brouillard, 18, social-science student at University of Montreal, blabbed names of FLQ leaders.

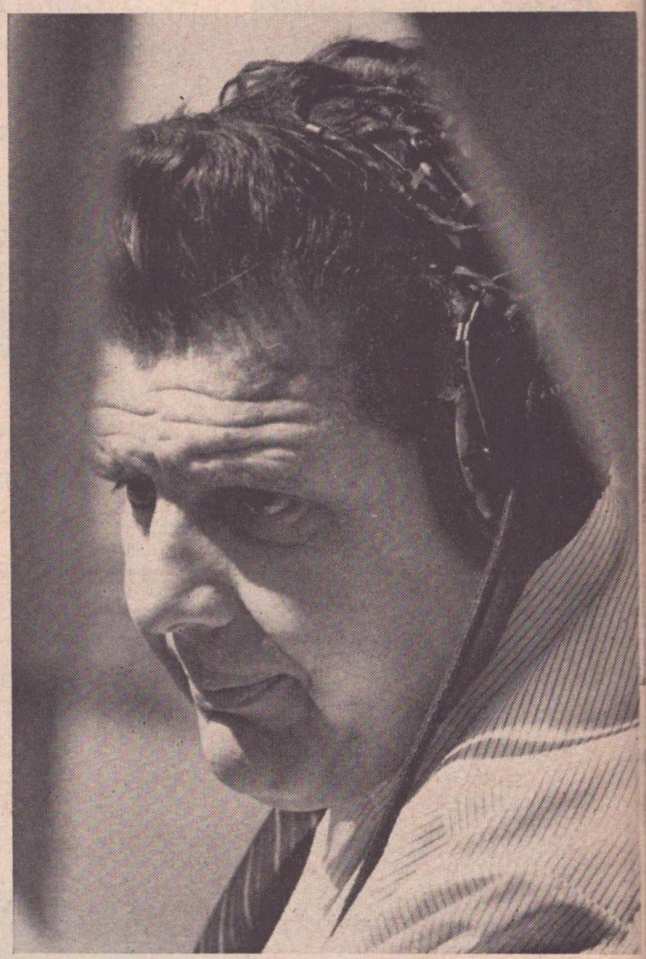
revolt

Miraculously, Sergeant Plouffe dismantled dozens of bombs set by young terrorists, was unscathed. Army Sgt. Maj. Walter Leja had less luck. On May 17, five mailboxes blew in the English suburb of Westmount. Trying to deactivate a still ticking bomb, Leja was maimed by a blast.

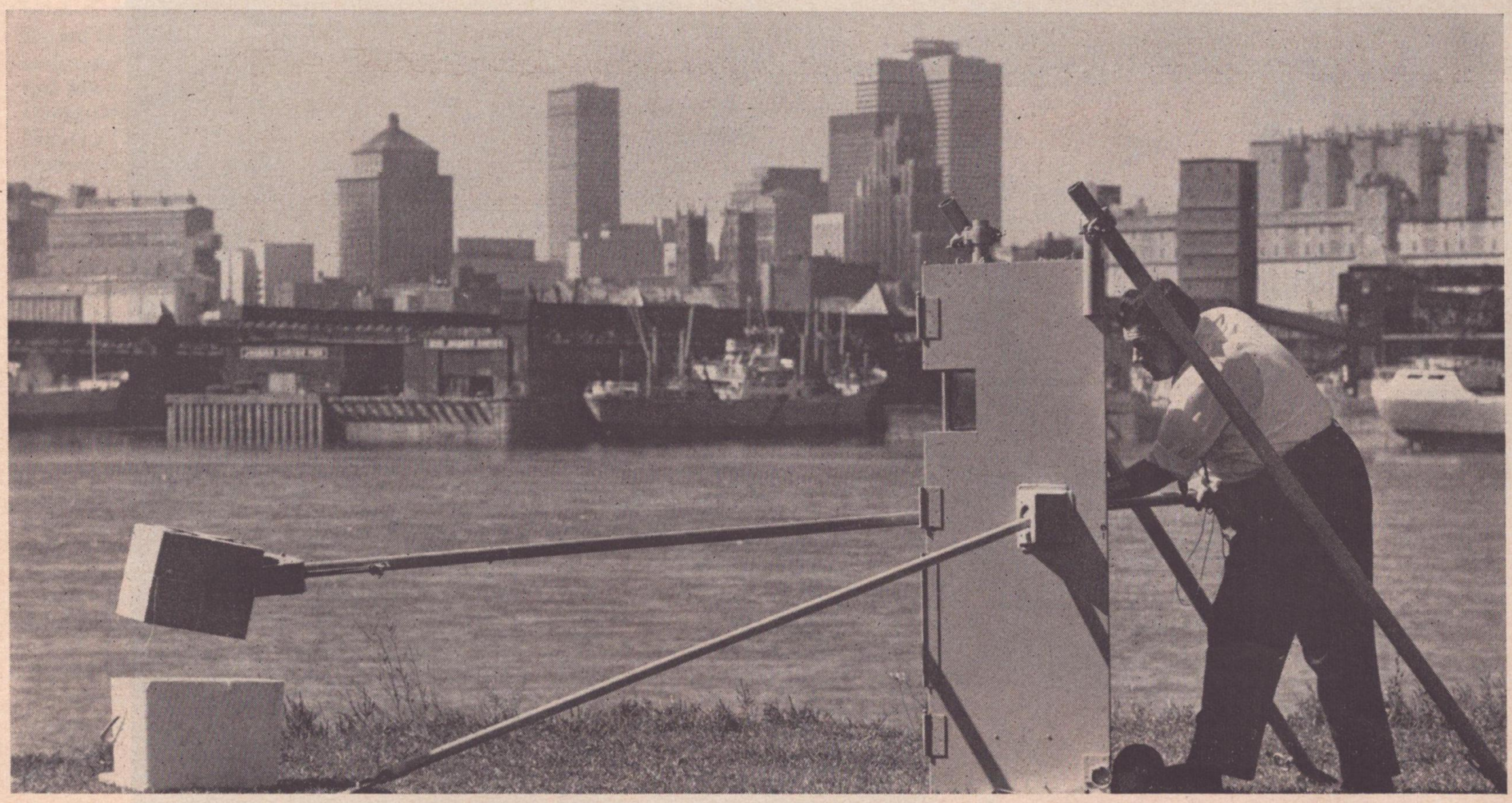
"Dismantling bombs



Six sticks of dynamite—more than an ordinary bomb load—scarcely nicked Plouffe's shield when exploded just eight feet away in experiments. Here, he works its "movable" arms. The weird-looking left claw can clutch a bomb. The right can puncture any suspicious package and pour in freezing liquid nitrogen.



Plouffe is the crime-lab expert other police call when faced with nasty problems—like mad snipers. This year, the problem was dynamite.



Warns Plouffe: His hasty novel inventions are no "final solution to the problem of handling nonmilitary explosives." But they're an improvement on the pocketknife. Protected by the shield, he grasps a "bomb" with a clamped arm (also wired with a mike that hears its ticking heartbeat). Into a plain $1.89 ice-cooler, filled with liquid nitrogen, he dumps the dynamite. In minutes, it will turn chalky.

with a knife, I had a better idea: Why not deepfreeze them?"

dismantled 24 sticks of dynamite lashed to the city's $2,000,000 television tower. There were also threats to blow up the Ottawa hotels in which the NATO foreign ministers were staying.

Behind the lunacy of the bombs, however, lay something more serious—and Plouffe sensed it. "I knew I wasn't up against corner punks or professional gangsters." Plouffe and the Montreal police were up against the extremists of French Canada's latest onsurge of nationalism. The bombers may have been crackpots, but they did echo certain national sentiments.

For the past few years, a small (5,000) but vocal new wave of nonviolent "separatists" has clamored for a Quebec "independent" from English Canada. Their motto: "*Québec Oui, Ottawa Non.*" The cry echoes history—*Québecois*, nationalist to a man, have since colonial days bitterly resented "domination" of the Canadian economy and government by the English and felt their French language and culture menaced. The separatists have crusaded with pamphlets and rallies and hotly disavowed the bombing "radicals."

On April 20, it was Plouffe's ghoulish task to pick up the shattered body of the bombers' first victim, W. V. O'Neill, a night watchman at a Royal Canadian Army recruiting center. O'Neill was blown to bits when dynamite cached in a garbage can exploded in his face.

May 17 was Montreal's—and Plouffe's—blackest day. Before dawn, five bombs blew up mailboxes in the chic, largely English suburb of Westmount; others ticked away ominously, awaiting dismantling. Army Sgt. Maj. Walter Leja, bomb-disposal expert, had finally been called to help the overworked Plouffe. He "neutralized" two mailbox bombs; the third blasted off his arm, smashed in his chest, pierced an eye and left him hopelessly maimed. That day, Leo Plouffe broke down and wept with rage.

The alarmed city of Montreal by now had offered a $10,000 reward for information leading to capture of the FLQ. The Quebec Provincial Government added another $50,000.

All through this ordeal, Plouffe, who is something of a scientific wizard and practical inventor crossed with cop (17 years on the force), wondered: Why, in this age of political violence and guerrilla war, hadn't scientists, who can concoct sophisticated missiles, found some way to cope with plain terrorist bombs? Some big-city bomb-squad members work in Frankenstein-style suits of armor that weigh 74 pounds (the helmet almost 10) and hamper mobility; their leather gloves offer no protection against explosives.

"Seeking scientific solutions, sometimes it's best to let your mind wander," says the sergeant detective. His mind, between alarms, wandered to a remark made by his father-in-law, an old-fashioned "bush" prospector. Mining in 40-degrees-below-zero weather, he had had to "warm" frozen dynamite sticks on his camp stove to make them blow. Plouffe reasoned: Why not reverse the process and "freeze" the danger out of dynamite? But what could do it in minutes—seconds?

The answer was liquid nitrogen, 324 degrees below zero, which he got from the Canadian branch of the French corporation Liquidaire. A tulip dipped into N_2 quickly freezes so solid it shatters like glass. In experiments at Liquidaire's Montreal lab, Plouffe tested N_2 on every element in the ordinary bomb. The alarm clock stopped in two minutes 18 seconds; the flashlight battery "froze" in two minutes; dynamite was neutralized in eight; the detonator disintegrated.

Still, he thought, even *approaching* a ticking bomb is deadly dangerous. Why not approach behind protection, say, a blast-proof "shield," detached from the body and portable enough to be carried into an office building?

Working from Plouffe's rough plywood models, obliging aviation experts fashioned a foldable shield of aluminum—portable at 140 pounds—pierced with a window of shatterproof glass. Two long, movable arms stretched from each side. One had a clamp for grasping the bomb and was wired with a microphone for listening to its "heartbeat."

Final experiments took place in Montreal's city dump. Six sticks of dynamite were exploded normally, eight feet from the "shield." They scarcely nicked it. Then Plouffe immersed four sticks in liquid nitrogen. Detonated, the dynamite went off with scarcely the pop of a pistol cap. John Coyle, a Liquidaire official, soon raced off to his Paris headquarters with news of Plouffe's "discovery." "Beats me," he said, "why all those clever scientists in France, during the *plastique* terror, couldn't have dreamed up this simple solution."

Plouffe claimed no miracles: "There will *never* be any ultimate weapon against bombs. Dismantling dynamite will always be dangerous. I ask the boys on my squad frankly: Are you prepared to die on your job?"

In his "spare" moments, he also dreamed up another invention that looks like a lawn mower. Previously, after a bomb had exploded, he had to crawl about on hands and knees picking up fragments as evidence. The new "vacuum cleaner" has 10 magnets that do this job for him, presto.

In June, detectives disguised as beatniks and helped by Jean Jacques Lanciault, an informer from FLQ ranks, finally nabbed 21 suspects (18 later faced charges of active terrorism). Reporters were stunned to find they were French-Canadian teenagers mostly—students or white-collar workers "like kids you might see huddled over a table at the back of an arty café, carefully sipping the house's most inexpensive wine and arguing the philosophy of Sartre. They appear hardly capable of punching someone in anger, let alone tipping a metropolis to the brink of fear." Though the eldest, 33-year-old Georges Schoeters, a Belgian, had journeyed to Cuba and was a Castro zealot, their blueprint for the FLQ terror seemed to be Algerian —set down in a book called *The Damned of the Earth*, by Frantz Fanon, a chronicle of Algerian violence against the French.

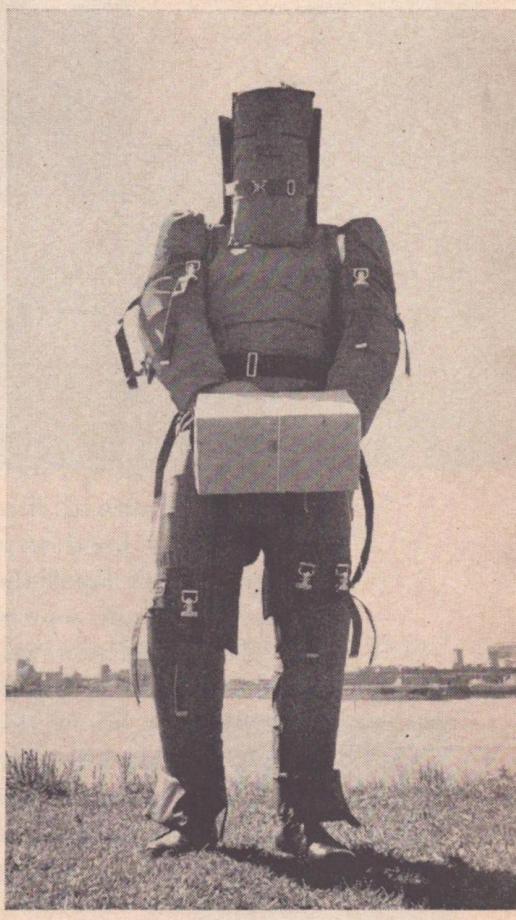
Yes, FLQ-ers said, the death of watchman O'Neill had shaken their "cells" badly—he was a French-Irish Canadian. Disabled Sergeant Major Leja, however, was dismissed as an English "colonial" working for a "occupying army."

For adversary Plouffe, curiously, they had respect, even affection. In one clandestine meeting before their arrest, to plot a new "operation," they had worried not only because public sympathy for the valiant sergeant detective was swelling, but because he was a "very sympathetic man."

"We must," said one incredibly naïve young bomber, "convince him to cease doing this dangerous work . . . in our next bulletin to the public, we should advise him *officially* not to touch bombs placed by the FLQ. I believe Plouffe is probably the most courageous man in the entire police corps." Half jokingly, before being carted off to the clink, an FLQ-er declared, "We even thought of asking Plouffe to join our ranks, since he's such a great explosives expert!"

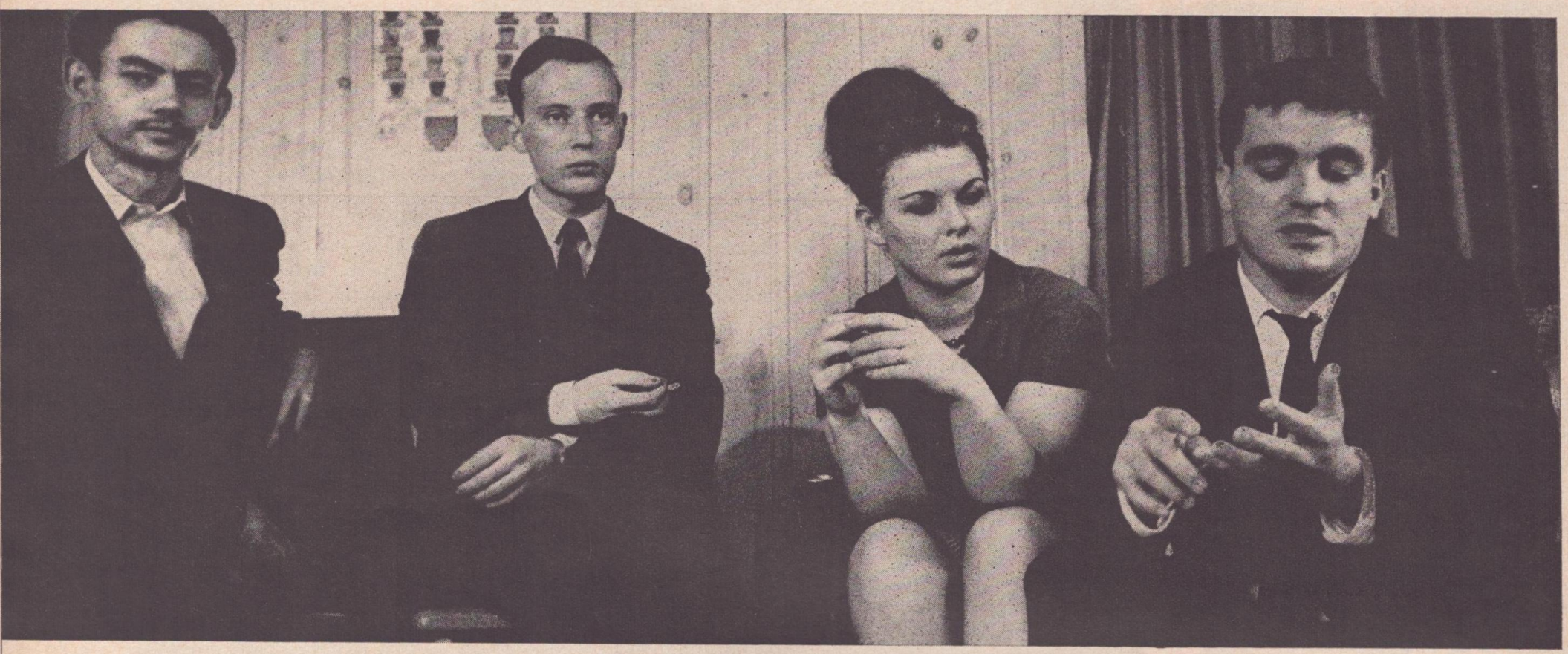
Two ironic postscripts to the story: a Montreal English artist and pacifist, John Spendlove, whose Westmount home had been damaged by the mailbox bombs, put up $10,500 bail money for one FLQ suspect, Georges Schoeters's wife. Plouffe's sole reward, over and above his $6,700-a-year policeman's salary: He is being recommended for the Order of the British Empire, for bravery during last spring's ordeal.

The FLQ swears it will rise again, but meantime Plouffe has gone back to working on his master's thesis in criminology at the University of Montreal. Its appropriate theme: victimology. It is months overdue, but his professor grants that the sergeant detective had better things to do, like guarding a city.



Steel-plated "armor," used by big-city bomb squads, not only looks frightening, but weighs 74 pounds. How can a man do quick searches for bombs in slow motion? asks Plouffe.

Inspired by Algeria, Cuba, Israel, these teen-agers promoted Quebec "liberation" with real dynamite



For a "clandestine" group, these FLQ-ers, out on bail, were right gabby. Left to right: Eugenio Pilote, Pierre Schneider, girl nonmember, Roger Tetreault.

Impatient with slogans scrawled on walls, the boys graduated to Molotov cocktails, then on to dynamite.

Inside the FLQ: While Sergeant Plouffe and most of Quebec were trying to forget the "little *Canadienne* Algeria" that had damaged both nerves and the tourist trade, I went to Montreal's Palace of Justice to have a look at the young FLQ bombers on trial. (Thirteen confessed to acts of terrorism.) Later, I met with three, out on bail, in the home of a respectable Montreal citizen whose young son was obviously a sympathizer. On hand were two pals, one wearing a Ban the Bomb insignia in his lapel, the other a Castro 26th of July button—which seemed symbolic somehow of their mixed-up ideology.

Described soon after their arrest as "pseudo-intellectuals" and "beatniks," the FLQ-ers—who at peak strength had perhaps numbered no more than 50—were a mixed bag. Hanging about the courtroom, some wore black-leather jackets and shaggy hairdos straight out of Paris Left Bank existentialist cafés. Others looked like harried students cramming for tough exams, or the kind of young French Canadian who works at a modest job, as elevator boy, proofreader, draftsman, photographer's assistant. No wonder they baffled Montreal police, in their hunt for "outside agitators" or "subversives." Who would look for terrorists plotting in pizza joints, coffeehouses, bookshops—even the student union at the University of Montreal, where, one confessed, he once stashed dynamite in a locker?

Yet these ordinary *Québecois*, scarcely out of their teens, maimed an Army sergeant major and killed a 65-year-old watchman in a crazy attempt to hasten "independence" for Quebec with dynamite.

Their dramatics in court seemed as inexplicable as their earlier planting of homemade bombs, both real and phony. They demanded that they be tried as "prisoners of war," not common criminals. Richard Bizier, 19, hearing he'd gotten six months in the poky for taking part in the bombing of an RCAF building, cried, "Six months is too much! I must pursue my studies!" He had scooted off for St. Pierre and Miquelon, two tiny French islands off the Canadian coast, to seek "political asylum," but on second thought scooted back to face trial.

Even lawyer Guy Guérin, who defended six FLQ-ers in the name of civil liberties, was hard put to describe his clients' motives. "They wanted the attention of the world—and they got it, I suppose."

If there was any ideology behind the bombings and the bombast, it was cloudy to me after an evening with: Roger Tetreault, 23, ex-newspaperman accused of setting a bomb in Solbec Copper Mines, Ltd.; slim, blond Pierre Schneider, 19, who confessed to slipping bombs into the mailboxes of suburban Westmount, and Eugenio Pilote, 22, ex-newspaper proofreader and student. Pilote was accused—and later acquitted for lack of evidence—of throwing a Molotov cocktail at a Canadian Legion post. What did his father, who ran a small store in a town many miles north, think of his involvement with the FLQ "cause"? He approved, Pilote assured me.

"You in America never heard of our separatist movement in

continued

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Belgian-born Georges Schoeters, 33, came back from Cuba bent on "reforming" French Quebec. His wife went along on one bomb-sowing mission.

The FLQ-ers were the half-baked products of a new and yeasty mix rising in Quebec

Quebec until we placed the bombs, no?" asked Tetreault, an excitable sort. He later jumped bail and skipped to Boston instead of appearing in court for sentencing. When the cops picked him up, he claimed he was en route to New York to plead the cause of a "Free Quebec" before the United Nations.

During my clambake with the FLQ-ers, their hodgepodge arguments—vainglorious, pathetic, idealistic—made my head swim. Samples: If 40-odd new nations had gained independence since World War II, why couldn't French Quebec, with a language, culture and tradition 300 years old? Yes, they listened to French-language broadcasts beamed at Quebec from Havana, but also admired such features of the United States as social security. Violence? Would there be an Israel if the Jews hadn't used violence? Would African Tanganyika be free of the English without the Mau Mau terrorists? I pointed out that even the geography was off—the Mau Mau were Kenyans, but no matter. They'd studied the classic guerrilla texts by Cuba's "Che" Guevara, the works of Red China's Mao Tse-tung, but the Algerian rebellion against the French seemed to be their real model.

These were the boys who by last May were being tagged by officials in Ottawa the "most subversive movement in Canada today—the only one embarked on violence." They were the half-baked products of a new and yeasty mix rising in Quebec in recent years. For nearly two decades, this predominantly French-Catholic province had slumbered as the personal dukedom of Premier Maurice Duplessis, who ruled with a corrupt paternalism. (In another of their crazy analogies, the FLQ boys refer to him as "our Batista.") Then, in 1960, a Liberal premier, Jean Lesage, swept into office. Two years later, running for reelection, he hit hard with the nationalistic slogan of "Masters in Our Own House." By now French Canadians were acutely aware that the English of neighboring Ontario had become the financial overlords of Canada, while rich Quebec—more than twice as big as France—had partly by default, partly because of stubborn isolationism, let its economic resources slip into the hands of "outsiders."

Young *Québecois*, particularly in the universities, were being exposed to exciting, sometimes exotic ideas from all over the world, egged on by professors preaching a liberal nationalism.

In a sense, the FLQ was the vaguely leftist, anarchist wing of the

new "revolt." It began with heady talk of politics, separatism, socialism and poetry in the coffeehouses. For a spell, the boys listened to the speeches at the meetings of the new "separatist" parties, which preach the cause of Quebec independence by peaceful, nonviolent means. (Even when they turned terrorist, the FLQ-ers later confessed, they ground out communiqués on the duplicating machines in the party offices.) Tame stuff, decided the firebrands. They were fed up with "talk, talk, talk over coffee cups, by milksops who didn't have the guts to fight for independence." Violence—not talk in salons—would awake 5,500,000 lethargic *Québecois* to a realization that the time was ripe for independence and a social revolution.

Two books recently published in Quebec—one by a soft-spoken young Quebec journalist, Claude Savoie, 21, who went to school with some of the young plotters—purport to give an inside view of what went on in the FLQ.

Perhaps never was a clandestine "terrorist" movement organized so naïvely and amateurishly. "Suicide-commando" squads and new "cells" were recruited by one ringleader, Raymond Villenueve, 19, partly from the ranks of his old school chums. Among other things, they were asked (1) if they were anti-Fascist; (2) willing to die for their country; (3) of nervous disposition; (4) had a car. Gabriel Hudon, 21, a young draftsman—who seems to have been the real "brain"—made most of the bombs, and casually toted them in an airplane bag on buses. Arrested in his home, he led detectives to a bumper cache of dynamite, stashed in a shed, and bade his startled mother good-bye with a "Good-bye, Ma—until 1967" (the year Canada will celebrate the 100th anniversary of its confederation, by which time Hudon presumed he and Quebec would "be free").

Third ringleader was Georges Schoeters, 33, economist, who had been an off-and-on student at the University of Montreal. In 1959, he'd been fired by a speech made by Fidel Castro on a visit to the University, and went to Cuba at Fidel's invitation. No, he told stunned police, he hadn't been nervous about leaving 300 sticks of dynamite in his small apartment—where his two young children played.

Stealing the first dynamite was simple. The commandos took a taxi to a new subway construction site in Montreal, and a 10-year-old boy accomplice pinched it for them. Once, between planning new "operations," a batch of FLQ-ers took time off to demonstrate for nuclear disarmament and against the acquisition of nuclear arms by Canada at a Ban the Bomb rally in Montreal.

They never really meant to hurt anybody, they insisted—that's why they concocted as many phony bombs as real ones, and always phoned the press and police beforehand, to alert them to the "danger." One communiqué proclaimed that the FLQ would never attack "hospitals, churches, schools or endanger the lives of innocents"—only federal institutions, the "symbols of colonialism." In their communiqués, they would rattle on and on that 80 percent of the Quebec economy was controlled by "foreign interests," that French Canadians who did the work had to ride buses, while the *Anglophone* bosses drove Cadillacs and siphoned off the profits.

What seemed to irk them most were things emotional—the playing of *God Save the Queen* on radio and TV, the flying of the British Union Jack. That in booming, busy Montreal—French Canada's industrial heart—a *Québecois* had to "speak white" (English) to get ahead in companies run by *Anglophones* was insufferable. For them, Mounties were no heroes, à la Nelson Eddy movies, but an "occupying colonial army."

If any one thing ignited them, it was a luckless remark made by Donald Gordon, president of the Canadian National Railways, which enraged many *Québecois*. No CNR vice-president was a French Canadian, he admitted, because he hadn't run across one with the right professional qualifications. An effigy of Monsieur Gordon was burned in the heart of Montreal. That gave budding FLQ-ers the idea that perhaps violent, dramatic action of some sort would be more rousing than scrawling slogans like "*Québec Libre*" on walls.

Once the novices graduated from Molotov cocktails to dynamite, however, the machine they created got out of control and drove them to ever bolder, more senseless actions. "I think the boys were secretly

continued

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(See page 67) 1–Linus Pauling. 2–Gen. George C. Marshall. 3–Frank B. Kellogg. 4–Pearl Buck. 5–Ernest Hemingway. 6–Ralph Bunche. 7–John Steinbeck. 8–William Faulkner. 9–Harold Urey. 10–Eugene O'Neill.

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Panic broke out in the "cells" when a bomb killed a watchman

glad to be caught," said the mother of journalist Roger Tetreault. "They were getting in too deep—they couldn't stop. They were scared to death, frankly." One FLQ cell began trying to outdo the next in feats of derring-do. Private-enterprisers in one cell, not bothering to check with "leaders," went to work in a motel making their own bombs, using pocket watches instead of $2.89 alarm clocks. The leaders set up a revolutionary tribunal to discipline the mavericks—a member who blabbed too much, for example, was shipped to a hideout in the country to cool off.

What shook them out of their bravado was the dynamite killing of night watchman W. V. O'Neill, their first victim. Hudon had originally made the explosive charge to blow up—he said later—the statue of Canada's first Prime Minister, Sir John A. MacDonald, in Dominion Square. Villenueve, the "recruiter" of cells and suicide-commandos, called two new members, one a shipping clerk, and asked if they were willing to plant a bomb so that Quebec's people "would cease to suffer." They were. The boys found just too "many people and police" milling around Dominion Square, to plant anything. What to do with it? Casually spotting a stronghold of the "enemy"—an Army Recruiting Center right on fashionable Sherbrooke Street—they parked it there. On his way to Mass, next morning, one of the planters learned he'd actually helped kill a man.

Some FLQ-ers panicked then and there, and wanted "out" from this suddenly dangerous sport. It was all right to topple statues and menace "traitors," but killing an innocent watchman was something else. How could you hope to rally Quebec workers for an idealistic social revolution by blowing up an honest workingman? The "militants" argued that in real revolutions, innocent people sometimes are killed. (Shortly afterward, they planned another operation to win back the sympathy of "workingmen" by bombing the offices of a mining company, which had been embroiled in a strike.)

In the public uproar that followed, the distinguished French editor André Laurendeau in *Le Devoir* called the killing a "bestial crime." O'Neill, he said, "was an anonymous night watchman who symbolized nothing. It was a crime without courage; the FLQ sends bombs like those people who send anonymous letters. True courage is not to explode bombs; it is symbolized in Gandhi. These terrorists act in the name of French-Canadian nationalism. They have done their best to dishonor it."

The strangest theory about the FLQ came from Marcel Chaput, a veteran separatist, who suspected it was all a plot by the English to discredit the cause of Quebec's independence.

The cops finally caught up with the bombers, after a tip-off from a new FLQ recruit who liked to travel in high style on credit cards, had trouble paying his bills and doubtless was attracted by the fat $60,000 in rewards posted by Montreal and the Quebec Provincial Government. (His current whereabouts, goes the rumor, Paris.)

The crown prosecutor and the judge faced a dilemma unique in French-Canadian history. There were no precedents for trying "political terrorists." If the boys' sentences were too stiff, they might become the "martyrs" they craved to be. If the sentences were light, other young hotheads, rightist as well as leftist, might be encouraged to enter the bomb business and harass Sergeant Plouffe once again.

In October, the ringleaders, Hudon and Villenueve, got 12 years; Schoeters, 10. Somehow, even the ending of this wave of violence was kooky. As bomb-maker Hudon, about to be sentenced, got set to make a patriotic statement, a blast shook the courthouse. It even shook him into silence. Turns out, however, that the blast was made by workmen on a construction site near the courthouse.

The terrorist "movement" had run full cycle. Or had it?

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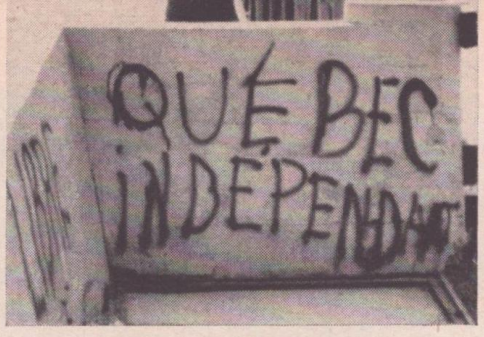

Suddenly, Quebec is caught up in a revolution of ideas–creative and troublesome

REPORTS OF FLQ excesses overshadow more fundamental news from Quebec. I kept hearing about a new, serious "silent revolution" percolating in French Canada. What about it?

"Frankly, even five years ago, this was a rather boring place to live," confessed Dr. Guy Nadeau, an exuberant and very Gallic biochemist at Quebec City's Laval University. "I thought one day of retiring to Paris. Now, I wouldn't leave for anything, there's so much ferment and change. Look at me—I'm up to my neck in educational TV and politics, and I serve on new scientific commissions.

"Mine is the 'intermediary generation' of men in their 40's. The bombings, I must confess, woke us up to big responsibilities. For it was talk by us professors about more 'independence' and the need for social change for regaining control of Quebec's rich resources that fired those FLQ youngsters. The intelligentsia have a patriotic duty to train these restless young people as scientists, technicians—the modern men Quebec needs. Should we be independent? Let's study the problem objectively, in terms of economics, I say, not emotionally."

After 300 years, Premier Jean Lesage has said, French Canada is emerging from "the protective shell of the Roman Catholic Church." But, to quote André Laurendeau, editor of *Le Devoir*, "English Canada still tends to think of us in old clichés as the 'priest-ridden province,' largely rural, narrowly nationalistic, even xenophobic. We did have a Gallic habit of talk, talk, talk and endless complaint, without doing anything. Ten years ago, English Canada was the creative, challenging place. A visiting Frenchman told me we seemed like 16th-century France. Now, the excitement is *here*. Our real problems are internal—so we are preoccupied with ourselves, troublesome, egocentric. When a people engages in such a big leap forward, the climate is naturally ripe for extremists and demagogues. But young *Québecois* healthily no longer want to go to Ottawa for a career, or to the States for advancement; they're staying *here*."

Aware that their province is "30 years behind the rest of Canada," a new generation is hell-bent on barging into the 20th century, fast—but, they declare vehemently, *not* as just another "assimilated province" of Canada. They are more insistent than ever that Quebec remain French in language and culture. Not for them any Canadian melting pot. Good Catholics still, they resent the Church's old influence in lay affairs and are very pro the new Bill 60, which proposes that greater control over public education be given to the government. And a new breed of reform-minded clergy agree. The arts flourish; dazzling new skyscrapers dominate the skyline of Montreal. Universities once concentrated on "classical studies," turning out lawyers, priests, doctors. Now, students take courses ranging from engineering to industrial relations at the University of Montreal.

There, I talked to a group of articulate and passionately involved young student leaders. Their opinions: "The younger generation doesn't suffer from the old inferiority complexes of French Canadians. The separatist leaders seem too bitter to us, hashing over past grievances, ridden by the psychology of a 'conquered people.' We can hold our own with the English on equal terms—we're not just senti-

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mentally French Canadian, but competent to run our own affairs. . . . We're tired of the status quo. Nineteen sixty-seven is our deadline for a new deal. Canada's confederation in 1867 was supposed to be a pact between two equal peoples, the French and the English. But why should only 10 percent of Quebec's riches be controlled by French Canadians—even if it happened by default? Why in our own province must we be bilingual to get ahead, when the English who've lived in Montreal for years don't bother to learn French?"

Some of these young people were off shortly on a new kind of patriotic pilgrimage, to see a huge dam in the north built mostly, they said with pride, by young French-Canadian engineers. The host was to be their national hero, René Lévesque, Minister of Natural Resources, who less than a year ago nationalized Quebec's 11 power companies and absorbed them into Quebec Hydro.

"It's a matter of nerves," said editor Laurendeau, diagnosing the fresh tensions between French and English Canada. He serves on a new "bicultural" commission exploring ways to settle the differences. The impatient students scorned it as "tokenism," as they did other recent moves by the federals in Ottawa. "Sure, there are now even bilingual menus on the railroads and in the Parliament restaurant," said one girl, "but you still have to order in English!"

The matter of "nerves" crops up constantly. A young Montreal attorney—bilingual—recalls playing a hockey match in Ottawa some years ago and being asked, jokingly, to "speak white, Frenchie." *Québecois* until recently, claims Guy Nadeau, had to take civil-service exams in English. After protest, they were translated into French, but the questions were still irritatingly English, like: "Name three famous Anglo-American poets."

Fiery separatist leader Marcel Chaput preaches that only through independence can French Canada remedy such old faults as "sloppy speech, touchy pride, our inferiority complex. . . . English

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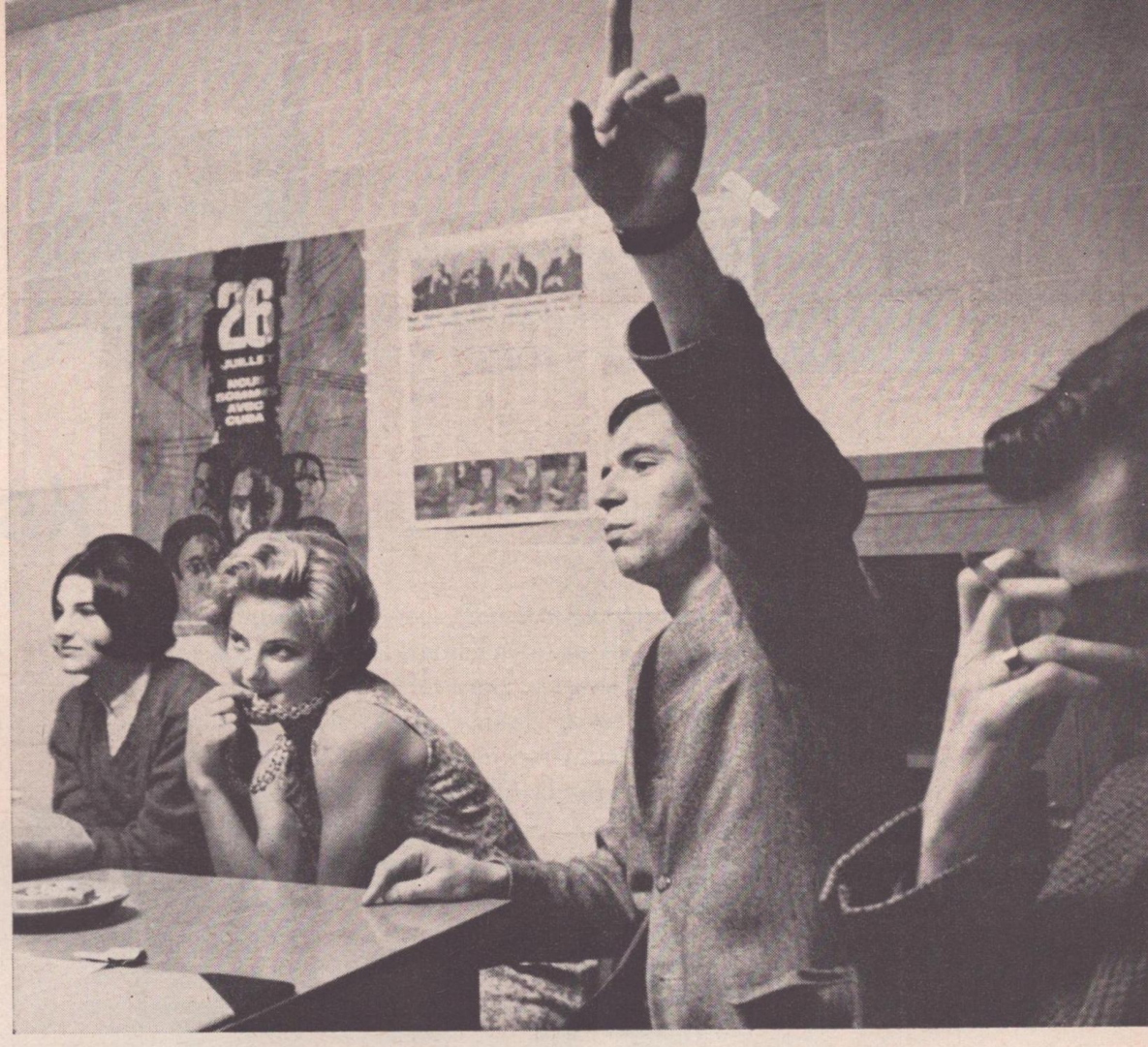

A new breed of Québecois—*students at the University of Montreal—argue endlessly about the new nationalism. Ronald Montcalm, here, declares "the younger generation doesn't suffer from the old French-Canadian complexes. We're better trained; we can negotiate with the English on equal terms."*

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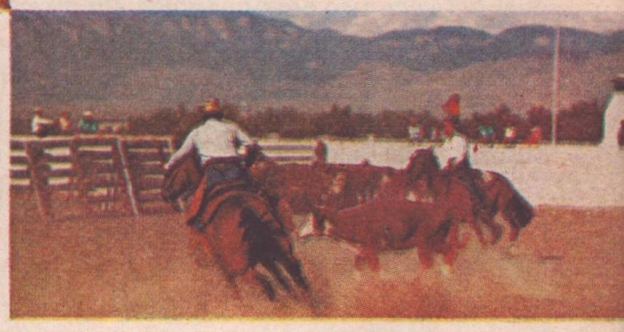

Nothing was spared (including the horses!) Oldsmobile's spanking new F-85 Cutlass puts together more well-bred horses than you'll find at a bronc-bust! 290 of 'em (that's 95 more than ever before) teamed with a new variable-vane Jetaway transmission* that puts satin to shame for smoothness. Your choice of three Cutlass models—new hardtop Holiday Coupe, a Sports Coupe and a Convertible—all with bucket seats as standard equipment. Isn't it time you headed for your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer's . . . and put your brand on a Cutlass? **Optional at extra cost*

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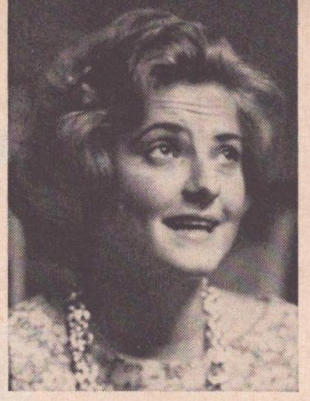
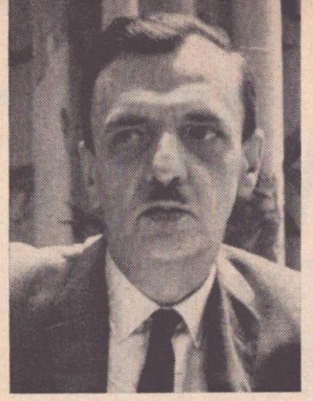
Separatist leader André d'Allemagne: "I wasn't attracted to nationalist movements 10 years ago—they were reactionary. Our new party is liberal."



Law student Luce Dionne: "I'm not a separatist because I don't think 'independence' is practical. But young people want change."



Editor André Laurendeau: "There's tremendous excitement bubbling in every field. We're self-critical, egocentric—but in a creative sense."

The Nationalists speak out...

has become the language of labor and thought for the majority of French-Canadian workers. French is becoming a 'folklore' language." Still, for the past year, announcements of plane arrivals and departures at Montreal's airport have been in English *and* French.

André d'Allemagne, 33, vice-president of RIN (Rally for National Independence), the largest separatist movement, majored in linguistics at McGill University, then went to Ottawa for three years to work as a translator in Parliament. Nationalism then had no appeal for him, he says, because it was "run largely by a reactionary clergy, anxious to keep out foreign influence. Some of it was emotional and racial—anti-English and anti-Semitic too. The new brand is 'liberal,' standing for greater control over Quebec resources—not socialism, but perhaps a mixed economy, Scandinavian style. We want a unilingual French-speaking nation, *outside* of confederation. We'd deal with English Canada as we now do with . . . the U. S. We're not anti-English. We admire their tradition of fair play, their justice. But we do resent the fact that they run the Army, the diplomatic corps—that they determine our foreign policy and dominate Parliament."

Quebec's persnickety new nationalism may be a pain in the neck to the nine English provinces. But it makes fat headlines in France, which has scarcely paid attention to its lost colony for 200 years. French journalists jet to Montreal to report on the resurgent Gallic spirit. Gen. Charles de Gaulle himself, promoter of French *grandeur*, is naturally delighted. Leaders in both French and English Canada were shocked when his visiting cultural minister, André Malraux, said that Montreal was "France's second city." What's more, he urged *Québecois* to join France in building "the next civilization together." Was he encouraging separatism, and perhaps union with France? Later, he crawfished and said he was only promoting cultural ties.

Today, not many responsible *Québecois* would actually favor secession, which would fracture Canada. "I know if we became independent, living standards would probably go down, and I like my comforts too much," said a practical workingman. Premier Lesage, in a TV interview, said that, realistically, Quebec wasn't strong enough economically for separatism, and by the time it was, "we won't be interested anymore." Ironically, this man, who helped arouse national pride with his campaign slogan, "Masters in Our Own House," and demands for greater autonomy, now finds himself riding a tiger.

END

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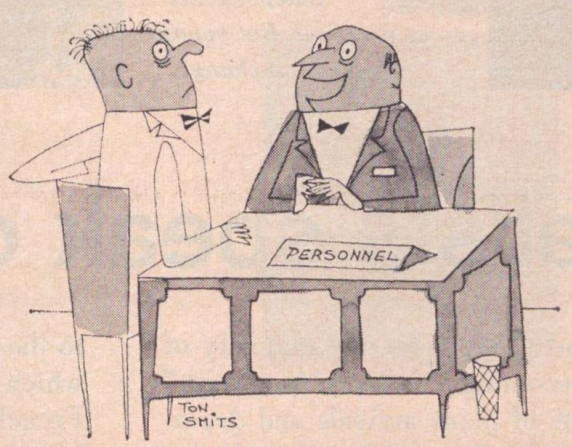

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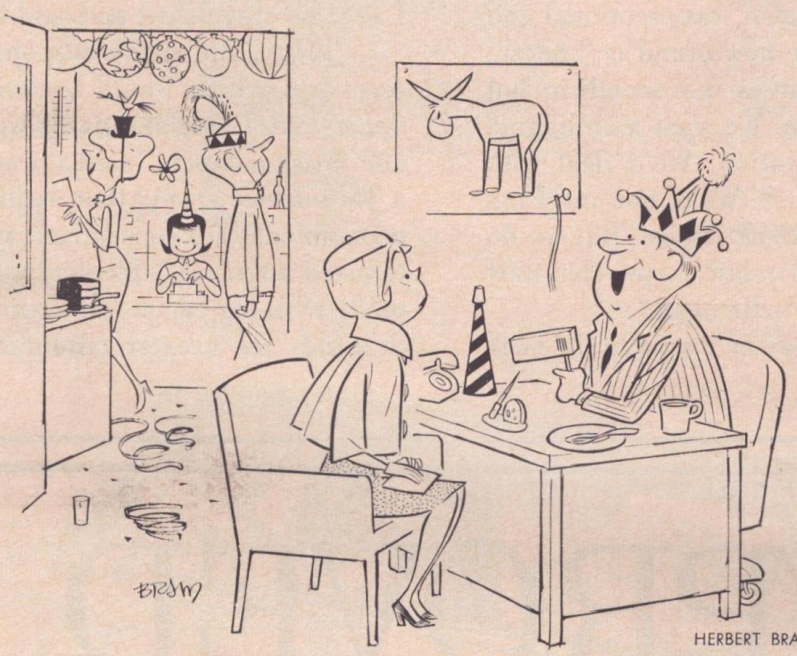

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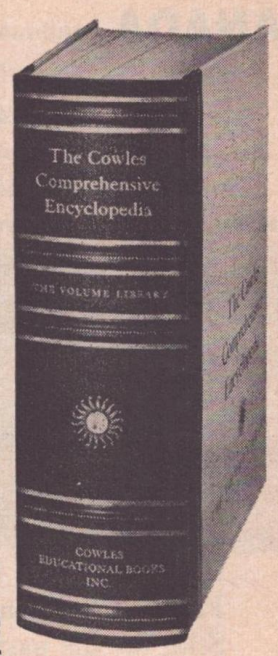
"I had hoped, Lathrop, that you would grow with the firm."



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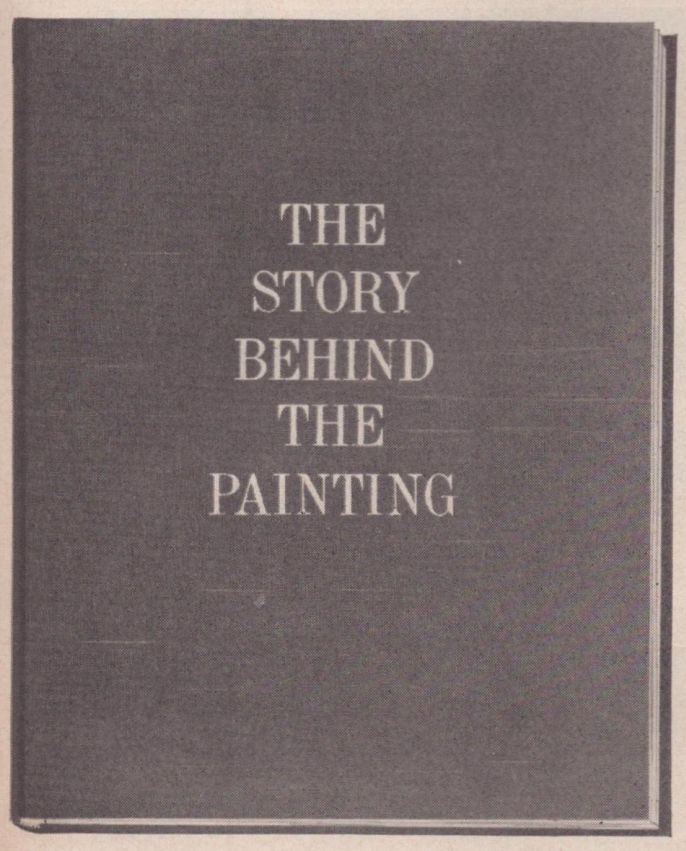
FROM THE EDITORS OF LOOK

The one art book that belongs in every family library



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Leo Rosten, Ph.D., writer, lecturer and Special Editorial Advisor to LOOK. Author of "The Education of Hyman Kaplan" and the recent best seller, "Captain Newman, M.D.," Dr. Rosten is winner of the Freedoms Foundation Award, the George Polk Memorial Award and many others.

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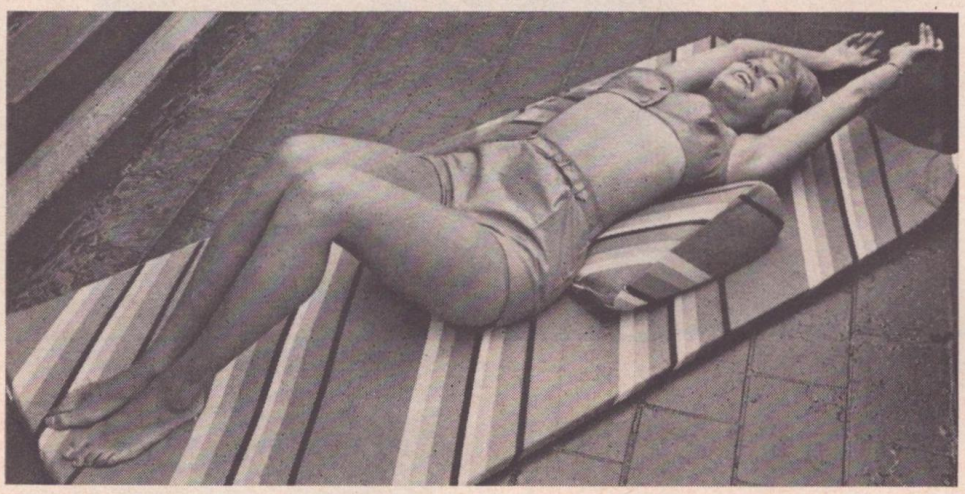
FOR WOMEN ONLY

Pillows—an ancient household staple—come in a greater variety of shapes and fabrics, and are used for more purposes, than ever. So says New York's Mona Fisher, who designed many of the pillows shown here. Below: Kerstin Jonsson, Sweden's representative in this year's Miss Universe Contest, keeps trim on B. F. Goodrich's foam-rubber "Personal Fitness Mat and Pillow," which come with illustrated exercise booklet by health expert Debbie Drake.

Pillow puffs: decorative, healthful, artful

A foam-rubber cushion, the "Dual Thermo-Cyclopad," has two massage motors that soothe aching muscles and a heating element for warmth.



Miss Sweden keeps in shape by exercising on a foam-rubber mat and pillow set.

In Washington, D. C., a service named "Fluff 'n Puff" is devoted to dry-cleaning and refurbishing pillows. Among the objects found in customers' feathery wares: stones, corn, false teeth, a broken thermometer, chocolate bar, dead bird.

Pillow making on an art level is exemplified by the handwoven originals of Eleen Auvil (at right) of Romeo, Mich. Her decorative collection, embellished with shaggy centers and fringes, ranges in price from $10 to $100. The pillows are available at Manhattan's America House, where Mrs. Auvil will have a one-woman show of her woven works this winter.

For the deft amateur: A pillow-making booklet from the Singer Sewing Machine Co., priced at 25 cents, contains lessons, with detailed sketches, for executing a variety of designs.

Designer shows her collectors' items.

Baby-pillow bonus: This classic infant's accessory can accompany a girl through life as a portable personal headrest for car, train and airplane travel.

A pyramid, one of the world's oldest shapes, enchants an adventurous newcomer.

Inspiration for pillow shapes rises from many sources, including ancient Egypt. The four-piece floor pillow set above, which so intrigues the smiling, year-old baby girl, is appropriately labeled "Pyramid." Even the fabric—a flagstone-motif brocade—in this $40 tassel-topped Countess York, Ltd., creation is woven to resemble ancient stones.

Eight years ago, a small yachting-pillow factory opened in Richmond, Ind. Today, the greatly enlarged firm—Nettle Creek Industries—produces 80,000 diversified pillows a month, ranging from fancy decorator versions covered with Mexican net to captain's chair seat pads.

Teen-agers on a fling: A clutch of new cushions enlivens the classic pillow fight.

The old-fashioned pillow fight gets updated (above) with a group of unusual specimens, priced $3 to $50. Included are a small lace-trimmed "Breast Rest," which gives bosom comfort during sleep; a snake-skin cushion for lounge lizards (exclusive with Henri Bendel in Manhattan); a urethane-foam-filled, phony-pony pillow; a "Beau Knot" neck-rest; a pair of hand-screened prints inspired by rare antique porcelain.

END

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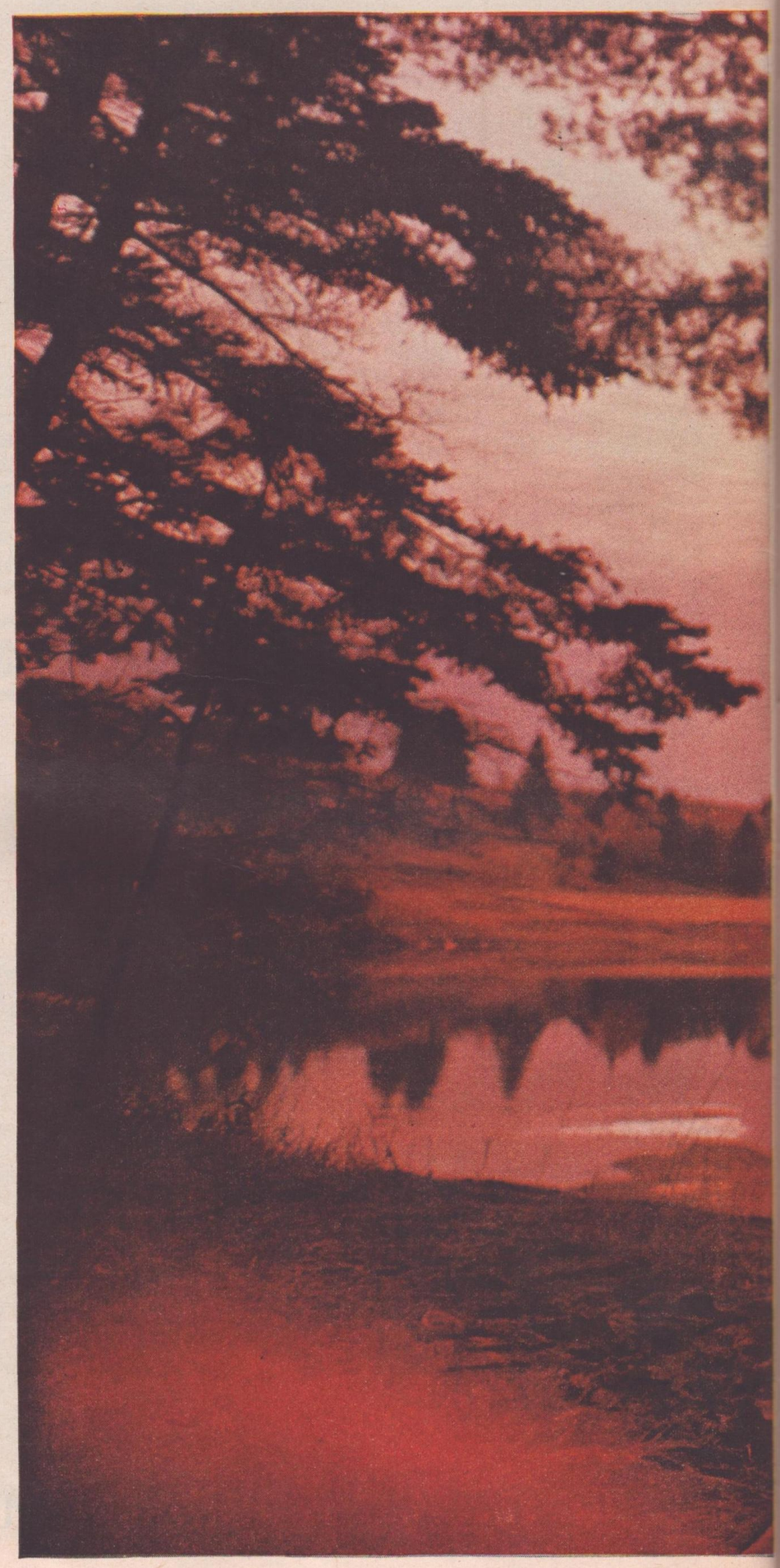


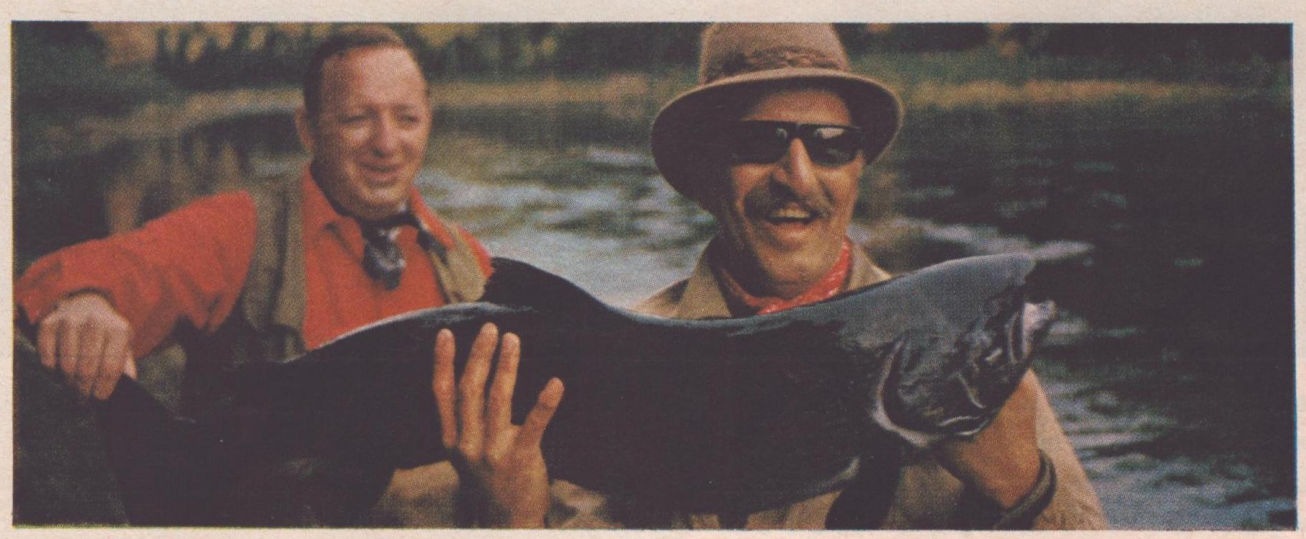
Discriminating hunter-cooks
seek out the bounty of
Canada's fertile woods and waters

FOR GAME

THE CANADIAN WILDS exert a powerful lure on sportsmen. Migratory and local game birds and elusive salmon draw the hunting and angling elite. In September, LOOK followed New York hunting buffs Suren Ermoyan and Arnold Copeland to untamed New Brunswick country. There, at Doctor's Island in Blackville, a hideaway owned by retired advertising-art representative Paul O'Haire, they and other businessmen on holiday arise before dawn for long days in the woods and rivers. In the rugged Blacklands of towering spruce and dense pine (opposite), birds, deer and big bear are plentiful. A typical day's bag (above) of black mallards, green-winged teals and partridge promises later excitement in the kitchen. For fishing triumphs, the winding Miramichi River mirrors hills and moors, hides the true temptation of this majestic country—the salmon. Turn the page for the "kill" and the cook.

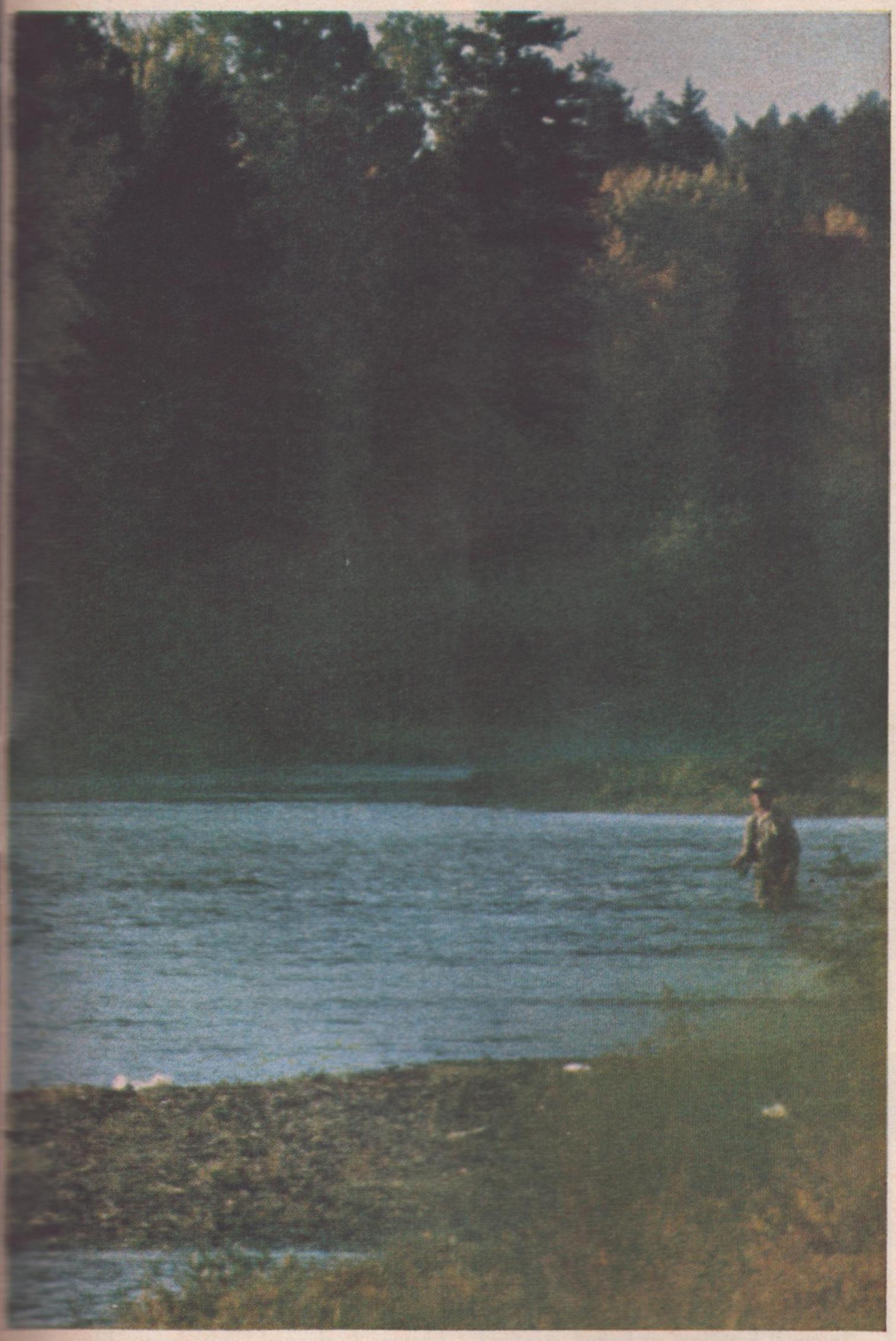
PRODUCED BY MARILYN KAYTOR PHOTOGRAPHED BY DOUGLAS KIRKLAND

New Brunswick salmon is an exhilarating reward for patient anglers



What angler wouldn't smile? Gleeful Suren Ermoyan finds the fish he caught in Mersereaux Rocks hole worth every moment of anticipation.

Weighing in at 28 pounds, this 41-inch whopper fought for 3¼ hours after he took the first bite. In "me next" supporting role: Arnold Copeland.



Grand finale to a hunting holiday, a game dinner: mallards tended in port; braised partridge with crab apples; salmon poached in court bouillon.

Patience is the key to success in salmon fishing. To get a nibble from a prize-sized fish might take from an hour to a week; to bring him in—to make a "kill," as the catch is called—up to four hours. Beginning early in the morning, as mist steams off the shallow fish-fertile "holes" (above, left), until late-evening dusk, anglers unrelinquishingly hope for a tug at the line, a big boy, and the give and take of landing him. Beyond the thrill of a haul is the eating. For these indefatigable fishermen cook well too. Planked and fired for lunch, like the grilse (left) at river edge, or smoked to take home, Canadian salmon offers the finest in cooking and dining. A big-game dinner signals curfew for the happy hunters who dream not of returning to a city pace. For Doctor's Island specialties, see recipes on the following page.

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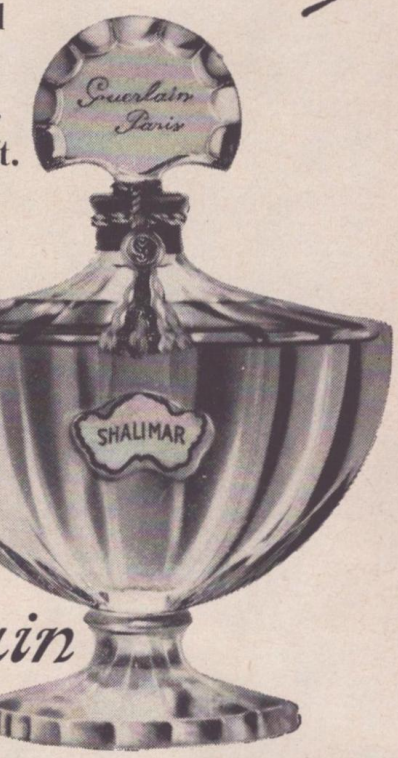

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For game buffs only: four wildfowl and fish recipes, hunter style

Doctor's Island hunters know their game and how to cook it. They employ patience in the kitchen, as in the fields and streams. These tips, gathered from experienced hands, are good guide rules to game cookery. They also apply to domestically grown wild game, which is milder in flavor and more tender in structure.

Birds-in-feather should be dry-plucked, drawn and hung at 35-40°F.: ducks, 1-2 days; partridge, 3-4. Hanging game develops flavor and tenderizes the meat. Other tenderizing assists: wine marinade or lemon juice, or meat tenderizer if used sparingly. To mitigate fishy or gamy bird flavor, add onion and apple to the marinade or to the body cavity during roasting. To keep meat moist and tender, lard with salt pork or bacon (or cover during roasting). Roast at high temperature and to blood-rare, or cook by moist heat. Baste with dry or sweet wines or cognac, fruit liqueurs, cordials, tart jams or jellies. Cut birds with poultry shears, allowing one per person and a casual dining procedure.

Game salmon are easy to cook, but also require patience, love of fish and a careful choice of compatible seasonings, flavorings and sauces. At Doctor's Island, salmon is poached in court bouillon, or baked, steamed or sauced. Another technique—a favorite of the anglers—is gentle home-smoking, in apple- or maple-wood smokehouses. Following: the best-of-the-lodge recipes. To complete a game dinner, add dry red wine, rice, biscuits, honey, cheese and fruit.

SALMON POACHED IN COURT BOUILLON: Add to a deep pan 2 each cut yellow onions, small carrots, stalks celery, 4 stalks parsley, 1 cut lemon, 6 cups water, 2 bottles dry white wine, 2 bay leaves, 12 crushed peppercorns, 4 teaspoons salt. Cover; simmer 15 minutes. Wrap a 4-5-pound salmon (or piece from large fish) with cheesecloth. Place on buttered rack in pan. Cover loosely; simmer 35-45 minutes for whole fish, or until done. Lift salmon out to platter; remove cheesecloth. Garnish with lemon, carrots. Serve with lemon butter. Serves 10-12 as appetizer.

ROASTED WILD BLACK MALLARD DUCKS: Rub cavities of wild black mallard ducks (about 1½ pounds each) with salt, pepper; add to cavities pieces of cut orange, apple, onion. Skewer openings; tie legs. Place on V-shaped rack with cut onion and port wine in the roasting pan. Cover birds with overlapping bacon slices. Roast about 15 minutes at 475°F., basting 2-3 times with port wine. Remove bacon; baste well with drippings. Roast 5-10 minutes more until cooked blood-rare, or rare. Reserve pan drippings. Crispen skins under broiler. Flambé with cognac. Garnish with oranges and grapes and serve with sauce. Each bird serves 1.

For sauce: *Skim two thirds of fat. Blend flour into hot drippings; stir to loosen drippings in pan; brown; cook 3-4 minutes. Make sauce by adding fresh orange juice, currant jelly and port wine for body and flavor, a little lemon juice and subtle fragrance of rosemary; salt, pepper. Cook to thicken; strain.*

MARINATED ROASTED WILD BLACK MALLARD DUCKS: Place prepared ducks breast-side down in dish, ¾ covered with marinade of dry red wine, chopped carrot, onion, crushed peppercorns, salt, bay leaf. Marinate 4-6 hours; turn the last hour. Drain; dry well. Roast as given in recipe above.

PARTRIDGE, APPLES AND CABBAGE: Cook 1½ slices cut bacon in deep pan; add ¼ cup butter. Add, brown 2 cleaned, split partridges (about ¾ pound each), each floured well. Flambé with ¼ cup cognac. Add 1 cup dry red wine, 1 cup undiluted consommé, ¼ teaspoon thyme, pinch nutmeg. Cover; simmer 30 minutes. Uncover; turn birds. Add 12 small white onions, salt, pepper. Cover; simmer 30-40 minutes, or until tender. Remove game to warm platter; strain sauce; thicken with roux; add 12 butter-browned mushrooms; cook sauce down about one third. Serve game on grilled Canadian bacon with crab or tart apples sautéed in butter with sugar, steamed green cabbage. Serves 2.

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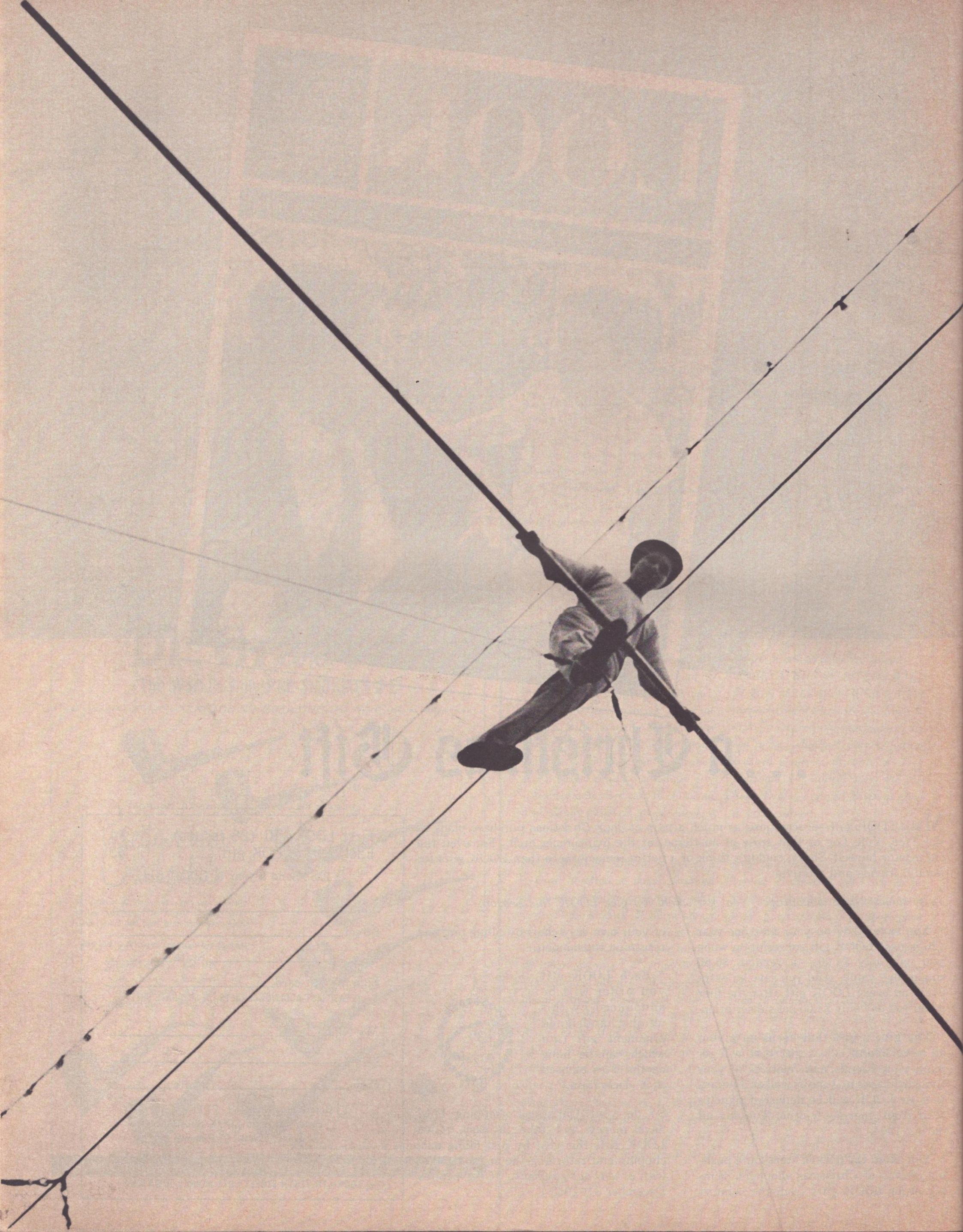

Cookie! the wonder boy

Cookie made his first trip to the high wire at age 22 months. He doesn't think his profession is dangerous. Neither does his big brother Nick, on the high wire at left. In Cookie's book, Nick is infallible.

THE RECORDED MARTIAL music trumpets scratchily. "Coo-kie! The Wun-der Boy!" intones the announcer, and 11-year-old Arturo Trostl, Jr., clambers aloft to wow the locals. First, he spins through a graceful trapeze act with his twin sister, Hedy. "The on-ly set of twins ever to pre-form on the high, si-multaneous trapeze!" Then Cookie joins his father, The Great Arturo, and brothers Nick and Pepe on the high wire. Sometimes, he just walks across the wire alone, looking frail and drawing great applause. If the wind isn't too high, he straddles a platform carried by his father and Nick, and is borne to the center of the wire. There, Cookie does a headstand. He also does the headstand act on The Great Arturo, who lies supine on the wire to support him. "Let's hear it for the wonderful Arturo family!" They slide to the ground and bow grandly. The audience slowly drifts away. To every envious boy who watched him, it's obvious that Cookie Arturo has it made. He thinks so too.

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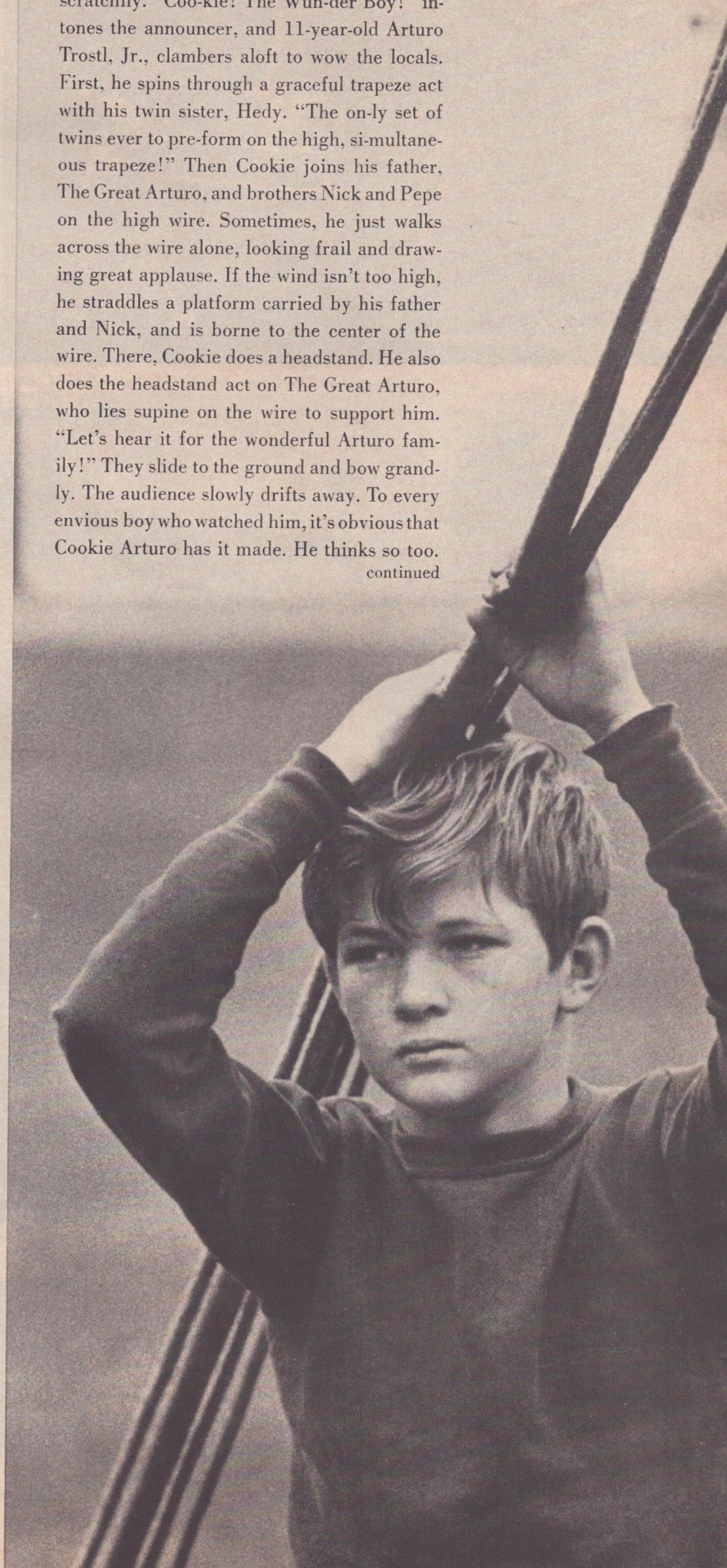

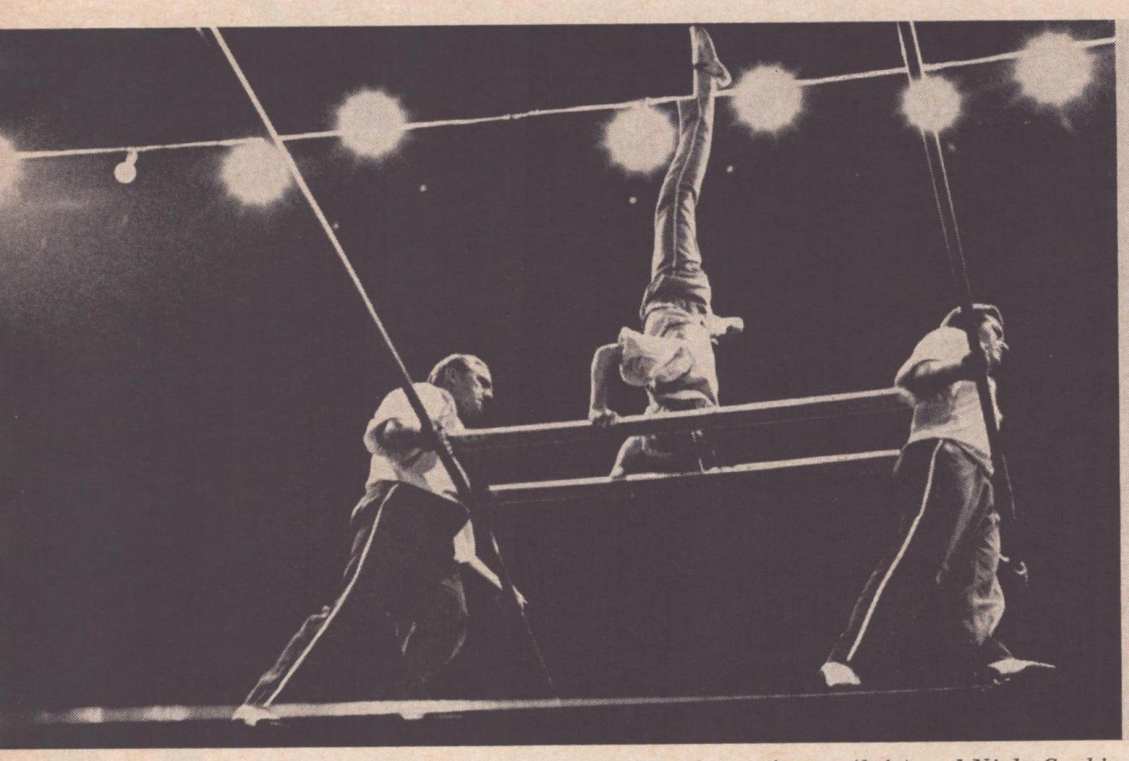

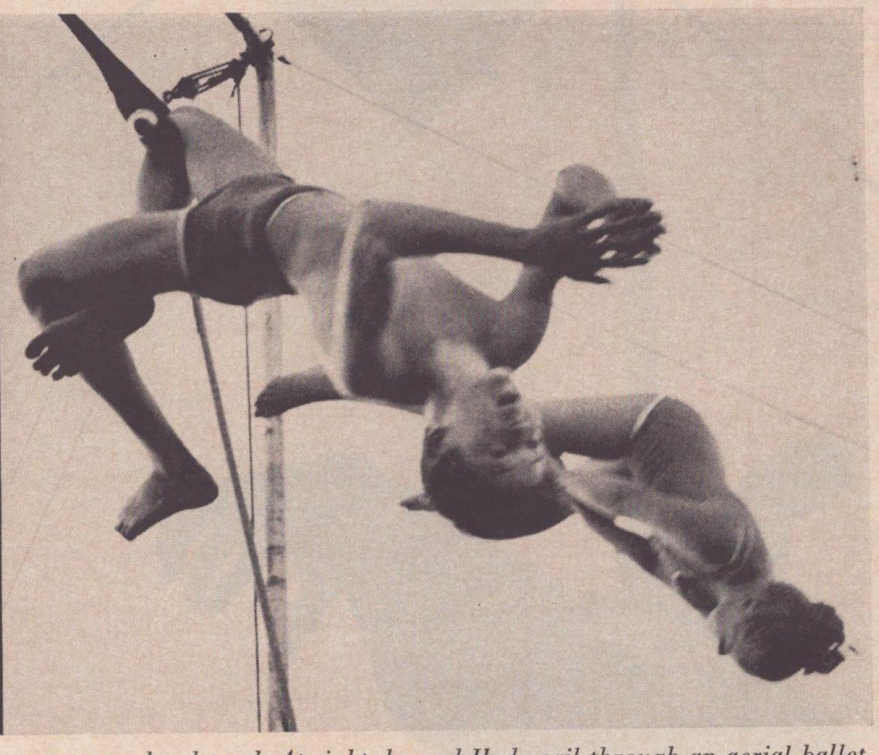

Supported by The Great Arturo (left) and Nick, Cookie teeters to a headstand. At right, he and Hedy sail through an aerial ballet.

The Arturos do as many as three acts a day. When the crowd leaves after the last show at night, they can drop their professional masks and swing into whooping horseplay.

The act starts, and he stops being a little boy

Cookie regards his aerial world with professional calm. When the act starts, he stops being a little boy. He is not afraid. "My father always catches me," he says. The risks, though, are real. In 1951, before Cookie was born, his older sister was killed in a fall from the same high wire he now walks with such calm confidence.

continued

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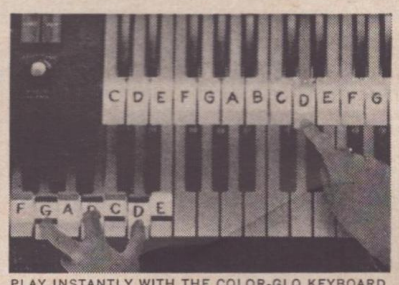
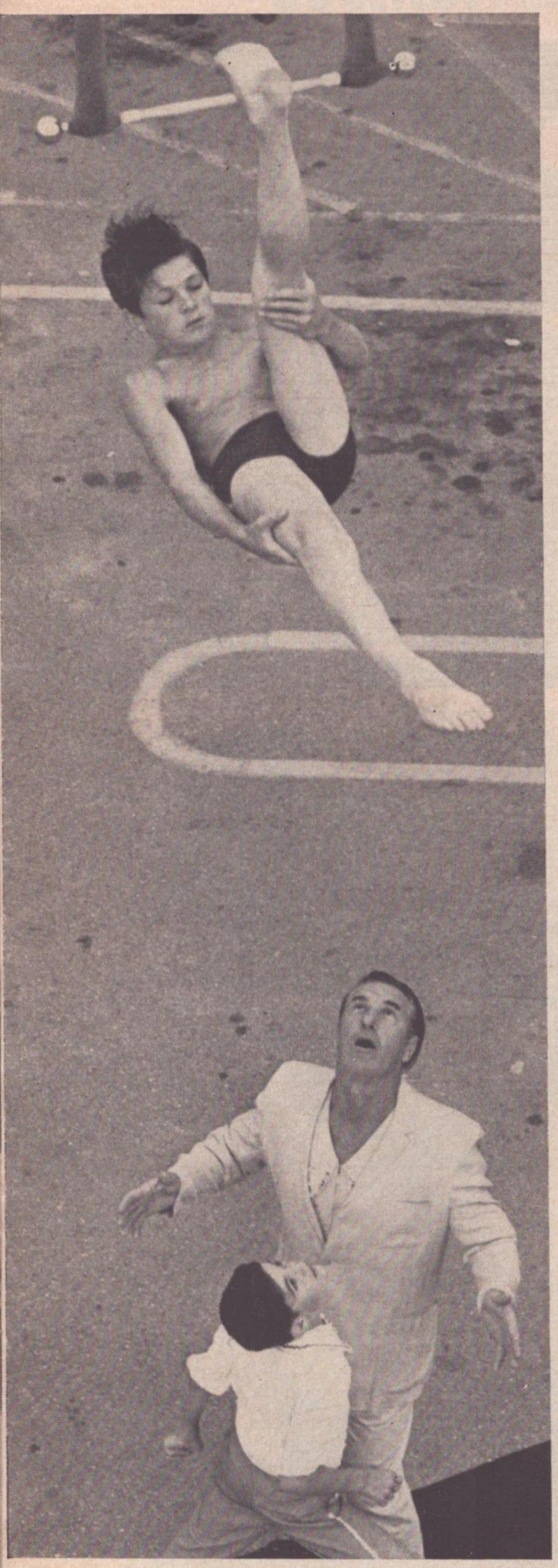
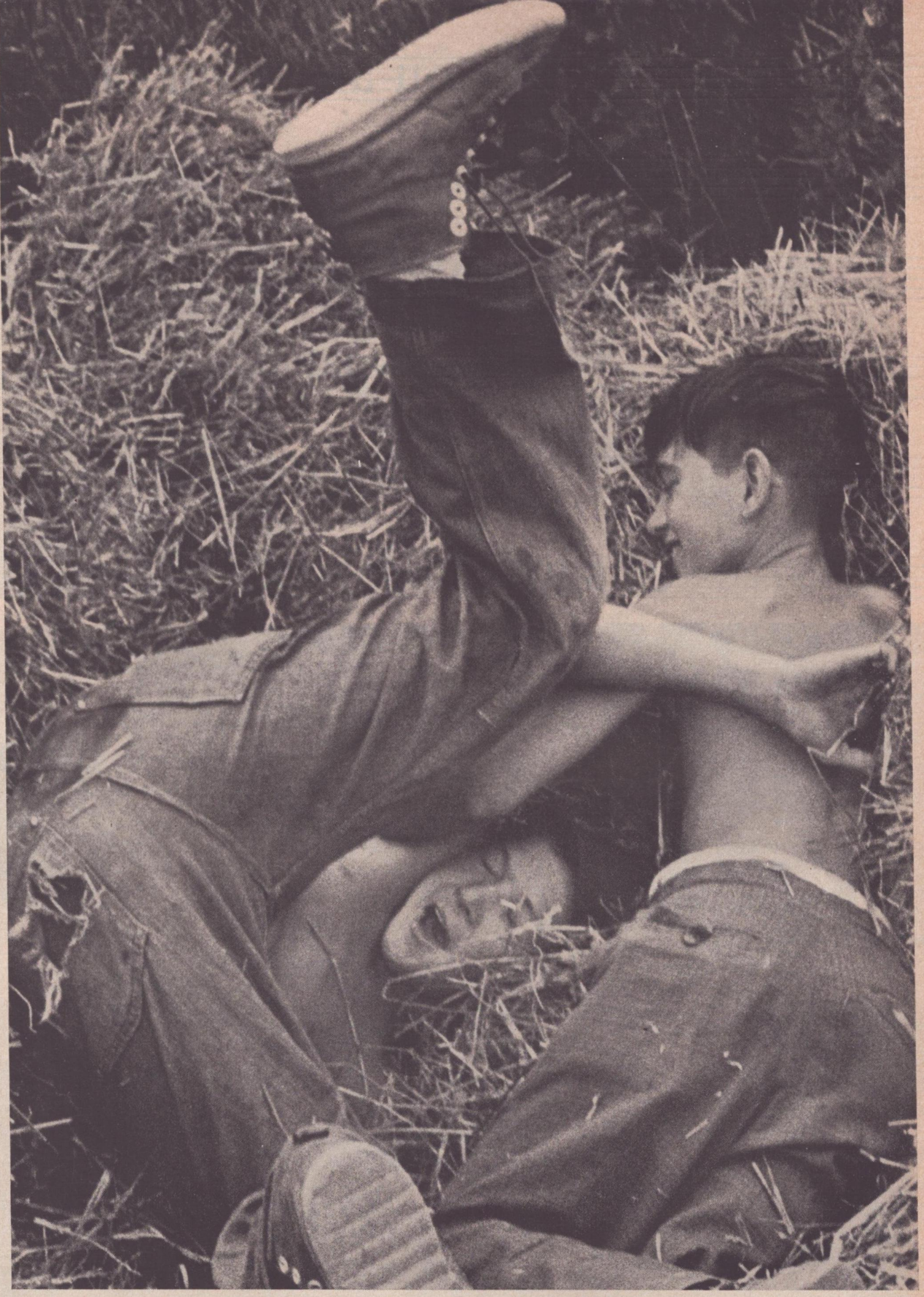


PLAY INSTANTLY WITH THE COLOR-GLO KEYBOARD

Thomas



The Great Arturo and Pepe serve two purposes: to catch Cookie if he falls, and to direct the crowd's attention up.



Portrait of the artist helping Pepe move a load of hay. The summer tour is over by early November. Then, back to Tampa, Fla., for school. The children miss a few weeks every year, make them up by going to school early and staying late.

"I won't have enough time for college."

A visit with Rex, who can walk on his hind legs and jump over a stick.

Cookie's family have been circus performers for five generations, and he can't imagine doing anything else. Tradition holds him tightly. His father says, "When Cookie gets out of high school, he gets his own kit, his own blocks and cables, and over he goes!" "Over" means Europe, where circus is still king, and where a young aerialist can sharpen his skills in competition with the best. College? "I won't have enough time for college, 'cause it would mean quitting the act for four years."

Cookie spends his summer on the road with the act (The Great Arturo Family), playing shopping centers. Road headquarters for the Arturos are at Palatine, Ill., where an aunt and uncle own a farm. Between shows, Cookie does chores, hams it up for admiring neighborhood children, teases Hedy and builds model hot-rod cars with Pepe. He obviously can't daydream about running away and joining the circus. So he broods about driving fast cars and brags that he expects to be arrested.

continued

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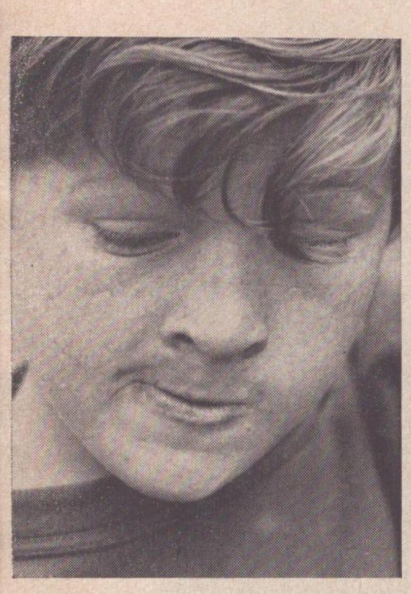
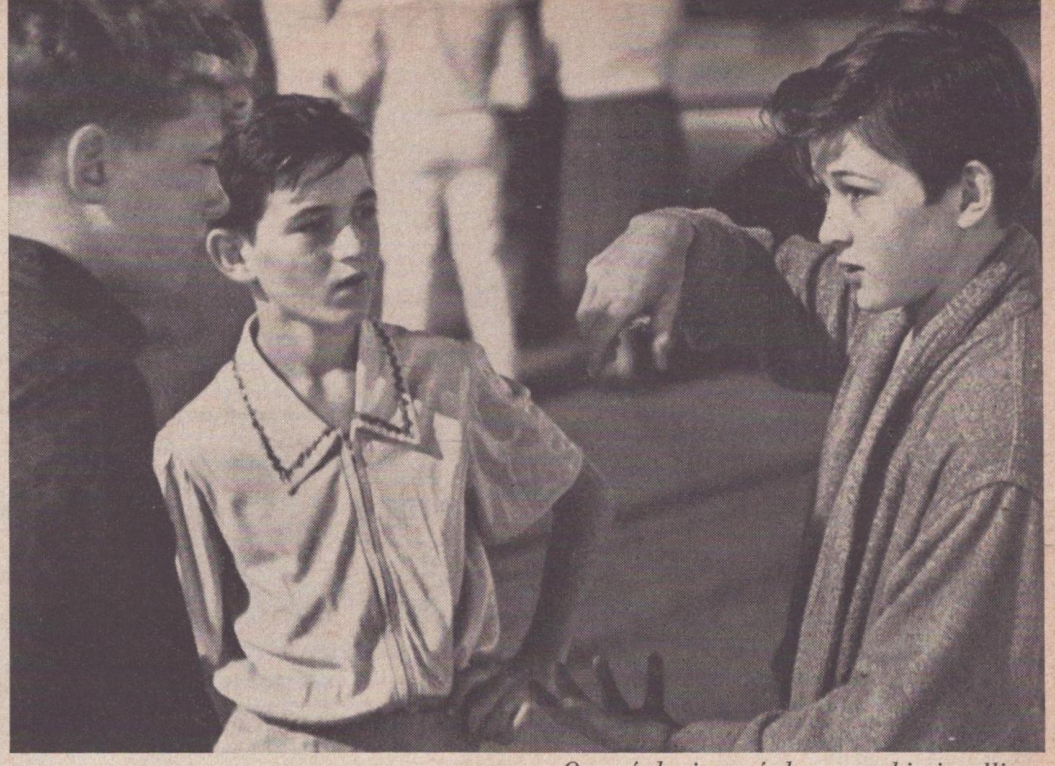
Cookie! continued



How does a boy who travels constantly make friends? "I just meet some guy and have a lot of fun with him," says Cookie. "He shows me the town, and sometimes we spend all day without talking about the act. . . . Oh, sure, sometimes kids will yell, 'Gypsy!' I *try* not to fight, because the church says I shouldn't, but sometimes. . . ." He throws a bony fist at the air.

The center of Cookie's world is his tightly knit family, who give him confidence, love and large doses of discipline. His big brother, Nick, who wants to ride a motorcycle on a wire across Niagara Falls, is infallible in Cookie's book. The Great Arturo is also held in awe: He walks the wire blindfolded. Tutored by Nick and his father, Cookie expects to be one of the great aerialists. If desire means much, he will be.



One of the joys of showmanship is telling how you do those remarkable feats. Cookie takes the chore seriously.

"I want to be one of the great aerialists...."

Nick tries his strength. The idea is to lower the head of the hammer slowly, *until it touches your nose. A slip means a nosebleed.*

PRODUCED BY DAVID R. MAXEY PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN BUDNIK

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